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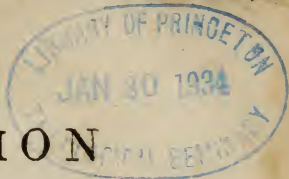
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A



VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

ATTEMPTED IN METRE,

BY

JOSEPH COTTLE.

==
SECOND EDITION.
==

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—
1805.



PREFACE

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.



FROM an early period of life, I have not ceased to regret that ADDISON should not have written a complete Version of the Psalms; a work for which he was peculiarly qualified, and which, if he had executed, it is hardly necessary to add, would altogether have precluded the present attempt.

It appears to me that the two following objects should primarily be aimed at by all who undertake to write a Version of the Psalms; in the first place, to introduce as much as is possible of the *real language of the Psalms*; and, in the second place, to aim uniformly at the *dignified simplicity of the originals*.

As the Psalmist adopted the vehicle of Poetry for the communication of his sentiments, so the Psalms at present exhibit, in our common translation, not only the finest imagery, and the most exalted ideas, but retain a large proportion of the most *correct verse*, which admits of being incorporated, with the greatest advantage, into a Metrical Version. From a conviction of the truth of this remark, I have endeavoured to adopt, on all occasions, as far as it was practicable, lines, derived from the rich phraseology of the Psalms themselves.

But although the language of the Psalms, in general, is well suited to the purposes of Divine Poetry, it requires but a little reflection to be satisfied, that no version can be given, without the frequent introduction of words and phrases, not strictly authorised by the Psalter. This liberty neither has nor can be dispensed with, yet there will be found a wide difference between the proportion of this accommodating matter, as well as in its quality; and on those occasions, where the language of David could not be adopted, I have studiously endeavoured that the additional, or *interstitial* parts, if they were not derived from, should, at least, as far as it was possible, accord with the Psalms.

If there be any species of writing which is entitled to the full vigour of an Author's mind and attention, it is unquestionably that in which an attempt is made to sing the praises of the Almighty. Sacred Poetry requires a precision and nicety of expression, perhaps in a superior degree to any other kind. Both the ideas and the language should be simple, yet, elevated and pure. The mind of the Reader, on these subjects, becomes solemnized, and is occupied with thoughts, which are rendered acceptable only as their cymbols flow in a natural and dignified manner.—The highest point of excellence, of which this order of poetry is susceptible, is where the *words* are forgotten. The instruments are contemptible, compared with the conceptions they excite. In reading or singing divine poetry, our minds are in a high state of stimulation; we wish to glide along, without considering the water which supports us, and to gaze at the star, without remembering the telescope. It is that kind of poetry the essential materials of which, are of no earthly order, and, whilst we are floating amid ethereal regi-

ons,—the play of words, the trite expression, the familiar idiom, with all language, incongruous, irreverent, or flighty, drags the unwilling spirit back to earth, and fatally interrupts the tide, both of pleasure and devotion.

It will not be denied, I believe, by the competent judge, that this class of poetry has been more neglected than any other. Those individual Psalms and Hymns which are excellent of their kind, from their popularity, evidence the discriminating sense which is publicly entertained of the true qualities which should prevail in such writings; whilst, at the same time, this partiality is an indirect reflection on the remaining mass of similar poems, which, although often sung, are seldom READ OR REPEATED. Pieces may be approved for their devotion, which cannot be admired for their poetry. It is to be regretted, that both excellencies should not more often be united, and that the noblest and most important of subjects, should be deficient in any of those recommendations which often accompany productions either trifling or pernicious.

The frequent failure in these attempts, has induced some persons to ascribe the cause to the inherent nature of Religious Themes; but this opinion cannot be adopted with due consideration; for when it is recollected that all the views which are suited to influence an immortal spirit exclusively operate on this subject; that the most powerful avenues to the human heart are here possessed, and that the feelings they raise are incomparably dignified and interesting, such a sentiment will hardly appear tenable. It is true that profane subjects admit of more tinsel and glitter, with a greater diversity of familiar illustrations; but if that

language which addresses the Father of All Things, and those thoughts which are excited by the Attributes of God, and the final condition of men, fail to elevate the mind, and invigorate the verse, there can be no rational doubt, but that the fault must be ascribed to the *Writer*, rather than to a *Subject*, which possesses such distinguished advantages.

I have no right to limit the requirements of the Reader, although, in extenuation of the faults which may appear in the following work, I may be permitted to observe, that, few persons are aware of the difficulty which there is, of catching the ardent spirit of the Psalmist, who, in his divine compositions, poured forth all the feelings of a soul naturally vigorous, heightened by the extreme circumstances in which he was placed, and who is equally animated and excellent, whether he expresses, contrition for sin; confidence in God; submission to Providence; the consolations of the upright; or, where, in the more solemn tones of Prophecy, he predicts the Advent of the Messiah, with the extent and triumph of his spiritual kingdom. It is the *feelings of the heart* over which David holds sovereign controul. Pathos and Sublimity were equally natural to him, and if he had not been singled by the Almighty, for the most honorable of his Instruments, the same ardour of imagination, and impetuous temperament of mind, would have been diverted into new channels, and, in some incalculable way, have still given him pre-eminence amongst the Sons of Genius. Any thing bordering on tameness, therefore, in a Version of the Psalms, I acknowledge, is the more censurable, especially in those numerous instances, where David blends the fervour of the Poet, with the sanctions and solemnity of the Prophet.

I think it right to refrain from taking any notice of what I conceive to be either the excellencies or defects of those works which are similar in their nature to the present, except as it relates to DR. WATTS, concerning whom, I beg to remark, that his qualifications for executing a Version of the Psalms, were of a very superior order. His mind was amply impregnated with both Genius and Piety. Without Piety, Genius may please the imagination, but will never affect the heart; and without Genius, Piety will please those only who consider the language and mode in which thoughts are conveyed, as of little consequence; Dr. Watts, however, possessed a Genius which conferred dignity on Piety, and a Piety which ennobled Genius.

Between a man, whose talents I thus estimate, and myself, I rejoice to say there is no competition. *Our plans are distinct.* Dr. Watts's, for the most part, cannot be considered as a Version of the Psalms, but, must be regarded as a Paraphrase of particular parts, blended with all the language peculiar to the New Testament. This distinguishing character in Dr. Watts's Psalms, where David is made to speak, so generally, in the language of an Apostle, has appeared, to some persons, to be an inconsistency, and such it would be, in a professed Version; but Dr. Watts is not to be condemned in this respect, for his Psalms are precisely what he declared them to be. He acknowledged them to be *imitated* only, in the language of the New Testament, which allowed him a latitude of expression, from which he who gives a faithful Version, is necessarily excluded; but, on the contrary, if Dr. Watts is not to be censured for the non-performance of what he never undertook, neither is he to have that ascribed to him which he never claimed, and when so large a portion of

almost every Psalm is omitted, and (however excellent) so much new, and extraneous matter added, candor must admit, that it is a violation of terms to call that a *Version*, which, rightly denominated, is no other than a Collection of Hymns, or Divine Poems, *founded upon the Psalms*.

The ingenious Dr. Watts, with ample cause, regretted that the *noblest part* of divine worship, should, in a considerable degree, fail of its effect, from the imperfect materials then possessed by the public ; he therefore, in a free Paraphrase of David's Psalms, incorporated the language and peculiar doctrines of Christianity, and, by this means, as he thought, accommodated it the better for Public Worship. I esteem these compositions so highly, and believe them to have been made so extensively useful, that I am willing to allow them every kind of merit, except that of being a *Version of the Psalms*. But whilst I express my approbation of Dr. Watts's Psalms, and acknowledge that they are admirably suited to the purpose for which they were designed, it cannot for a moment be admitted, that the Psalms, in their strict and literal sense, are not, also, in the highest degree, calculated to express the sentiments of Christians ; and concerning which, every doubt must vanish, when it is recollected that the Psalms of David are not only the language of inspiration, but, as part of the Jewish Liturgy, were sung by our Saviour himself, during his humiliation on earth, by the Apostles, by the primitive Christians, and have been adopted by the Church in all ages. While therefore, I do the highest honor to the labours and intentions of Dr. Watts, I hope it will not be considered as disrespectful to that great and good man, that I should thus have attempted to do what he incontrovertibly has left undone.

It will be proper in this place to inform the Reader, that, although I have named the present, a *second* edition, it is, in reality, a *new work*; and I only mention the second edition, in order to avoid a confusion of titles. Some further explanation may be deemed necessary on this subject. Without meaning it as a reflection on former Versions, I may be allowed to say, that, much as I admired all of them, in certain particulars, I had not ascribed to either, that commanding respect which impressed my mind with the idea of its being presumption to undertake a similar work. I therefore, in the year 1801, published a Version of the Psalms, in which I did not profess to give the literal sense, but, in the perusal of each Psalm, I noticed what to me appeared the most striking parts; and while I endeavoured to give these some one particular direction, I wholly omitted the remainder.

After the publication, many persons condemned the plan, whilst others regretted that I should not have given an absolute and literal Version. The work I had executed consisted of *short Paraphrases on particular parts of the Psalms*; and although I acknowledge that it is liable to some fair exceptions, yet upon the whole, I do not regret the publication of this work. It was not carelessly nor inconsiderately written, and may be read, perhaps, not without advantage; but I have often regretted my having named it a "*Version of the Psalms*," and now think that the limitation should have extended from the *preface* to the *title*.

The more I considered the subject, (and it was seldom absent from my mind) the more I was convinced that there was still room for a Version, attentive to the letter, but above all embracing the spirit of the Psalms. I saw that it was impossible, by any effort of correc-

tion, to make a literal Version of the first edition of this work ; but I was sensible, at the same time, that the only impediment to the writing of a *new* Version, was the reluctance which might exist in my own breast, to the commencing so arduous an undertaking. Feeling, however, that the subject was congenial, and knowing it to be important, after, I hope, the earnest supplication for the assistance of that Holy Spirit, who is the Author of every good and perfect gift, I determined to attempt in verse, a complete Version, verse for verse, of the Psalms of David—where, the boldest Genius may learn humility, as well as enrich his mind with the grandest conceptions, and the noblest precepts ! This work I have now executed with all the fidelity I found practicable to the originals, and in other respects, (however unsuccessful) in the best manner which my zealous and patient endeavours could effect.

Parallelisms, those remarkable features, in Hebrew Poetry, so particularly pointed out by BISHOP LOWTH, I have cautiously endeavoured to preserve : whilst, on some few occasions, I have taken the liberty to subjoin to the Psalm, a professed paraphrase, and, on others, to enlarge on a verse which expressed a striking and important sentiment. This is somewhat deviating from what might be expected in a regular Version, yet it is perhaps, the more intitled to toleration, as it is adding *to*, rather than subtracting *from*, the Psalms, and which, if displeasing to the Reader, may generally be passed over without injury to the sense. I have, however, on these occasions, guarded against the introduction of any ideas which might not fairly be inferred from the text. These brief enlargements, or paraphrases, will readily be distinguished, by a reference to the figures in, the margin, which are made to correspond with the verses in the Psalms.

It should be mentioned, also, that, in some instances, I have adopted a stanza or two, from the first edition of this work, where it happened, that their quality, as well as their adherence to the Psalm, rendered them unexceptionable; and this I did with the less restraint, as the remaining parts of that edition *will never be re-printed*.

I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that, on many occasions, I have scarcely made any advances towards being satisfied with the success of my efforts. There is often a peculiarity of sense, with a felicity of phrase in the original, which seems to bid defiance to all imitation.

I might adduce numerous instances to illustrate the difficulty of doing even moderate justice to particular verses, but I will name one or two only. Let any person who is not aware of these difficulties attempt to represent in metre, the 14th verse of the 19th Psalm. “*Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be accepted in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer.*” Or let him see what he can produce from the 1st verse of the 42d Psalm. “*As the Hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*” Or let him attempt to exhibit in rhyme, the 22d verse of the 118th Psalm. “*The Stone which the builders refused, is become the head Stone of the corner:*” and when these few difficulties are admitted, he will please to remember that there are *many* such in *every* Psalm. The first verse also of the 90th Psalm is another striking instance of the imbecility of all metrical transfusion, where the Psalmist breaks forth with the spirit of the ode, in an abrupt, and inimitably dignified reflection: “*Lord! thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*”

I have seen no representation of this verse, which I thought happy ; yet I have found it more easy to condemn than to improve ; and the frequent mortifications, I have experienced, arising from a consciousness of falling so far short of the originals, have been the chief draw-backs, in an undertaking which otherwise would have afforded unalloyed pleasure. But notwithstanding my inability to do justice to such a subject, the progress and completion of the present work has been to me, a source of unspeakable delight.—If my *affections* had not been engaged, I should never have been induced to devote so large a portion of my time and attention to this *repeated* subject.

In giving the present Version to the public, I feel the sorrow of parting with an old friend, in whose society I have passed my happiest days. It has been a refuge to which I, at all times, have fled and found consolation. It has occupied my thoughts by day, and my meditations by night. It has cheered me in sickness and in solitude, and, at the same time, has tended, more than any external cause, to solace my mind under a permanent personal affliction. I am thankful to the Almighty that he has enabled me to complete this work, which is devoted to his praise. Imperfect as it is, it may be made the instrument of administering comfort to his servants, when my name shall be forgotten, the thought of which is exhilarating, and sometimes encourages the humble hope that I have not wholly lived in vain.

JOSEPH COTTLE.

Bristol, January 1, 1805.

A
VERSION
OF THE
P S A L M S.



P S A L M I.

- 1 BLESS'D are the men who walk with thee,
And prize, O Lord ! what thou hast said ;
Who from the scorner's counsels flee,
And shun the paths th' ungodly tread.
- 2 Who meditate both day and night,
Upon thy word, with praise and prayer ;
Who in thy holy law delight,
And love to trace their duty there.
- 3 They, like a tree, by all are seen,
That prospers by the river's side ;
Which bears a leaf, for ever green,
And spreads its branches far and wide.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly ; they, like chaff,
Upon the winds are borne away ;
They lean upon a broken staff,
And fall from everlasting day !
- 5 No joyful hopes, to them belong,
They know no God, in whom to trust ;—
They never shall appear, among
The congregations of the just !
- 6 Whate'er the righteous do and say,
Is noticed and approved on high ;
But every false, ungodly way,
Shall, with its wretched author, die !

P S A L M II.

- 1 WHY do the Heathen rage around,
Like a tempestuous sea?
Why are the people wrathful found,
With righteousness and thee?
- 2 The Kings of Earth against thee rise,
O Lord! with rulers great;
Thy name and precepts they despise,
And thy dominion hate.
- 3 'Gainst thine Anointed, too, they say,
"Come, let us raise our hands,
"And set ourselves in fierce array,
"To break their cords and bands."—
- 4 That God, to whom all hearts are known,
Who guides the worlds around;
Shall mark, from his eternal throne,
And all their schemes confound!
- 5 Then, vex'd with his displeasure sore,
They shall his judgments see;
Yea, he shall speak, in wrath, once more,
Whilst this is his decree:—
- 6 "The work of mercy is begun!
"Nations, receive my will!—
"My King, and my Anointed Son
"I set on Zion's hill."
- 7, 8 The Lord, Omnipotent, hath said,
"My Son! of me implore;
"And thine inheritance shall spread
"From farthest shore to shore."

Lo! in his Father's ear he speaks!
Heaven pauses at the sight!
With heart compassionate, he seeks
The Souls that sit in night!

- “ Mankind” Jehovah cries, “ hath found
 “ An Advocate in thee;
 “ And Earth, to her remotest bound,
 “ Shall thy possession be !
- 9 “ Thy foes, shalt thou, in vengeance take,—
 “ In pieces, dash, like clay;
 “ And, with a rod of iron break,
 “ Who, will not thee obey !”
- 10 Ye judges of the earth, beware !
 Or great will be your fall ;
 Be wise, ye kings ! nor longer dare
 The Sovereign Lord of all.
- 11 Approach your God, with sacred fear,
 With reverence tune your voice :
 Within his holy house appear,
 And, trembling, there rejoice.
- 12 Kiss ye the Son ! make him your friend !
 Flee each inferior care !
 Lest he, in kindled wrath, should send
 Your souls to dark despair !
- Bless'd are the men, in God, who trust,
 Who walk in wisdom's ways ;
 In Heaven above, with all the just,
 Shall they their Maker praise.
-

PSALM III.

- 1, 2 **M**Y foes, with heighten'd rage, increase !—
 The warfare, shall it never cease ?
 They all with confidence declare,
 That God has now withdrawn his care.
- 3 But tho' my foes their toils may spread,
 The Lord shall raise my sinking head ;
 He shall his guardian care bestow,
 And shield my steps, where'er I go.

- 4, 5 On thee I call'd, O Lord ! most High !
 And thou didst listen to my cry ;
 Both when I wake, and when I sleep,
 Thou dost my soul in safety keep.
- 6, 7 My enemy I will not fear,
 For thou, my God ! art ever near :
 Tho' thrice ten thousand were my foe,
 Thy mighty arm should lay them low.
- 8 Exalt to Heaven your highest songs !—
 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
 And his best blessings shall descend,
 On all who make their God their friend.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **G**OD of my righteousness, attend !
 Let me once more thy favour share ;
 'Mid sorrow, thou hast been my friend,
 O hear, in mercy, still, my prayer !
- 2 “ How long will men, with evil eye,
 “ Convert my glory into shame?—
 “ Still seeking lies and vanity,
 “ Whilst they reject my holy name?”
- 3 Know, that the Lord hath set apart
 The godly, to enjoy above,
 Where never throb'd the aching heart,
 Jehovah's everlasting love.
- 4 Stand ever, of your God, in awe,
 Whose eye pervades the darkest shade ;
 Nor dare transgress *his* sacred law,
 By whom the Heavens and Earth were made.
- Amid the silent hours of night,
 Commune with your own heart, and pray,
 That God, the source of life and light,
 Would guide you to eternal day.

- 5 Offer, before Jehovah's throne,
The sacrifice of righteousness;
And put your trust in him alone,
Who waits the contrite heart to bless.
- 6 Many inquire for good, and feel
Doubts, and uncertainty before ;—
To me, thy countenance reveal,
O Lord! and I desire no more.
- 7 Thou, by thy cheering smiles divine,
Hast fill'd my heart with joy and peace,
More than when sinners' corn and wine
Have bless'd them with a large increase.
- 8 I both will lay me down and sleep,
Whilst danger from my couch shall flee ;
For thou, O Lord, wilt ever keep
The heart that doth confide in thee.

PSALM V.

- 1 **G**IVE ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditations heed ;
O hear thy servant, and afford
Help in the hour of need.
- 2 Thou art my God, and thou my King,
And unto thee I pray ;
And I will of thy mercies sing,
Returning day by day.
- 3 When first the morn illumines the air,
And night's dark shadows flee ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
And raise my eyes to thee.
- 4 Thou, who, thyself, art holiness,
In sin hast no delight:
Transgressors and all wickedness,
Are banish'd from thy sight.

- 5 Unrighteous men shall never see
 Thy glorious courts above ;
 For such are hateful, Lord, to thee,
 Who art a God of Love !
- 6 Thou shalt destroy, whoever fan
 The wasting flames of war ;
 The bloody and deceitful man,
 Dost thou, O Lord, abhor.
- 7 Thy Holy Temple shall supply
 A balm for all my care ;
 And, in thy countless mercies, I
 Will love to seek thee there.
- 8 Lead me, O Lord, in righteousness,
 Make straight my dubious way :
 Let the whole universe confess
 Jehovah's sov'reign sway.
- 11 Let grateful songs and minstrelsy
 Thy servants' hearts employ ;
 They are defended, Lord, by thee,—
 O let them shout for joy !
- 12 Thou, to the righteous, wilt be found,
 Blessings and strength, to yield ;
 Thou wilt encompass them around,
 O Lord, as with a shield.

PSALM VI.

- 1 **L**ORD! in thy wrath, rebuke me not,
 Or, whither shall I fly?
 Neither in thy displeasure, hot,
 Chasten me, lest I die !
- 2, 3 Have mercy, Lord! on my distress,
 My sins do I deplore ;
 O heal me, for, in bitterness,
 My soul is vexed sore.

- 4 Deliver me from harm, and take
Thy chastening rod away ;
O save me for thy mercies' sake !
And be my strength and stay.
- 5 When once we have resign'd our breath,
No grateful song we raise :
Amid the cold abodes of death,
Who shall recount thy praise ?
- 6 Upon my bed, o'erwhelm'd with fears,
I stretch my weary limbs ;
My couch I water with my tears,
My bed with sorrow swims.
- 7 Consuming cares, that never cease,
Do I, with grief, behold:
Because thine enemies increase,
My bones are waxed old.
- 8, 10 Depart! The scorers of thy word
Shall never dwell with me.
The voice of weeping God hath heard,
And set my spirit free.
-

PSALM VII.

- 1 **I**N thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Let me thy goodness see;
From him who persecutes the just,
O Lord, deliver me ;
- 2 Lest like the lion, in his rage,
My trembling soul he rend;
Whilst none my anguish can assuage,
Or timely aid extend.
- 3 If I have serv'd my enemy,
As he hath served me;
If I have cast the envious eye,
Or wrought iniquity :

- 4 If I, for kindness, have returned
The sly and treacherous blow;
(Yea, from his good I have not turn'd
Who was my bitterest foe.)
- 5 Then let, (nor once his cause distrust)
My enemy come forth;
Prostrate my honors in the dust,
And tread me down to earth.
- 6 Arise, O Lord, in anger rise,
Lest men their God forsake:
Restrain my raging enemies,
O Lord, to judgment, wake!
- 7 So shall they all thy law obey,
And compass thee around:
For their sakes vindicate thy sway,
And be with terrors crown'd!
- 8 Great God! thy power shall all confess!
Do thou thy servant try,
According to his righteousness,
And his integrity.
- 9 O let all wickedness subside!
When shall it find an end?
The righteous God's dominion wide,
Doth to the heart extend.
- 10 Thou art my buckler: thou wilt still
The upright spirit save;
And thou wilt, to the just, fulfil,
The word which mercy gave.
- 11 The righteous shall be judg'd by thee,
Who holdest sov'reign sway:
With all the wicked, thou, O God,
Art angry every day.
- 12 If they return not, and repent,
And their false ways forsake;
Thy sword is set, thy bow is bent,
And thou wilt vengeance take!

- 13 Thy slaughtering weapon shall pursue
Each unrelenting foe :—
And 'gainst the persecutor, too,
Wilt thou direct the blow.
- 14 He travaileth with iniquity,
Mischief hath he conceived ;
He hath brought forth the willing lie,
With every evil deed.
- 15 He made a ditch, he digged it,
But thou wilt him degrade ;
By whelming him, in that same pit,
Which he for others made.
- 16 His violence and mischief great,
On his own head shall rest ;
It shall return, with added weight,
From those whom he oppress'd.
- 17 The Lord, most high, will I confess,
My great and sovereign king !
According to his righteousness,
Will I his praises sing.
-

PSALM. VIII.

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, how great thy name !
The earth declares thy sovereign sway ;
Thy excellence, the Heavens proclaim,
But thou art higher still than they !
- 2 From sucklings and from babes, arise
Hosannahs to Jehovah's name ;
That thou might'st still thy enemies,
And their rebellious spirits tame.
- 3 When I survey the Heavens on high,
The moon and stars, ordain'd by thee ;
And trace, amid the spangled sky,
The finger of Divinity :—

- 4 Lord, what is man, that, from his birth,
 Thou should'st regard him, nor condemn
 The vile and sinful sons of earth,
 But still, in mercy, visit them!
- 5 Him, whom thy goodness hath array'd
 With honor and with glory bright,
 Hast thou a little lower made
 Than are the ministers of light.
- 6 Thou mad'st him, to, dominion, hold
 O'er all the creatures of thy hand;
 All things, whatever we behold,
 Are subject to his high command.
- 7 All sheep, that through the meadows stray,
 All oxen, with their kindred race;
 Yea, all the savage beasts of prey,
 Behold with awe his lordly face.
- 8 The fowl of air, with impulse true,
 In him their potent master see;
 With whatsoever passeth through
 The paths of the tumultuous sea.
- 9 O Lord, how excellent art thou!
 The world proclaims thy guardian care;
 To thee, let every creature bow,
 In heaven and earth, in sea and air!

PSALM IX.

- 1 **T**HY wonderful works will I proclaim,
 Which shine in every part;
 I will exalt thy glorious name,
 O Lord, with my whole heart.
- 2 I will be glad, and still rejoice
 In thee, the Lord Most High:
 To God will I exalt my voice,
 And on his strength rely.

3, 4 My foes shall soon be put to flight,
 Their threat'ning ranks shall fall;
 For thou hast still maintain'd my right,—
 Who art the judge of all!

5 Thou hast the heathen drown'd in shame,
 Thou hast the wicked slain;
 Thou hast forever quench'd their name,
 With th' blast of thy disdain.

6 Their cities, like themselves, have died
 Amid the lapse of years!
 Whilst no memorial in its pride,
 To point their place appears!

O thou great foe! display thy power,
 But thou shalt now decline;
 Thy pomp shall perish in an hour!
 Destruction, hence, is thine!

7 Whilst, but a moment, all must own,
 Earth's fairest forms allure;
 The Lord, on his eternal throne,
 For ever shall endure.

8 Our God shall judge the world around,
 In truth and righteousness:
 The sinner will he then confound,
 The saint, with glory, bless.

9 Th' oppress'd, that nightly wake to weep,
 Th' Almighty Lord doth see;
 And he amid their troubles deep,
 Will still their refuge be.

10 He who thy name and goodness knows,
 To thee, O God, will flee;
 Thou never hast forsaken those
 Who put their trust in thee.

11 Sing praises to the Lord Most High,
 Who dwells on Zion's Hill;
 His praises,—let them reach the sky,
 And Heaven's wide concave fill!

- 12 When thou shalt inquisition make
For blood, unjustly spilt;
Then shall Earth's boasted murderers quake,
And Hell reward their guilt!
- 13 Thou, who hast raised my sinking head
From death's dread gates, O hear,
And lengthen out life's slender thread!
My drooping spirit cheer!—
- 14 That I may still proclaim thy praise,
To Zion's daughters, fair,
And, of salvation, all my days,
To listening crowds declare.
- 15 Thy foes, O Lord, have dug the pit,
In which themselves have slid;
Their feet are taken in the net
Which they, for others, hid.
- 16 Thy ways our highest praise command,
Thy judgments are profound:
Snared in the works of their own hand,
Are all thy foes around.
- 17 The wicked shall be doom'd to hell;
There shall their souls be sent,
With all the nations that forget
The Lord, Omnipotent.
- 18 The poor in heart may suffer long,
But thou art still their guide;
Their expectation shall, ere long,
Be fully satisfied.
- 19 Arise, O Lord! let earth no more
In wickedness abound;
Soon shall the heathen's reign be o'er,
Whilst thou, with might, art crown'd:
- 20 Thou, dress'd in terrors, shalt come forth,
To judgment once again;
That the imperious lords of earth,
May know themselves, but men!

PSALM X.

- 1 **W**HY standest thou far off, O Lord?
Affliction long hath been my part:
Where are the comforts of thy word,
Now trouble presses on my heart?
- 2 The wicked, in their pride, have thought
T' oppress the poor, of none afraid;
In their own toils, shall they be caught!
In the devices they have made!
- 3 The wicked boast that they possess
Their every wish, their heart's desire;—
The mean and covetous, they bless
Whom thou abhorrest! Heavenly Sire!
- 4 The sinner's haughty looks, bespeak,
The barren and unfruitful ground;
He will not thee, his Maker, seek,—
In all his thoughts, no God is found.
- 5 His ways are grievous in thy sight,
Thy judgments, Lord, to him are vain;
His enemies he counteth light,
He puffeth on them with disdain.
- 6 He, in his heart, hath proudly said,
“ Adversity, I ne'er shall know;
“ I want no shield to screen my head,
“ My enemies are all laid low.”
- 7 Deceit and fraud, where'er he goes,
Attend him, with the ready lie;
His mouth with curses overflows,
Beneath his tongue is vanity.
- 8 Whilst for the poor he digs the pit,
His hours in dark designs are spent;
He in each lurking place doth sit,
To slay the passing innocent.

- 9 He secretly doth lie in wait,
E'en as a lion in his den,
To catch the poor and desolate,—
The wretched, 'mid the sons of men.
- 10 His end, he croucheth to obtain ;
Himself he humbleth, to secure,
More firmly, in his iron chain,
The meek and unoffending poor.
- 11 He, in his foolish heart, hath said,
“ What should my stedfast soul dismay ?—
“ I fear no foe, I feel no dread,
“ The eye of God is far away !”
- 12 Arise, O Lord ! to judgment rise !
Let the whole earth thy thunders hear !
Scatter thine impious enemies !
And still thy drooping servants cheer !
- 13 Why do the wicked, God, contemn,
And, in iniquity, grow bold ?
Their vain delusions follow them—
They think that thou dost not behold !
- 14 Thou *hast* survey'd them ! thou dost see
Despisers of thy holy laws !
The poor commits himself to thee,
And thou wilt well defend his cause.
- 15 Check thou their pride ! in wrath divine,
Let them no more thy threatnings doubt ;
Frustrate their purpose and design,
And seek their every evil out.
- 16 The Lord is King for evermore,
Justice and mercy are his throne :
Thee, let the nations round adore,
For thou, O God, art Lord alone.
- 17 Thy watchful eye, is ever near,
To mark the child of wretchedness ;
And thou wilt still, in pity, hear
The voice of sorrow and distress.

- 18 Th' oppress'd are noticed in thy sight,
 The fatherless are known to thee;
 And sinners, who thy threatnings slight,
 The madness of their ways shall see.
-

P S A L M X I.

- 1 **I** Put my trust, O God, in thee!
 Why do the people scornful say,
 " Like the scar'd bird, from danger flee,
 " E'en to the mountains, far away."
- 2 The wicked bend the secret bow,
 'Their dart is placed upon the string,
 That they may lay the upright low,
 And o'er their fall with triumph sing.
- 3 If the foundations be o'erthrown,
 On which their fondest hopes rely;
 The righteous then may stand, alone,
 And mourn their abject misery.
- 4 Thou, on thine everlasting throne,
 Dost dwell amid the Heavens, on high;
 Whilst all the deeds, by mortals done,
 Thine eyes behold, thine eyelids try.
- 5 Thou art the good-man's sure defence,
 Thou wilt the righteous still uphold;
 But he who loveth violence,
 The Lord shall in abhorrence hold.
- 6 Upon the wicked thou wilt rain,
 Brimstone and fire, a horrid sea!
 Whilst storm, and tempest, and disdain,
 The portion of their cup shall be!
- 7 The Righteous, Lord, loves righteousness,
 Throughout the world's dominion wide;
 Therefore, the upright, he will bless,
 And ever for their wants provide.

PSALM XII.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord ! The men of strife prevail !
 Thou wilt, ere long, thy hand stretch forth ;
 For, lo, the just and faithful, fail
 Among the children of the earth.
- 2 All, with their neighbours, seek a lie;
 They mutual wickedness impart ;
 They every one speak vanity,
 With flattering lips and double heart.
- 3 The lying lip, that flattery seeks,
 The heart, that falsehood's ways employ ;
 With him who *proud* things proudly speaks,
 The Lord, in judgment, shall destroy.
- 4 Thus, in their madness, they have said,
 " We will prevail and rule alone !
 " Who is the Lord, that we should dread ?—
 " Our thoughts and lips are all our own."
- 5 For th' accusing sufferer's sighs,
 For their oppressions to the poor ;
 " Now will I wake," Jehovah cries,
 " And make my thundering terrors sure."
- 6 Thy words are perfect, through the earth,
 Pure as the molten silver tide,
 When, from the burning furnace, forth,
 It cometh, seven times purified.
- 7 Thou shalt thy faithful servants keep,
 On thee their spirits may repose ;
 Thou shalt preserve them, when they sleep,
 As when they wake, from all their foes.
- 8 When sinners, of success, partake,
 And Heaven their vintage seems to bless ;
 Their fellow sinners courage take,
 And fill the world with wickedness.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou' forget me, Lord !
 And from me hide thy face ?
 Wilt thou no more thy help afford,
 And be my hiding-place ?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts oppress,
 And, care, my heart sustain ?
 How long shall enemies distress
 My soul, and o'er me reign ?
- 3 Thee, would I praise, while I have breath,
 O Lord consider me !
 Before I sleep the sleep of death,
 May I thy goodness see !—
- 4 Lest my exultant enemy,
 Should say he had prevail'd ;
 And that my God, the Lord on high,
 Had in his promise fail'd.
- 5 But I, to thee, will raise my voice,
 The Father of the Just ;
 In thy salvation, I'll rejoice,
 And in thy mercy trust.
- 6 All my oppressions thou hast felt,
 And I will sing thy praise ;
 For thou hast bountifully dealt
 With me, through all my days.

P S A L M XIV.

- 1 **T**HE fool, in his deluded heart,
 Hath proudly said, “ There is no God ! ”
 From thee, thus venturing to depart,
 His feet in evil paths have trod.

Corrupted by Hell's subtile snares,
 The voice of God have they withstood;
 Abominable works are theirs,
 They neither love, nor practice good.

2 The Lord, from realms of glory, bright,
 Look'd down, in his almighty thought,
 To see whose hearts were tuned aright,
 And who their Lord and Maker sought.

3 They all had gone aside, and done
 Dark deeds of violence and strife;
 They all were sinners, and not one
 Adored the God that gave him life!

4 The workers of iniquity,
 Have they no knowledge? Do they still
 Disdain, upon their God, to cry,
 And yet his chosen servants kill?

5 Where no fear was, were they in fear,
 They had no Lord, on whom to trust;
 But God will evermore be near
 The generations of the just.

6 Against the Lord is your offence,
 You, with your Maker, strife sustain;
 You scorn the poor-man's confidence,
 And deem his trust and refuge vain.

7 Do thou, from Zion, still extend
 Salvation to our chosen race?
 O that the Lord, our only friend,
 Would bring us to our native place!

When rescued from oppressors proud,
 Nor more in captive garments clad;
 Jacob, for joy, shall shout aloud,
 And Israel's heart once more be glad.

P S A L M X V .

- 1 **W**H O shall abide, with one accord,
 Within thy tabernacle, Lord ?
 Who in thy holy hill shall dwell,
 And of thy wonderous mercies tell ?—
 - 2 The upright ! Such the Lord will bless,—
 Each man, who worketh righteousness.
 That soul, God's choicest blessings shares,
 Who in his heart the truth declares.—
 - 3 Who with his tongue backbiteth not,
 Whose neighbour's good is ne'er forgot ;
 Who taketh up no slanderous lie
 Against his neighbour's family.
 - 4 By whom, vile persons are abhorred,
 Who honoreth them that fear the Lord ;
 Who sweareth to his hurt, yet, still,
 That oath, is stedfast to fulfil.
 - 5 He that the usurer's way disdains,
 Nor truth perverts for sordid gains.—
 The man, in whom these deeds we see,
 Shall, like the rock, unmoved be.
-

P S A L M X V I .

- 1 **O** GOD, preserve me, for in thee,
 Alone, I put my trust ;
 Many my foes, and great they be,
 Yet they are only dust.
- 2 Thou, O my soul ! to God, hast said,
 Who fills infinity,—
 The upright way, in which I tread,
 Extendeth not to thee.

My goodness, with th' obedient heart,
Is what to God I owe ;
And freely do his hands impart
Whatever joy I know.

3 I love the saints that walk the earth,
They are a goodly sight ;
The upright, who excel in worth,
Are ever my delight.

4 *Their* sorrow shall be multiplied,
Who from the Lord depart ;
They who with offerings God deride,
With me shall have no part.

5 The Lord is mine inheritance,—
The portion I desire ;
He, in his goodness, will dispense
Whate'er my wants require.

6 All pleasant places round me shine,
My lot is wide and fair ;
A goodly heritage is mine,
Beneath my Father's care.

7 Thee, will I love, O Lord, most high,—
Thy word hath warned me :
When clouds and darkness veil the sky,
My heart shall rise to thee.

8 To thee will I delight to bow,
And own thy high command :
I never shall be mov'd, for thou
Supportest still my hand.

9 This makes my heart with joy o'erflow,
Gladness inspires my breast ;—
When to the silent grave I go,
My flesh, in hope, shall rest !

10 Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ;
Thy Holy One shall be,
(Tho', for awhile, with Death he dwell)
From all corruption free.

- 11 To me, O Lord, wilt thou display,
 The path to thy right hand ;
 Which leads to everlasting day,—
 To Canaan's heavenly land.

There, all, with happiness are crown'd,
 Amid that world of peace ;
 There pleasures all thy saints surround,
 And joys that never cease.

PSALM XVII.

- 1 **H**EAR thou the right, O Lord ! Attend
 Unto my earnest cry ;
 Give ear unto my prayer, and send
 Deliverance speedily.
- 2 My sentence, O Almighty King !
 Let it proceed from thee ;
 Thou dost the equal thing behold,
 Thine is the just decree.
- 3 Thou hast my spirit proved, O Lord,
 Mid nights of bitterness.
 I have resolved, that, my word
 Shall never more transgress.
- 4 From marking what the end hath been
 Of wickedness around ;
 From the destroyer's ways, a screen,
 I have, thy threatnings, found.
- 5 Hold up my goings. In thy path
 I ever would abide ;
 Lest, if thou leave me, in thy wrath,
 My heedless footsteps slide.
- 6 In thee my spirit doth rejoice,
 Thou wilt thy servant teach ;
 Incline thine ear unto my voice,
 And hear, O Lord, my speech.

- 7 Let me once more, I humbly crave,
 Thy loving-kindness see :
 For by thy *right*-hand thou dost save
 Whoever trusts in thee.
- 8 Keep, as the apple of the eye,
 My heart from sin and pride :
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
 My trembling spirit hide.
- 9 From all that 'gainst my soul arise,
 Be thou my helper found ;
 And from my deadly enemies
 Who compass me around.
- 10 In their own net, are they inclosed,
 Who thus my ruin seek ;
 Thy justice hath their deeds exposed,
 Altho' they proudly speak.
- 11 For our destruction, lo ! they sigh,
 The tardy hours they chide ;
 To earth, they bend the crafty eye,
 And watch on every side.
- 12 Like greedy lions, forth they go,
 Crouching, in secret way,
 Or, a young lion, bending low,
 To catch his helpless prey.
- 13 Arise, O Lord, and cast him down !
 This thought doth joy afford ;—
 Altho' the wicked rage and frown,
 They still are but *thy sword*.
- 14 From men of earth, and sons of strife,
 Who worldly things adore ;—
 Who have their portion in this life,
 And never seek for more :—
 Whose children rise on every side,
 And years, all prosperous, see ;—
 Whose every wish is satisfied,—
 From such, deliver me !

- 15 When in thy likeness I awake,
 (O'er death's tempestuous tide)
 I shall of endless joys partake,
 And then be satisfied.
-

P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 **O** Lord, my strength, to thee I bring
 The offering of a grateful heart;
 Thee will I love, O God, my King,
 Nor from thy statutes more depart.
- 2 Thou art my rock, to thee I bow,
 Thou hast redeemed me by thy power;
 Thou art my strength, my buckler thou,
 And thou my high and mighty tower.
- 3 To God the lofty song I raise.—
 My enemies are chaff to thee;
 Thou art deserving of all praise,
 Who art, and wast, and still shalt be.
- 4 Death's terrors spread themselves around;
 Trembling I saw the sons of pride;
 Who with the ocean's raging sound,
 Encompass'd me on every side.
- 5 My spirit felt the pangs of hell,
 The snares of death o'erwhelmed my soul;
 And whilst my fears, tumultuous swell,
 I heard thy thunders round me roll.
- 6 In my distress, I call'd on thee,
 Thine ear inclin'd unto my cry;
 I found thee, what thou still wilt be,—
 To suffering sorrow ever nigh.

Then Earth, convulsed with strange dismay,
 The last great doom of Nature fear'd;
 Her towering hills dissolved away,
 Because the Lord in wrath appear'd.

- 8 Smoke, from his nostrils, fill'd the air,
 Fire, from his mouth, resistless spread;
 Which, with its fierce and fearful glare,
 Fill'd trembling earth with death and dread!
- 9 He bow'd the Heavens, and downward came,
 Darkness beneath his feet was cast;
 Around him spread the kindling flame,
 Before him rush'd the sweeping blast!
- 10 He rode upon a Cherub Form,—
 Leaving the worlds of light on high,
 And, on the pinions of the storm,
 Descended through the nether sky!
- 11 Darkness, his secret places were,
 Not to be pierced by mortal sight;
 And his pavilion, through the air,
 Was water, and the cloud of night!
- 12 Jehovah's word is past! Again
 Creation smiles, and all is gay!
 Tempest and flame, a fearful train!
 At his command, dissolve away!
- 13 From Heaven, he spake to earth below,
 His thunders through the air extend;
 The Highest gave his voice, and, lo!
 Hail-stones and coals of fire descend!
- 14 In wrath, he scatter'd all his foes!
 On every side his arrows fly!
 His lightning, like a torrent flows,
 In liquid radiance through the sky!
- 15 Then ocean's channels saw the day,
 Upturn'd, in wild confusion cast;
 The world's foundations naked lay
 Before his breathing nostril's blast!
- 16 He sent his Angels from above;
 With joy, to sooth my soul, they flew;—
 Those Ministers of light and love,
 And, me, from many waters drew.

- 17 Tho' men assail'd, he let me see,
His might their raging could oppose ;
With a strong arm he rescued me,
And cast disdain upon my foes.
- 18 In envious plottings they employ'd
Each fleeting night, each passing day ;
In my calamity they joy'd,
But thou, O Lord, wert still my stay.
- 19 To a fair place, thou brought'st me forth,
Thou didst uphold me with thy might ;
I claim'd the fairest fields of earth,
For in my soul didst thou delight.
- 20 According to my righteousness,
My spotless hands, and upright ways ;
O Lord, thou didst thy servant bless,
Therefore, my soul shall sing thy praise.
- 21, 22 Thy judgments were before my eyes,
They calm'd my spirit, check'd my pride ;
Nor did my heart seek vanities,
Or from thy statutes turn aside.
- 23 My heart, in upright ways, was found,
From sin, my every wish was free ;
I pray'd, that thou would'st yet surround,
And still, in mercy, succour me.
- 24 Therefore the Lord hath been my friend ;
According to my upright ways,
Will God his healing mercies send,
And I will ever sing his praise.
- 25 To men of mercy, thou art kind,
To thee it flows, from thee it came ;
The merciful shall ever find
That thou to them, wilt be the same.
- 26 The Pure, O Lord, shall also know,
That thou art pure as heavenly day ;
But to the froward thou wilt show,
Thyself more froward still than they.

- 27 For thou wilt save th' afflicted soul,—
 The man who in his God doth trust ;
 But lofty looks, which scorn controul,
 Thou wilt bring down unto the dust.
- 28 No more through midnight shades I grope,
 The Heavens expand their radiant gate ;
 For thou wilt light my Star of Hope,
 And still my path illuminate.
- 29 Through thee, have I maintain'd my flight,
 'Mid foes, with arms, in dread array ;
 And, trusting in my Maker's might,
 Have leap'd the wall that barr'd my way.
- 30 Thy plan is perfect, O our Lord !
 Immaculate in every part :
 All those who trust upon thy word
 Shall find that thou their buckler art.
- 31 For who, O Lord, is God, save thee ?
 A rock, a helper, ever nigh !—
 Whose empire spreads from sea to sea,
 Through earth, and to the loftiest sky !
- 32 My strength, upon thy power, depends,
 Thou hast subdued my raging foe :
 Prosperity, thy blessing sends,
 With every good that life can know.
- 33 He makes my feet, like hinds, to fly
 Where'er my spirit points the way ;
 He setteth me on places high,
 With lordly power and kingly sway.
- 34 My enemies before me reel ;
 Thy arm prepares me for the war,
 So that I break the bow of steel,
 And chase my vanquish'd foes afar.
- 35 My shield is thy salvation, Lord !
 This, my defence, from those who hate ;
 And, gratitude doth this record,—
 Thy gentleness hath made me great !

- 36 Thou hast enlarged the path I tread,
 So that my way is smooth and clear ;
 The foe, no longer, now, I dread,
 The hostile shout, no more, I hear.
- 37 I have pursued mine enemies,
 I have overtaken them, in flight ;
 Nor turn'd, from following, till their eyes,
 Were closed in everlasting night.
- 38 Them have I pierced with sword and spear,
 So that, to rise, in vain they try ;
 No more th' indignant arm they rear,
 Beneath my feet they prostrate lie.
- 39 For thou, with strength, hast girded me,
 Thine is the might, and thine the power ;
 My foes were all subdued by thee,
 They rose, to perish in an hour !
- 40 Upon my enemies, I trod,—
 Upon their necks, that they might know,
 That thou, O Lord, alone art God,
 Through whom, I triumph'd o'er my foe.
- 41 *They* also cried to thee, they turn,
 'Mid danger ! but they cry in vain ;
 Thou didst their supplications spurn,
 Thou didst repay them with disdain.
- 42 Then, did they sweeping vengeance find,
 I beat them, 'mid the clashing fray,
 Small as the dust before the wind,
 I cast them, as the dirt, away.
- 43 Thou hast my mighty foes o'erthrown,
 'Mid tumults, thou hast screen'd my head ;
 A people, whom I have not known,
 My power shall own, my frown shall dread.
- 44 Soon as they hear thy servant's name,
 Their towering hearts shall feel dismay ;
 Their Captains shall my power proclaim,
 Their Princes stoop, their Kings obey.

- 45 The strangers' hearts shall fade, for fear,
 Terror shall fill them with amaze;
 They shall, of all my triumphs, hear,
 And tremble, in their secret ways.
- 46 The Lord, for ever lives and reigns,
 He is my rock, my fortress he;
 His word alone the world sustains,—
 And let his name exalted be.
- 47 Altho' I drove th' impetuous car,
 I own, alone, the hand divine;
 Thy power upheld me in the war,
 The victory and the praise be thine!
- 48 Thou hast delivered me, and spread,
 Around my foes, a fearful flood;
 Thou raisest high my feeble head,
 O'er men of violence and blood.
- 49 Therefore will I give thanks to thee,
 I will aloud thy might proclaim;
 'Mid lands remote, through earth and sea,
 My tongue shall shout Jehovah's name.
- 50 Thou hast subdued my raging foe,
 Thy goodness shall my heart adore;
 To David, thou wilt mercy show,
 And to his seed for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

- 1 **T**HE Heavens declare thy glorious name,
 Thou Lord of Life, and God of All!
 This grand and universal frame,
 At first didst thou from nothing call.
- 2 The sun and moon, with all their train,
 That throng the glowing vault of night;
 With voice articulate and plain,
 Proclaim the wonders of thy might.

- 3, 4 Thou, unconfined, by space or time,
 Display'st thy power, through endless years ;
 In every age, in every clime,
 The majesty of God appears !

Thou hast prepared, 'mid heights profound,
 A temple for the Orb of Day ;
 Through which, in pomp and splendour crown'd,
 He speeds his everlasting way :

- 5 From clouds and darkness issuing forth,
 With the strong Racer's arduous stride,
 Whilst Heaven reflects his face on earth,
 He spreads his fervent glories wide.—

- 6 Amid the blue expanse of sky,
 From end to end, he reigns supreme,
 Like an august Divinity,
 Whilst all things drink his kindling beam.

On Earth, " Omnipotence !" we hear
 Express'd from every form and sense ;
 Whilst Heaven, with accent still more clear,
 Again repeats " Omnipotence !"

- 7 Thy laws, O Lord, shall still endure,
 On these, from Earth to Heaven, we rise ;
 Thy testimonies, too, are sure,
 Which make the simple truly wise.

- 8 The statutes of our God are right,
 Where Men, the truth, may ever see ;
 And thy commands, O Lord, delight,
 The heart that doth confide in thee.

- 9 Thy fear is pure, and ever new,
 Lasting as Heaven's revolving star ;
 The judgments of the Lord be true,—
 They altogether righteous are.

- 10 More to be coveted are they,
 Than gold, from Ophir's richest mine ;
 Sweeter than honey, they repay,
 The owner's heart, with joy divine.

- 11 Warnings, from death, in them I find,
For they, alone thy will record ;
And tho' they check my froward mind,
In keeping them is great reward.
- 12 Who can his errors understand,
Or count his numberless revolts ?
Extend, O Lord, thy saving hand,—
O cleanse my heart from secret faults.
- 13 Restrain me from presumptuous sins !
Let them, no more, dominion see ;
Then shall my soul be innocent,
And from the great transgression free.
- 14 O let my thoughts, and every word,
Which daily from my lips may fall,
Acceptance find, with thee, O Lord !
My Strength, Redeemer, All in All !
-

PSALM XX.

- 1 **T**HE Lord thy supplications hear,
And yet thy fainting spirit cheer,
'Till time, with all its sorrows, end,
The God of Jacob be thy friend !—
- 2 Send thee support from Zion's Hill,
And strengthen thee in mercy still:
His might shall save thee when oppress'd,
His sanctuary calm thy breast.
- 3 May God remember all thy cares,
Thy sacrifices, and thy prayers ;
Thy offerings, and thy songs of praise,
Which thou hast offer'd all thy days:—
- 4 Grant thee the wishes of thy heart,
With Israel's portion give thee part ;
Fulfil thy counsels, and defend,
Thy head, from harm, till life shall end.

- 5 To thee, O God, we raise our voice,
In thy salvation we rejoice :
We will, whilst thus thy name we fear,
The foe-defying banner rear.
- 6 Now know I, that thy help is nigh,
To all who on their Maker, cry;
The saving strength of thy right-hand,
Shall drive the Heathen from the land.
- 7 Some, with the horse, defy their foes,
Some, in the chariot, trust repose ;
But we, from earthly help, will fly,
And on the Lord alone, rely.
- 8 They who have trusted aught beside,
Are humbled in their towering pride ;
Whilst we are raised from Earth, and see
Confusion drown our enemy.
- 9 Save us, O Lord, from every foe,
Lay each aspiring spirit low ;
O let our condescending King,
Regard the grateful song we bring.

P S A L M XXI.

- 1 **T**HE King shall triumph in thy might,
He is the object of thy choice ;
In thy salvation, Lord of light !
How greatly shall his soul rejoice.
- 2 His heart's desire hast thou bestow'd—
Each hope that fill'd his anxious breast ;
To him, hast thou thy favour show'd,
O Lord, and granted his request.
- 3 For him, whose state was once abased,
Thou hast to-morrow's table spread ;
And in thy mercy, thou hast placed,
A Crown of Gold upon his head.

- 4 He asked life, and life was given,
By him, whose goodness he adored;—
E'en length of days, and smiling Heaven
Bestow'd the blessing he implored.
- 5 In thy salvation he is great,
There is his glory and defence ;
Him, power and majesty await,
Supported by thy providence.
- 6 Thou, on thy servant, shalt bestow,
Thy cheering smiles, and let him see,
Beyond this world of sin and woe,
Lasting and full felicity.
- 7 The King confided in the Lord,
He saw that other help was vain ;
And, trusting in Jehovah's sword,
Securely shall he live and reign.
- 8 Thy hand shall find thine enemy,
Thy *right*-hand shall find out thy foe :
Altho' from thee they fain would flee,
All those who hate thee thou dost know.
- 9, 10 They shall be barren from their birth,
Their names and heritage shall fail ;
Their offspring shalt thou sweep from earth,
As the small dust before the gale.
- 11 For they intended ill to thee,
The mischievous device was theirs ;
But they their folly soon shall see,
And perish in their impious snares.
- 12 In vain shall they attempt to fly,
As they thy vengeful bow survey ;
Past is the hour of clemency,
Thy wrath shall overwhelm them in dismay.
- 13 Be thou exalted, O our King !
In thine own strength do thou appear ;
So shall our tongues thy praises sing,
And Earth's ten thousand regions hear.

P S A L M XXII.

- 1 MY God! My God! Why hast thou thus,
Withdrawn thy cheering ray?
Why art thou far from helping me?
Why art thou far away?
- 2 My God! to thee, by day, I cry,—
In sorrow I complain;
The night is burden'd with my sigh,
But still I sigh in vain.
- 3 Yet thou, O Lord, art ever bless'd—
Holy in all thy ways;
Thou, O our God, inhabitest
Israel's exalted praise.
- 4 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
On thee did they depend;
And in the depth of woe extreme,
Thou didst deliverance send.
- 5 To thee did they direct their cry,
Nor didst thou them confound;
They rais'd to thee th' imploring eye,
And timely succour found.
- 6 I am abased in thy sight,—
Kin to the worm of Earth;
My friends disdain their past delight;—
I am the people's mirth.
- 7 They laugh at me, and at my state,
Insulting scoffings make;
They shoot their lips, in fervent hate,
The scornful head they shake.
- 8 They say, "He trusted in the Lord,
" On him did he depend;
" Now let the God, on whom he call'd,
" Speedy deliverance send!"

- 9 Yet thou didst take me from the womb
 To see the light of day;
 With hope, thou didst inspire me,
 When on the breast I lay.
- 10 On thee, from childhood, was I cast,
 Thy bounteous hand I own;
 Thou hast provided each repast,
 That lengthen'd life has known.
- 11 Be not far from me, in this hour
 Of anguish and distress!
 None but thyself, O Lord, hath power,
 To sooth my wretchedness.
- 12 Oxen, their loud defiance, sound,
 And threat me, in their pride;
 Strong Bulls of Bashan, close me round,
 And stand on every side.
- 13 They gape upon me, with their mouths,
 They hedge about my way;
 And, like a ravening Lion, roar,
 To plunge upon their prey.
- 14 Like water, I am poured out,
 My wearied bones are sore;
 My heart within me melts like wax,
 I seem as one no more.
- 15 My tongue, it cleaveth to my mouth,
 My strength is dried away;
 I hasten to the dust of death,
 From the sweet gleam of day.
- 16, 17 Dogs and devouring men are round,
 For harm, they all agree;
 The counsels of the bad prevail,
 And they lay siege to me.
- They pierced both my hands and feet,
 My every bone I tell;
 Upon my anguish'd countenance,
 With scoffing joy they dwell.

- 18 Among them, in an evil hour,
My garments they divide ;
Whilst for my vesture, they cast lots,
Fill'd with contempt and pride.
- 19 Yet be not thou far off, O Lord,
Support me to the end ;
Thou art my succour and my hope,
My best and only friend.
- 20 Deliver my afflicted soul,
High and exalted Lord !
From Dogs that compass me around—
From the devouring sword.
- 21 O save me from the Lion's mouth,
For thou hast hear'd my cry ;
From the fierce horned Unicorn,
To thee, for aid, I fly.
- 22 I will declare thy glorious might,
To all my brethren round ;
Mid our assemblies, with delight,
I will thy praises sound.
- 23 O ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
The pealing anthem raise ;
Ye seed of Jacob, let your voice
Shout forth Jehovah's praise.
- 24 For he hath not our prayer disdain'd,—
Th' afflicted soul abhorr'd,
Nor hid his face, when *they* complain'd,
Who trusted in the Lord.
- 25 I, in the congregation, still,
Will of thy goodness sing ;
To thee will I my vows fulfil,
And daily offerings bring.
- 26 Tho' Tyrants rise on every side,
And wicked rulers reign ;
The meek shall still be satisfied,
Nor serve their God in vain.

- 27 Great King ! Thy sun, ere long, shall shine,
 In one unclouded day,
 And all the ends of earth combine,
 To own thy sovereign sway.
- 28 Thou art the Potentate, alone,
 Of all the nations round ;
 Earth is thy foot-stool, Heaven thy throne !
 Thine empire knows no bound !
- 29 Those who descend unto the dust,
 Confess thy high controul ;
 Whilst none, whate'er his boasted trust,
 Can keep alive his soul.
- 30 Tho' wickedness the nations fill,
 Some shall be true to thee ;
 A seed shall serve the Lord, and still
 A Generation be.
- 31 They shall, 'mid songs of loudest praise,
 Thy righteousness commend,
 And tell of all thy wonderous ways,
 'Till time itself shall end.
-

PSALM XXIII.

- 1 **G**OD is my Shepherd ever near,
 I live beneath his watchful eye,
 Nor shall I any evil fear,
 For he will all my wants supply.
- 2 Conducted by his guardian care,
 By the still water's brink I tread ;
 Or 'mid the pastures, green and fair,
 Recline secure my peaceful head.
- 3 If for a moment I transgress,
 Sin shall not long my heart enchain :
 Thou wilt to paths of righteousness
 Restore, O Lord, my soul again.

- 4 Whene'er I quit this fleeting scene,
 And burst mortality's strong chain ;—
 Leave all that once my joy had been,
 And, dust to dust, return again :—

Calmly, will I resign my breath,
 Nor fear the shadowy path I see ;
 For thou, amid the Vale of Death,
 My staff, and my support wilt be.

- 5 Thy mercies, Lord ! around me lie,
 They, like a stream, unceasing roll ;
 When every other spring is dry,
 Thou dost refresh my thirsty soul.

Upon thy bounty I have fed,
 E'en in the presence of my foes ;
 My table is with plenty spread !
 My cup, with blessings, overflows!

- 6 Thy goodness, and thy mercy, too,
 Through all my days shall sooth my breast ;
 And, when to Earth I bid adieu,
 With thee my weary soul shall rest.

PSALM XXIII. (*Paraphrase.*)

○ Lord ! Amid this desert wide,
 Thou art my Shepherd, thou my Guide ;
 From day to day, from year to year,
 I shall not want, for thou art near.

Thou hast ten thousand gifts bestow'd,
 And strew'd with flowers my mortal road ;
 Through pastures fair, I take my way,
 Or by the peaceful waters stray.

All those who call upon thy name,
 Shall find thy bounty still the same ;
 Goodness and mercy shall attend,
 The man who makes his God his Friend.

And when th' appointed time shall come,
That I must seek my narrow home;
Follow where all the Prophets led,
Down to the chambers of the dead :

Close my sad eyes on every scene,
Which once my dear delight had been;
Forsake the fair abodes of men,
And, dust to dust, return again ;—

I will not dread, for thou art near,
Thy smile shall calm each rising fear ;
Thy rod and staff new joy impart,
And cheer, with hope, my fainting heart.—

Confiding in Jehovah's power,
I then will meet the trying hour ;
And hail, with my expiring breath,
The cold and lonely vale of death.

Our fathers pass'd that gloomy road,
Awhile, our fathers there abode ;
None hath, in Heaven, his anchor cast,
Who hath not Jordan's billows past.

When death shall summon me away,
If thou but smile, my night is day ;
That dark and dreary vale once trod,
And I ascend to thee, my God !

PSALM XXIV.

- 1 **T**HIS beauteous earth on which we stand,
(A Paradise except for sin !)
Was form'd by God's almighty hand ;—
The world, and they that dwell therein.
- 2 He hath its mighty pillars laid,
Upon the ocean's foaming tide :
Sea, Heaven, and Earth, by him were made,
Whose hands the wheels of Nature guide.

- 3 Who shall ascend, in triumph grand,
Thy hill, O Lord, and see thy face?
Who in thy favour'd courts shall stand?
Jerusalem, thou holy place!—
- 4 He who despises vanity;
(For him, the joys of Heaven are sure;)
Who hath not sworn deceitfully,
Whose hand is clean, whose heart is pure.
- 5 He from his Maker shall obtain,
When these low fading scenes decay;
Blessings that ever shall remain,—
Salvation, in the realms of day.
- 6 This is the envied lot of those,
Who would, the Hill of Zion, climb;—
Who all that better country chose,
Which lies beyond the bounds of time.
- 7 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass!
Ye everlasting doors expand!
And let the King of Glory pass,
With his redeem'd and joyous band!
- 8 Who is the King of Glory? Say!
Thou fruitful Earth! Thou boundless Sky!—
“The Lord of Might! The God of Day!”
All things that live and move reply.
- 9 Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass!
Ye everlasting doors expand!
And let the King of Glory pass!
With his redeem'd and spotless Band.
- 10 Who is this King of Glory? He
Whose mandate Heaven and Earth obey!
Whose word restrains the raging sea!—
The Lord of Hosts! The God of Day!

PSALM XXV.

- 1 **W**HILST cares tempestuous o'er me roll,
And deep is my distress ;
To thee, O Lord, I lift my soul,
And find my sorrows less.
 - 2 My God ! To thee I raise my eyes,
I put my trust in thee ;
Let not my enemies arise,
And triumph over me.
 - 3 Let none who call upon thy name,
Confusion e'er oppress :
Those shall be overwhelm'd with shame,
Who without cause transgress.
 - 4 Shew me thy ways ! I would retreat,
To that celestial ground ;
Teach me thy paths ! O let my feet
In such be ever found.
 - 5 Teach me thy truth, or I shall miss,
The heavenly Zion's gate ;
Thou art the fountain of all bliss,
On thee alone I wait.
 - 6 Thy former mercies call to mind,
Let them remember'd be ;
Thou once, O Lord, wert good and kind,
Be still the same to me.
 - 7 Pardon the sins of early youth,
The crimes which once were dear ;
Before I knew the ways of truth,
Or learn'd thy law to fear.
- O pardon them, nor them alone,
But sins of riper years ;
I would my past offences own,
With contrite sighs and tears.

- 8 Upright and good, art thou, O Lord,
Therefore wilt thou incline
Sinners, to love thy holy word,
And walk in paths divine.
- 9 Thou wilt, O Lord, for those provide,
On thee, their cares, who cast:
Thou wilt the meek and humble guide,
To Heaven, their home, at last.
- 10 From those who, thee, their Maker praise,
Thou never wilt withdraw;
Mercy and truth are all thy ways,
To such as keep thy law.
- 11 Do not my sinful soul forsake,
Nor yet thy wrath display;
Pardon me for thy mercy's sake,
O take my guilt away!
- 12 What man is he who fears the Lord,
And in his ways would move?
To him, Jehovah will afford,
Instruction from above.
- 13 His soul shall ever dwell at ease,
Whilst others feel distress;
The Lord, shall with a large increase,
His faithful servants bless.
- 14 Perplexities, the proud confound,
But whilst they wander far,
The secret of the Lord is found,
With those who humble are.
- 15 I seek the things which are above,
And thou shalt pluck my feet,
From ways, that might my ruin prove,
From sin and from deceit.
- 16 Turn thou, O Lord! On thee I wait;
No more in anger frown,
For I am poor and desolate,
My sorrows weigh me down.

- 17 The troubles of my heart increase,
Affliction sore doth press;
Once more, O Lord, impart thy peace,
Bring me from my distress!
- 18 Look on my sorrow and my pain,
Once more my soul revive;
Reveal, O Lord, thy face again,
And all my sins forgive.
- 19 Many my enemies, and great,
With wrath their hearts o'erflow;
They hate me with intenser hate,
Than man to man should show.
- 20 O keep my soul from each offence!
To thee, O Lord, I flee;
I would not be my own defence,
But put my trust in thee.
- 21 Let stern integrity be mine,
Which nought like sin doth dread;
Let uprightness for ever shine,
Upon the path I tread.
- 22 From all their troubles and distress,
Redeem thy chosen race!
Let those, O Lord, thy name confess,
Who soon shall see thy face.

PSALM XXVI.

- 1 **J**UDGE me in faithfulness, O Lord,
For thou hast been my guide;
I have confided in thy word,
Therefore I shall not slide.
- 2 Examine me, O Lord, and prove,
Thy saving grace impart;
Each idol from my breast remove,
And try my reins and heart.

- 3 Thy loving kindnesses appear
Where'er I turn my eyes ;
Each moment some new blessings cheer—
Some unseen mercies rise.
- 4 The men, whose hearts are vain, I shun,
Dissemblers, too, I hate ;
Their feet to quick destruction run,
But I, on thee, will wait.
- 5 Th' ungodly never shall admit
My feet, to join their throng ;
I will not with the wicked sit,
Nor to their tribe belong.
- 6 I, to thine altar, will repair,
With innocence my guide ;
I will approach my Maker there,
And in his strength confide.
- 7 There shall my heart thanksgivings raise ;
Be this my best repast !
My tongue shall own thy wonderous ways,
While life and being last.
- 8 Lord, I have loved, with holy zeal,
The house of praise and prayer ;
For there dost thou thyself reveal,
To all who seek thee there.
- 9 When I have pass'd this fleeting life,
Let not my portion be
With men of cruelty and strife,—
With those who scoff at thee ;
- 10 Who in thy courts, with offerings, stand,
While feigned tears would start ;
Tho' wickedness is in their hand,
And treachery in their heart !
- 11 But I, in paths, will ever walk,
Which lead to Zion's hill ;
Of thee will I delight to talk,
O shew me mercy still !

- 12 My feet, in stedfastness, are found,
 My trust in thee is strong ;
 Therefore will I thy praises sound,
 Amid th' assembled throng.
-

PSALM XXVII.

- 1 **L**ORD of my light, to thee I bow,
 Thou art my rock and only trust ;
 My strength and my salvation thou ;—
 Why should I fear the Child of Dust ?
- 2 When all my foes, terrific came,
 To tear me in their lion rage ;
 Thy word did put them all to shame,
 Thy power their burning wrath assuage.
- 3 Tho' hostile hosts against me rose,
 I will not fear, nor turn aside ;
 Tho' earth around me teemed with foes,
 In thee alone will I confide :
- 4 One thing, of God, would I implore,
That would I seek for, all my days ;—
 That I may in his courts adore,
 And sing, with saints, my Maker's praise.
- 5 Me, in the hour of sore distress,
 In his pavilion, he shall hide ;
 He, on a rock, my feet shall place,
 And compass me on every side.
- 6 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my enemies around ;
 I bring the sacrifice of joy,
 The grateful anthem, loud I sound.
- 7 Hear me, O Lord, when I complain,
 Regard thy servant's humble cry ;
 Let me not call on thee in vain,
 But, in thy mercy, aid supply.

- 8 When thou didst bid me seek thy face,
My heart, obedient, thus replied ;—
The world is one wide wilderness,
Be thou my portion, thou my guide !
- 9 Hide not thyself, O Lord, at last,
Put not, in wrath, my soul away ;
Thou wert my help in seasons past,
O leave me not to hell, a prey !
- 10 Father and mother, may forsake,
Each earthly joy will have an end ;
But those who, God, their refuge make,
Will find an everlasting friend.
- 11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead
My feet, by thine almighty power ;
Thou art my help, in time of need,
O save me, in this adverse hour !
- 12 Thou art, O Lord, my last resource,
On all sides round, the foe, I see ;—
Men who are strangers to remorse,
And such as breathe out cruelty.—
- 13 In many a dark and cheerless day,
When cares o'erwhelmed me like a sea ;
My soul had fainted by the way,
But for my confidence in thee.
- 14 Wait on the Lord ! New courage take !
He is the portion of the just ;
He shall uphold the souls who make
Their God, their hope and only trust.

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **O** Lord, my rock, to thee I cry,
Regard my earnest prayer ;
Lest in the pit of death I lie,
Or sink into despair.

- 2 In mercy listen to my call,
My supplications hear,
When, in thy holy Oracle,
Th' imploring hand I rear.
- 3 From men, immersed in guilt and guile,
My soul would stand apart ;
Who greet their neighbours with a smile,
While mischief fills their heart.
- 4 Thou dost behold their evil ways,
Thou wilt their deeds requite ;
Thou wilt o'erwhelm them with amaze,
And drive them from thy sight.
- 5 Because they scorn thy wondrous power,
The works thy hands display ;
Thou shalt destroy them in an hour,
Their names shall die away.
- 6 Bless'd be the Lord, for he hath heard
The voice of my distress ;
I, in believing on his word,
Have found my sorrows less.
- 7 Thou art my strength, and thou my shield,
On whom my heart relies ;
To thee, the grateful song, I yield,
Whose sound shall reach the skies.
- 8 Thou art the bulwark of the just,
On whom their souls depend :
The righteous in Jehovah trust,
And find a faithful friend.
- 9 Preserve and prosper, O Most High !
The people of thy choice ;
Feed them with manna, from on high,
And let them still rejoice.

PSALM XXIX.

1, 2 GIVE to the Lord, ye men of might,
The honor due unto his name ;
Worship your Maker with delight,
And sound his praise with loud acclaim.

Glory and strength, to God ascribe,
In holiness approach his throne ;
Let every people, tongue, and tribe,
Jehovah's matchless wonders own.

3, 4 His voice is heard upon the shore,
When ocean sweeps th' incumbent sky ;
He speaks when pealing thunders roar,
His voice is full of majesty.

5, 6 The lofty pine, and cedar proud,
On Sirion's brow by him are rent ;
Whilst Lebanon, with discord loud,
Re-echoes through the firmament.

His power, earth's central rocks obey,
They hear his voice, and upward bound ;
Whilst the proud mountains sportive play,
With woods and towering forests crown'd.

7, 8 The voice of God, the flame divides,
His frown, the pathless deserts own ;
E'en Kadish, when Jehovah chides,
Trembles, in wild amazement thrown.

9 Through him the hinds bring forth their young,
He points the forest's safe retreat ;
Whilst, in his temple, every tongue,
His glory chaunts, in anthems sweet.

10 Jehovah sits upon the flood,
Whilst prostrate billows round adore ;
His throne through countless years hath stood,
And shall endure for ever more.

- 11 The Lord will to his people give
 Strength, to uphold them in their way ;
 Peace shall attend them while they live,
 And life expire in endless day.
-

PSALM XXX.

- 1 O LORD, I will extol thy name,
 For thou hast rais'd me high ;
 Thou hast not let my foes proclaim,
 O'er me, their victory.
- 2 'Mid cares, with which my heart o'erflow'd,
 To thee, my God, I cried !
 And thou, in mercy, hast bestow'd
 The good, for which I sigh'd.
- 3 Thee will I praise, while I have breath ;
 Thou canst in sickness save ;
 Thou hast preserved my soul from death,
 And from the silent grave.
- 4 Sing to the Lord ! his power confess !
 Ye saints, your Maker praise !
 Extol aloud his holiness,
 Through all your future days !
- 5 He o'er your sins a mantle casts,
 And tho' he frown awhile :
 His anger but a moment lasts,
 While life is in his smile.
- The righteous may contend a night,
 With sorrow, and with pain ;
 But, joy shall, with the morning light,
 Return and cheer again.
- 6 In my prosperity, I said,
 I, never more, shall know
 Vicissitude, or be dismay'd,
 With sickness, want, or woe.

- 7 Lord, in thy favour, thou hast made,
My hill, in strength to shine;
Thou didst thy countenance o'ershade,
And grief once more was mine.
- 8 Yet, tho', O Lord, thou thus didst chide,
And cloud my prospect fair;
Still, to my God, I humbly cried,
And pour'd the earnest prayer.
- 9 When to the grave my steps descend,
Can Dust Jehovah praise?
Can Death the voice of Truth attend,
And songs of gladness raise?
- 10 While life remains, my God, my King,
That debt I gladly pay;
Be thou my helper, let me sing,
Thy mercies day by day.
- 11 From anguish and distress made free,
Songs shall my tongue employ;
Thou hast with gladness girded me,
And sorrow turned to joy:
- 12 Thy praises will I hence declare,
Whom Heaven's bright hosts adore;
Thou shalt my best thanksgivings share,
From this time evermore.
-

PSALM XXXI.

- 1 **I**N thee, O Lord, I put my trust,
Ashamed, ne'er let me be;
Tho' I am vile, the Child of dust,
From harm deliver me.
- 2 Bow down thine ear, O Lord, how long!
Thy speedy aid bestow;
Be thou my rock, my fortress strong,
My shield from every foe.

- 3 Thou *art* my rock, my fortress too,
My guard from every snare;
O guide my steps, and lead me through
This wilderness of care.
 - 4 From nets which they have secretly,
To catch my footsteps, laid,
O save me, Lord! To thee I fly,
O grant me timely aid!
 - 5 Great God of truth, thou hast seen fit,
To bring me near to death;
To thee my spirit I commit,—
To thee resign my breath!
- Tho' from this world of sin and woe,
My soul, ere long, must flee;
Resign'd I am, for well I know—
Thou hast redeemed me!
- 6 Those who delight in vanities,
I hate with perfect hate;
I scorn the liar and his lies,
And on my God will wait.
 - 7 To thee, my vows, will I fulfil,—
Thy name for ever bless;
Thou, in adversity, hast still
Remember'd my distress.
 - 8 Thy goodness will I ne'er forget,
Thou hast subdued my foe;
In a large place my foot is set,
While blessings round me flow.
 - 9 Have mercy on me, O my God!
Afflictions o'er me roll;
I suffer thy chastising rod,
While sighs consume my soul.
 - 10 My life is spent with grief, my years,
In sorrow, waste away;
O'er mine iniquities, with tears,
I spend the tedious day.

- 11 My foes reproach me, and each friend,
Contemplates me with fear;
Their smiles, my neighbours, e'en suspend,
Or, fly, as I draw near.
- 12 I am forgotten, like the man,
Descended to the grave,
Who long has past life's little span;
Or, like a broken wave.
- 13 I hear'd the slander of the croud,
Fear was on every side;
In all their confidence, the proud,
For "life" and "vengeance" cried.
- 14 But in the Lord I put my trust;
With secret joy I said,
Thou art my God, and, o'er the just,
Thou wilt thy mantle spread.
- 15 O save me from the enemy,
Who 'gainst me proudly stand;
My times, O Lord, are known to thee,
They all are in thy hand.
- 16 Do thou upon my prospect break,
With pity's kindling ray;
O save me for thy mercies' sake!
O take my sins away!
- 17 I have confided in thy name,
Preserve my soul from ill:
Sinners shall be o'erwhelm'd with shame,
And as the grave be still.
- 18 Let lying lips no longer dare,
The Righteous to deride;
Who false and grievous things declare,
Contemptuous in their pride.
- 19 What fervent joy, what true delight,
For those, in Heaven, await,
Who walk, as in Jehovah's sight,
Through this their mortal state!

Thou hast laid up a rich repast,
 For such, great source of love!
 Pleasures that shall for ever last,
 At thy right-hand above.

- 20 Thou, in thy presence, them shalt hide,
 In thy pavilion fair;
 Thou shalt preserve their souls from pride,
 From strife, and every snare.
- 21 Bless'd be the Lord, for he hath shew'd,
 To me his wonderous ways;
 And I, whilst journeying on Life's road,
 Will ever sing his praise.
- 22 In haste, I said, before thine eye,
 No more shall I appear;
 Yet thou didst listen to my cry,—
 My supplications hear.
- 23 Ye Saints, with songs, your Maker praise,
 O love and trust the Lord,
 Who will the proud, and their proud ways,
 Abundantly reward.
- 24 All ye who in the Lord confide,
 Forget your troubles past;
 Be of good courage! God will guide
 His Saints, to Heaven at last.

PSALM XXXII.-

- 1, 2 **B**LESS'D is the man who trusts in Heaven,
 And whose transgressions are forgiven;
 To whom the Lord a friend will be,
 Imputing not iniquity.

Bless'd is the man who guile disdains,
 In whom, nor sin, nor falsehood reigns;
 Whose upright spirit scorns the lie,—
 Deceit, and all hypocrisy.

- 3 When I, who had such mercies known,
Have silence kept ; in tumult thrown
I heard the accusing voice within,—
My bones consumed with conscious sin.
- 4 With nought my wounded heart to heal,
By day and night, thy hand I feel :
My frame is like the earth, around,
When summer suns have parch'd the ground.
- 5 My sins, O Lord, I own to thee,
I feel my deep iniquity ;
If I, with tears, my crimes confess,
Thou wilt again my spirit bless.
- 6 All who, in truth, their God adore,
Of God, forgiveness will implore :
Such shall, in peace, preserve their soul,
E'en when the floods of trouble roll.
- 7 Thou shalt endue me with thy grace ;
Thou art alone my hiding-place :
In trouble, thou shalt be my friend,
And compass me, 'till time shall end.
- 8 “ I will my faithful servants show
“ The way in which their feet should go ;
“ I will instruct, and teach, and guide,
“ All those who in my strength confide.
- 9 “ Let wisdom's precepts be thy rule,
“ Nor like the untaught horse or mule,
“ Require the bridle, to restrain
“ From what would bring thee grief and pain.”
- 10 Sinners, for sorrow, have no cure,
Full many cares shall they endure ;
But all who Heaven's high praises sound,
Mercy and truth shall compass round.
- 11 Ye Righteous, raise your voices high !
Rejoice in him who formed the sky !
Ye Upright, to Jehovah raise
Th' exultant song, the shout of praise !

P S A L M XXXIII.

- 1 **Y**E Righteous! In the Lord, rejoice,
 With songs surround his throne;
 For grateful praise becomes *your* voice,
 Who have his mercies known.

Can you, who love the Lord withhold,
 Your pure and lofty strain?—
 He found you wandering from his fold—
 He brought you back again!

- 2 Let the harp shout Jehovah's praise!—
 The psaltry's sound arise!
 Let harmony's loud concord raise,
 Hosannahs to the skies!

- 3 Let songs of joy Heaven's concave rend!
 Let the new anthem sound!
 Let the loud-pealing notes extend,
 To earth's remotest bound!

- 4 Thy word is truth, yet sinners deem,
 Thy awful threatnings light;
 Thy works, O Lord, howe'er they seem,
 Are altogether right.

- 5 Thou lovest truth and righteousness,
 And still, where'er we be,
 All things thy guardian care confess,—
 The earth is full of thee.

- 6 When to the Heavens I raise my eye,
 Its hosts thy power declare:
 The tranquil moon, the starry sky,
 Thou spakest, and they were!

- 7 Thou gatherest up the mighty deep,
 Or bid'st its waves be still;
 Thou dost, in store, the billows keep,
 To execute thy will.

- 8 Let the whole earth Jehovah fear,
And stand in awe of him;
Whose voice, obedient Angels hear,
With bending Seraphim!
- 9 He spake! and at the awful sound,
The stars their light disclose!
At his command, the earth, around,
In stedfast order rose!
- 10 The Heathen, of dominion dreams;
His counsels, pride, betray,
But his devices, and his schemes,
Like clouds, shall pass away.
- 11 Thy purpose and thy thought shall stand,
Firm, in eternal might,
When Time has dropt his wither'd hand,
And plung'd in endless night.
- 12 Bless'd are the nations who confess,
The Lord of Life and Love!
His People will Jehovah bless,
In realms of joy above!
- 13 Mid all our three-score years and ten,
From realms of endless day,
The Lord beholds the sons of men,—
And marks their every way.
- 14 From his pavilion, veil'd in light,
Where the rapt Seraph sings,
He, in his comprehensive sight,
Surveys all human things.
- 15 Howe'er conceal'd from mortal eye,
And into darkness thrown;
To him, our ways unfolded lie,—
To him, our thoughts are known!
- 16 No King is saved in the fight,
By the tumultuous host;
In vain the towering men of might,
Of arms and valour boast.

- 17 We cannot on the horse depend,
 Tho' great in strength he be;
 The Lord, alone, defeat, doth send,
 Or crown with victory.
- 18 Thine eye is ever on the just,—
 To guard, from harm, his head;
 Thou wilt, for all who in thee trust,
 Provide their daily bread.
- 19 Mid famine, none shall yield his breath,
 Thy Saints shall dearth survive;
 Thy power shall save their souls from death,
 And keep them still alive.
- 20 To God, the grateful heart we yield,
 Our help in every strait;
 Thou art our strength, and thou our shield,
 On whom our spirits wait.
- 21 To thee will we exalt our voice,
 And humbly bend the knee;
 We, in thy name, will still rejoice,
 And put our trust in thee.
- 22 To us, be all thy blessings given,
 Whilst wandering here below;
 According as we hope in Heaven,
 Do thou thy mercy show.

PSALM XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, at all times, I will bless,
 And evermore his praise proclaim;
 Come sound abroad his righteousness,
 And tell the wonders of his name.
- 2 In thee, O Lord, my soul shall boast,
 The hostile spear is turn'd aside!
 Thou, to the humble, art a host,
 In whom their trembling hearts confide.

- 3 O magnify the Lord with me,
Let us together join and sing,
Hosannahs, with loud minstrelsy,
To Israel's high and lofty King!
- 4 I sought the Lord, with fervent zeal,
And he his servant deign'd to hear;
He made my spirit comfort feel,
He bade my heart no terrors fear;
- 5 To Him *they* look'd, tho' far away,
Their lighten'd hearts pure rapture share;
They saw the dawn of endless day,
And bless'd the opening prospect fair.
- 6 This Poor Man to his Father cried,—
The Lord beheld his misery,
And tho' o'erwhelm'd with sorrow's tide,
From all his troubles set him free.
- 7 Angels encamp, altho' unseen,
Round those who fear the Lord on high;
They from impending dangers screen,
The Heirs of Immortality.
- 8 O taste and see that he is kind!
For him, your time and talents spend;
The Poor, in God, a refuge find,
Th' oppress'd, an ever-present friend.
- 9 O praise the Lord, ye saints above!
O fear the Lord, ye saints below!
All those who God their Maker love,
No want, of real good, shall know.
- 10 The Lion, for his food may cry,
And to the savage wastes complain;
But those who on their God rely,
Shall never ask, and ask in vain.
- 11 Children! My voice, attentive hear,
True knowledge shall my words unfold;
I will instruct you in the fear,
Of him, whose hands the Heavens uphold.

- 12 What man is he who seeketh life,
And many pleasant days would see ;
Whose heart would dwell remote from strife,
And, whilst he lives, would happy be ?—
- 13 Restrain thy tongue ! That *little* foe,
Yet, *mighty*, to disturb thy mind ;
Let not thy heart with guile o'erflow,
And be to all men good and kind.
- 14 Depart from sin and every vice,
All good, to practice, be thy care ;
Seek Peace, that pearl ! at any price,
Pursue it, as a Jewel rare.
- 15 The eyes of God are ever nigh
To all the Righteous, in their grief ;
His ears are open to their cry,
And he will send them quick relief.
- 16 But they who evil do and love,
No God shall hear, when they complain ;
From Earth he will their names remove,
And cover them with his disdain.
- 17 When, for their sins, the Righteous grieve,
And their unfruitful works confess ;
God heareth them, and will relieve,
From all their troubles and distress.
- 18 Whoe'er are of a broken heart,
The Lord regards their feeblest cry ;
He will, to contrite souls, impart,
Salvation, from his courts on high.
- 19 Mid sorrows, oft the Righteous move,
Many afflictions are their share ;
But in due time, the Lord they love,
Will rescue them from all their care.
- 20 They are secure in every hour,
Amid each danger and alarm ;
By his unseen and sovereign power,
He keepeth all their bones from harm.

- 21 Th' Ungodly, who, the Righteous, hate,
 Ere long, their folly shall bewail;
 They shall be scorn'd and desolate,
 Their hopes—their very name shall fail.
- 22 But God, with smiles, regards the just,
 He saves them for his mercy's sake;
 All those who in their Maker trust,
 Shall never mourn the choice they make.
-

PSALM XXXV.

- 1 **P**LEAD thou my cause, O Lord, with those,
 Who still my harm contrive;
 Fight thou against my many foes,—
 'Gainst all who with me strive.
- 2 Be thou my help, be thou my shield,
 To thee, O Lord, I fly;
 Thy sword, for my deliverance, wield,
 Appear, or else I die.
- 3 Shut up their way! Draw out the spear!
 Let me thy goodness see!
 And whisper in my waiting ear,
 That I may hope in thee.
- 4 Those shall be put to shame, who long
 To take my life away;
 All power and might, to thee belong,
 Whom Heaven and Earth obey.
- 5 Borne like the chaff before the wind,—
 Their reign shall soon be o'er;
 Angels shall chase them from behind,
 And ruin gape before.
- 6 The Angels of the Lord, their way,
 Shall dark and slippery make,
 And persecute from day to day,
 All who their God forsake.

- 7 They, without cause, have laid the snare,
To trap my heedless feet ;
They secretly the pit prepare,
And watch for my defeat.—
- 8 Ruin shall seize them unawares ;
Themselves shall be afraid,
And fall into the very snares,
Which they for me have laid !
- 9 I will be joyful in the Lord,
And make his ways my choice ;
In his salvation and his word,
My soul shall still rejoice.
- 10 My bones, preserved by thee, shall say,
Who can with God compare?—
Who sets the poor and needy free,
And spoils th' oppressor's snare ?
- 11, 12 False witnesses my soul dismay,
The charge untrue they make ;
My good, with evil, they repay,
They fain my life would take.
- 13 Yet when *they* e'er have felt disease,
Fasting, I sackcloth wore,
And pray'd, that it, the Lord, might please
To raise them up once more.
- 14 As they my friends or brethren were,
My soul, with grief, was worn ;
I, heavily, bow'd down with care,
Like who their mothers mourn.
- 15 But they, at all my sorrows, smiled,
They heard my sighs in vain ;
The very abject, me, reviled,
And scoff'd in proud disdain.
- 16 With hypocrites, they on me breathe,
Unceasing scorn and hate ;
They gnash'd upon me with their teeth,
As they beheld my state.

- 17 How long shall sorrow o'er me roll,
And I with grief be drown'd?
Rescue, O Lord, my trembling soul,
From lions fierce around!
- 18 Amid the congregations great,
My tongue thy name shall praise;
Upon the Lord my soul shall wait,
Through all my future days.
- 19 Let not, O God, mine enemy,
Triumphant joy display;
Or wink with the malicious eye,
When they my state survey.
- 20 Those who are peaceful, they abhor,
Whilst, with deceit, they strive,
To rouse the dormant spark of war,
And keep its flame alive.
- 21 Their mouths, in scorn, they open'd wide,
Haughty as man might be,
And said, in their contemptuous pride,—
This hour we live to see!
- 22 This hast *thou* also seen, O Lord;
Let not my foes succeed;—
Be not far from me, but afford,
Help, in this hour of need.
- 23 Stand up in my defence! Awake!
For I have loved thy laws;
O save me for thy mercy's sake!
O plead my righteous cause!
- 24 Judge me, O Lord, in my distress,
Restrain my raging foe;
According to thy righteousness,
Let them no triumph know.
- 25 Let none exclaim, with joy supreme,
As they have done before;
“We with our might have swallow'd him
“His reign and day are o'er!”

- 26 They to confusion shall be brought,
 Who at my hurt are glad;
 They all of them shall come to nought,
 With deep dishonour clad.
- 27 They who, my righteous cause, approve,
 Let them these words express,—
 “ The Lord be magnified ! whose love
 “ His servants still shall bless.”
- 28 My tongue, O Lord, shall praise thy name,
 Thy goodness I will own ;
 Nay, all the day, will I proclaim,
 Glory to God alone !
-

PSALM XXXVI.

- 1 **T**RANSGRESSORS, by their deeds, proclaim,
 Full clearly to my heart,
 That they despise God's holy name,
 When they from him depart.
- 2 With mutual flattery they abound,
 In lies they waste their breath,
 Till their iniquity is found
 Hateful, and leagued with death.
- 3 To promises no longer true,
 Deceit within them reigns :
 Such the delusions they pursue,
 That goodness, each disdains.
- 4 Mischief they plan upon their bed,
 In sinful paths they wait ;
 In dark deceitful ways they tread,
 Whilst righteousness they hate.
- 5 Thy mercies in the heavens appear,
 Thy mercies here below ;
 Thy mercies are for ever near,
 And like a fountain flow.

- 6 Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
 Inscrutable to man ;
 Thy counsels, thou alone dost keep,
 And hast, since time began.

Thy goodness, Lord ! has never ceas'd
 All blessings to impart ;
 'Tis thou that keepest man and beast,
 And makest glad their heart.

- 7 Thy loving kindnesses I sing,
 On every hand they shine ;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
 The just their souls recline.

- 8 They shall be satisfied with thee,
 The source of life and love,
 And drink unmix'd felicity,
 In realms of joy above.

- 9 Thou art the fountain of delight,
 And so hast ever been ;
 And in thy light shall we see light,
 There, only to be seen.

Whilst wandering through this evil state,
 Our thoughts should oft ascend ;
 To pleasures which the Saints await,
 When life and time shall end.

The little cares that vex'd us here,
 Shall then for ever cease ;
 Like shadows they will disappear,
 And all, in Heaven, be peace.

- 10 Continue thy regard, O Lord,
 To all who trust in thee ;
 Who drink refreshment from thy word,—
 To all who upright be.

- 11 Let not the foot of pride draw near,
 And catch with fatal wile ;
 Nor let me, the resentment, fear,
 Of Belial's sons of guile.

- 12 The workers of iniquity,
 Who 'gainst the Lord arise ;
 Before thy frown shall prostrate lie,
 And, never more shall rise.
-

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **F**RET not thyself, because of those
 Who prosper in their evil ways ;
 Nor envy thou thy Maker's foes,
 Tho' smooth and joyful seem their days.
- 2 For they shall soon like grass appear,
 That withers ere the setting sun ;
 They soon shall pass their vain career,
 And their ungodly race be run.
- 3 Thy Maker's holy law fulfil,
 And he shall raise thy sinking head ;
 Trust in the Lord and do his will,
 And verily thou shalt be fed.
- 4 Delight thyself in God on high,
 To heaven's eternal joys aspire ;
 So he, thy soul, shall satisfy,
 And bless thee with thy heart's desire.
- 5 Commit thy way unto the Lord,
 Trust in his name, and patient be ;
 For God, who cannot break his word,
 Whate'er is good, hath promis'd thee.
- 6 Upon that word with joy recline ;
 In heaven, whose glory draweth nigh,
 Thy righteousness, around, shall shine,
 Resplendent as the sun on high.
- 7 Then fret not tho' a prosperous day,
 To those who hate the Lord, be given ;
 Their triumph soon shall fade away,
 But thine is permanent as heaven :

- 8 Cease then from anger, wrath forsake,
Be envious not, tho' sinners thrive;
When death their little all shall take,
The Lord shall keep thy soul alive.
- 9 The evil-doer soon shall die,
But those who on their Maker wait;
The Lord shall all their wants supply,
And they shall stand in Zion's gate.
- 10 Soon shall the wicked disappear,
No longer shall they shine around;
Yea, thou shalt seek them far and near,
But they shall never more be found.
- 11 The Meek shall through the earth increase,
Heaven is their home and God their friend;
They shall delight themselves in peace,
And happiness their steps attend.
- 12 The wicked plot against the just,
They gnash upon them with disdain;
But in the Lord they put their trust,
Who shall their fiery wrath restrain.
- 13 At Sinners, in their boasted power,
The Lord shall laugh, for he surveys,
The fearful and impending hour,
When terror shall their souls amaze.
- 14 The wicked threat with sword and bow,
(Proud, in their vain prosperity)
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And slay the men who upright be :—
- 15 Altho' they now, in triumph drest,
The meek and lowly treat with pride;
Their sword shall enter their own breast,
The broken bow, their power deride.
- 16 Tho' oft the Righteous man complains,—
His earthly heritage is small;
The little which his board contains,
Is better than the rich-man's all.

- 17 For that, in which th' ungodly trust,
Is fleeting, like themselves, and frail ;
Their strength shall soon appear in dust,
Their pride, their confidence, shall fail.
- 18 The Upright, and their ways, are known
To him, whom heaven's fair hosts adore ;
They soon shall stand around his throne,
And worship there for evermore.
- 19 Mid evil times, their stedfast mind
Shall in their Maker's power confide ;
In famine, they shall plenty find,
And still with bread be satisfied.
- 20 But ruin shall to them be dealt,
Who will not, thee, the Lord, obey ;
They, like the fat of lambs, shall melt,
And into smoke consume away !
- 21 The wicked borroweth, but, again,
Repayeth not, as just men do ;
But all the righteous, truth, maintain,
And, as becomes them, mercy shew.
- 22 Such as are bless'd of God, shall thrive,
On them, shall earth, her fruits bestow ;
But they that cursed are, shall live,
Cut off from hope, in realms of woe.
- 23 The Lord, in good men, takes delight,
His smiles shall be their great reward ;
Where'er they go, by day or night,
Their steps are ordered by the Lord.
- 24 Tho' strong temptations, them, accost,
And sin, in evil hour, prevail ;
They shall not utterly be lost,
If they their treacherous hearts bewail.
- 25 I have been young, and now am old,
With silvery lock and tottering head ;
Yet never did mine eyes behold
The good man's children begging bread.

The Lord attends to their complaints,
 And all the snares, around them, breaks ;
 The Lord forsaketh not his saints,
 And loves their children for their sakes.

- 26 The good man feels his spirit move,
 With mercy toward his brethren round ;
 He lendeth, with the mind of love,
 And pours the balm in every wound.
- 27 Ye, who, God's law, have understood,
 The fruits of righteousness display ;
 Depart from evil, and do good,
 So shall you dwell in endless day.
- 28 God loveth judgment and the just,
 His saints are his peculiar care ;
 But sinners shall dissolve as dust,
 And vanish, as the mist, in air.
- 29 Earth's truest blessings, here below,
 The Righteous ever shall possess ;
 Or if, awhile, they taste of woe,
 E'en sorrow, in the end, shall bless.
- 30 The righteous oft of wisdom speak,
 Of judgment do they love to talk ;
 And they instruct, with spirit meek,
 All, in the paths of Heaven, to walk.
- 31 The just, from every sin, depart,
 From guile, oppression, lust, and pride ;
 The law of God is in their heart,
 Nor shall their footsteps ever slide.
- 32 Sinners, with ceaseless wrath, behold,
 The Righteous, whom they seek to slay ;
 But God will still the Just uphold,
 And turn, th' Oppressor's sword away.
- 33 The Lord, his servants, will not leave,
 Mid those, who, in their harm, delight ;
 Tho' sentence they from men receive,
 The Lord, their cause, will judge aright.

- 34 Wait on the Lord! From evil fly!
 So shall his arm thy head uphold;
 When sinners are cut off, and die,
 Thou shalt, the hand of God, behold.
- 35 I have survey'd, in mighty power,
 The Wicked spread their triumphs wide;
 And, like the verdant Bay-tree, tower,
 O'er all around, in pomp and pride.
- 36 But soon, like clouds, they pass'd away,
 With every vain and lofty thought;
 Their's was the triumph of a day,
 When all their glory came to nought.
- 37 Behold the perfect man, and mark,
 How he concludes, his mortal race,
 When every earthly view is dark,
 And death draws near, with solemn pace.
- Of Heaven's eternal promise sure,
 Patient, he waits his soul's release;
 And as his life was calm and pure,
 So when he dies, his end is peace!
- May we so pass our time below,
 And on our Maker's strength depend;
 That when we leave this world of woe,
 Our lives may, like the good man, end.
- 38 But whilst the righteous hail with joy,
 Death, their deliverer from each care;
 The Lord, transgressors shall destroy,
 Yea, he shall plunge them in despair.
- 39 But every pure and upright soul,
 Salvation, from the Lord, shall see;
 He is their strength, when troubles roll,
 And he will still their portion be.
- 40 The Lord shall save them, in each strait,
 And every needful want supply:
 All those who on their Maker wait,
 Shall find a helper ever nigh.

PSALM XXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD! in thy wrath, rebuke me not,
No more my trembling soul despise;
Nor in thy fierce displeasure, hot,
Chasten the soul that prostrate lies.
- 2 Thy threat'nings, and my conscious shame,
Like arrows, stick into my side:
Thy hand is heavy on my frame;
Where shall I fly, or whither hide?
- 3 No soundness in my flesh appears,
Nought can my wounded spirit heal;
With aching bones and flowing tears,
The heavy weight of sin I feel.
- 4 Iniquities have weighed me down,
They o'er my head, like billows flow;
I see my heavenly Father frown!—
Too heavy is my weight of woe!
- 5 My body is corrupt with sin,
My follies are tormenting chains;
And ere the morning light begin,
I count my sorrows and my pains.
- 6 My soul is troubled, to the ground,
I bend my head, nor comfort know;
Mine is a sore and deadly wound,
Through all the day I mourning go.
- 7 I am estrang'd from joy and ease,
No soundness, in my flesh I feel;
My loins are filled with disease,—
Loathsome, which none can bear, or heal.
- 8 Feeble, and broken is my frame,
Life's beauteous morning now is o'er!
By reason of my guilt and shame
With deep disquietude, I roar.

- 9 Thou dost my wounded spirit see,
 Altho' unnoticed, thou art near;
 All my desires are known to thee,
 And thou my every groan dost hear.
- 10 My vanquish'd strength now prostrate lies,
 No joys, my sorrowing heart, relieve :
 The very light of these mine eyes,
 Is vanish'd, like the cloud of eve.
- 11 My friends, that, in prosperity,
 Lent, to my plaints, the willing ear ;
 Now stand aloof, or, from me flee,
 My kinsmen e'en far off appear.
- 12 They also that my life desire,
 And, plant themselves in dread array,
 All day, against my peace conspire,
 And things of mischief, falsely, say.
- 13 As tho' I heard not, or forgot,
 I bowed, to the earth, my head ;
 As a dumb man, I opened not
 My mouth, to all they proudly said.
- 14 Then, to the scoffing crowd, around,
 My sorrowing soul was set at nought ;
 I seem'd like one who could not wound
 With the reproof, which wisdom taught.
- 15 For I, from earthly scenes withdrew,
 My soul was raised 'bove mortal care :
 Mid all my anguish, well I knew
 That thou, O God, didst hear my prayer.
- 16 I said, O Lord, regard my voice,
 From me, no more, thy presence hide ;
 Lest my inveterate foes rejoice,
 When they behold my footsteps slide.
- 17 My stedfast heart begins to faint,
 Perpetual sorrow weighs me down ;
 O Lord, attend to my complaint,
 Lest floods of care my spirit drown.

- 18 Let now the dawn of hope begin !
 Let me once more, thy favour see !
 Now am I sorry for my sin,
 I mourn my past iniquity.
- 19 But still my enemies are strong,
 To catch my heedless steps they wait ;
 The men, who seek to do me wrong,
 Are multiplied, and fierce with hate.
- 20 Because I seek the upright way,
 Sinners, in wrath, against me rose ;
 Whilst those, who, ill, for good, repay,
 Are now become my bitterest foes.
- 21 Forsake me not, O Lord, Most High !
 Thou wert my hope, in seasons past ;
 Be not far from me when I cry ;
 On thee my every care I cast.
- 22 Make haste to help me ! Let me see,
 Thy goodness, whilst I sing thy praise ;
 My strength and my salvation, be,
 Through the brief remnant of my days.

P S A L M X X X I X.

- 1 **A**S short and evil are my days,
 And life will soon be o'er ;
 I will take heed unto my ways,
 That I may sin no more.
- 2 Silence, I, ever, will maintain,
 To speech, I'll bid adieu ;
 And tho', from good, I may refrain,
 I shall from evil too.
- 3 As thus I spake, I look'd around,
 I felt God's threats alarm ;
 Yet, ceaseless vanities, I found,
 Had, only, power to charm.

I felt my spirit burn within,
 Nor, could my sorrow hide ;
 I saw all nations dead in sin,
 When, thus, aloud, I cried :

4, 5 O Lord, my everlasting friend !
 My hours, fast fleeting be :—
 Make me to know my latter end !
 Teach me to trust in thee !

5 May I behold, with fervent grief,
 How few their Maker praise ;
 And may I see, how very brief,
 The measure of my days.

Tho' men, in all their pride arise,
 And pomp and power maintain ;
 They are as nothing in thine eyes,
 And altogether vain.

Like a hand's-breadth, my days appear,
 My moments swiftly flee ;
 Man, at his best estate, while here,
 Is nought but vanity.

We bustle for awhile and die,
 Death bears us down the stream ;
 We fade, before the evening sky,
 Our life is but a dream !

6 Surely we walk mid shades and snares,
 We foolish schemes pursue ;
 And feel, too oft, earth's little cares,
 Our better selves subdue.

We toil, to gain each idle gem,
 Which here and there hath shone ;
 Not knowing who shall gather them,
 When we are dead and gone !

7 What wait I for ? Yet, Lord ! thy will
 I ever would obey :
 My hope is in thy mercy still,
 Thy promise is my stay.

- 8 From my transgressions, rescue me,
Break Satan's heavy chain ;
Nor let the foolish, in me, see,
Cause of reproach, again.
- 9 Mid sorrow, I forbore to cry,
I bow'd to thy command ;
I open'd not my mouth, for I,
Beheld my father's hand.
- 10 Great is my grief, and deep my woe,
With groans I pass the day ;
I am consumed by thy blow,
O take the stroke away.
- 11 When thou rebukest, in thy wrath,
For sins, that countless be ;
Our beauty fades before the moth!—
Man is but vanity.
- 12, 13 Life, like a flower, will fade anon ;
I am a Stranger here,
A sojourner, fast passing on,
As all my fathers were!

Whilst, as a Traveller, thus I roam,
May this support my breast—
The hope of an abiding home,
In Heaven, that world of rest.

Let those the things of time desire,
Who hence would never go ;
But I, to nobler joys, aspire,
Than any found below.

Almighty Father ! may mine eye,
In thee its comfort find ;
For thou alone canst satisfy,
My vast capacious mind.

PSALM XL.

- 1 **I** WAITED, patient, on the Lord,
And he inclined his ear;
I trusted in his holy word,
And learn'd his name to fear.
- 2 He brought me from the horrid pit,
And from the miry clay;
Upon a rock he made me sit,
And him will I obey.
- 3 New songs I sing, new days I see,
My place is fair and wide;
Many, when they reflect on me,
Shall in the Lord confide.
- 4 Bless'd is the man, and bless'd *his* lot,
Who on the Lord relies;—
Whose heart, the proud, respecteth not,
Nor such as turn to lies.
- 5 O Lord, my God, thy works are great,
And wonderful thy ways;
All living things didst thou create,
And still they speak thy praise.

This earth, on which thy servants dwell,
Proclaims thy watchful care:
If I, thy mercies, sought to tell,
I could not half declare.
- 6 Offerings, and sacrifice are vain,
To thine all-piercing eyes;—
Offerings, whilst sin within us reign,
Thou dost, O Lord, despise.
- 7 I said, to thee, alone, I look!
To thee, my God, I flee!—
Within the Volume of thy Book,
Thou hast declared of me.

- 8 My soul delights to do thy will,
Thy law is in my heart ;
O let me see thy goodness still,
And still thy grace impart.
- 9 I have thy righteousness maintain'd,
Mid the wide world, alone ;
Nor have I e'er my lips refrain'd ;
And this to thee is known.
- 10 I have not hid thy righteousness,
Like precious gems and gold,
But have declared thy faithfulness,
And of thy goodness told.
- 11 To me, thy mercies, Lord, supply,
As needed, day by day ;
And let thy truth continually,
Preserve me in my way.
- 12 Iniquities have bent me low,
All day, I make my moan ;
My fainting heart is fill'd with woe,
My sins are countless grown.
- 13 Thee do I love, and thee adore,
O Lord, my spirit heal ;
Make haste to help me, and once more,
Thy smiling face reveal.
- 14 Sinners shall soon confounded be,
Who seek my soul to slay ;
They shall be driven back, and see
Confusion and dismay.
- 15 They shall be desolate, and stand,
A monument, to those,
Who, in their madness, thro' the land,
Would God's high arm oppose.
- 16 Let all who seek thy face, rejoice,
Thou art their God and Guide,
And shout, with one united voice,—
“ The Lord be magnified.”

- 17 Fain would my heart thy law fulfil,
 But, feebleness is mine,
 Yet thou dost think upon me still,—
 O make me wholly thine!

P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who heeds the Poor,
 And mourns the sorrows they endure ;
 When trouble overwhelms his mind,
 He, from the Lord, support shall find.
- 2 God will uphold him, in his way,
 And guide his steps to endless day ;
 Tho' foes, in all their wrath, assail,
 His enemies shall not prevail.
- 3 The Lord shall give his soul content,
 When on the bed of languishment ;
 Mid sickness, he shall taste that love,
 Which flows from mercy's fount above.

The Lord is merciful and kind,
 He loves the broken heart to bind ;
 He listens to the feeble cry,
 Of lonely want and misery.

By all the mercies he bestows,
 Upon his friends, upon his foes ;
 He bids us, our protection give,
 And feel alike for all that live.

Whilst those both cross and loss endure,
 Who have no pity for the Poor ;
 The liberal man, shall have his store,
 Increased ten-fold more and more.

In trouble, God shall be his friend,
 His joys shall never have an end ;
 Of that bless'd spirit he partakes,
 Which Heaven a glorious mansion makes.

The Lord shall smoothe his mortal way,
 The Lord shall bless him night and day ;
 And when the hour of death draws near,
 The Lord his sinking soul shall cheer.

View then the Poor with pitying eye,
 And God shall all your wants supply ;
 For what you give, on Heaven's high-word !
 Is only lent unto the Lord.

- 4 Be merciful, O Lord, I said,
 For clouds and darkness round me spread ;
 My sins are all, with crimson, dyed,
 And well might'st thou thy presence hide.
- 5 My enemies, with pride inquire,—
 “ When shall we see his name expire ;
 “ When shall his corse be borne away,
 “ And death and worms receive their prey.”
- 6 If, for a moment, him, I see,
 He speaketh nought but vanity ;
 At home he gathereth sin and fraud,
 And spreads it, when he goes abroad.
- 7 All they that hate me, crouded stand,
 I see them, whispering, raise their hand ;
 Whilst enmity their bosoms fill,
 They every hour devise me ill.
- 8 “ Disease,” they say, “ hath bent him low,
 “ It cleaveth fast where'er he go ;
 “ His name and reign shall soon be o'er ;
 “ He sinketh, to arise no more.”
- 9 Yea, e'en mine own familiar friend,
 On whom, with confidence, I lean'd ;
 Who ate my bread, who knew my woes,
 Even him I count amongst my foes.
- 10 Yet be thou, merciful, O Lord !
 Let me thy goodness still record ;
 O raise me up, and let me see,
 Good days, succeed to misery.

- 11 By this I know, tho' discord sound,
That I, with thee, have favour found;
My enemies no triumph know,
Tho' they conspire to lay me low.
- 12 In thee alone, my strength, I find,
E'en in the good which I designed;
Thou settest me before thy face,
And makest me to taste thy grace.
- 13 Blest be the God, whom we adore!
Blest be the Lord, for evermore!
From everlasting to the same,
Would we exalt Jehovah's name!

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S the Heart pants, mid Summer's beam,
For the cool brook's refreshing stream;
So do I long thy courts to see,
So pants my Soul, O God, for thee.
- 2 O when shall Heaven be my abode?
I thirst to see the Living God;
When shall I run life's toilsome race?
And when appear before thy face?
- 3 My tears have been my meat by day,
My eyes, with sorrow, melt away;
Whilst Sinners, thus, with pride, declare,
"Where is thy God? thy Helper, where?"
- 4 When all these things I call to mind,
Anguish, within my heart, I find;
For I have often, join'd the throng,
Which pour'd to thee the sacred song:—

With others, I, thy temple sought,
And on thy mercies fondly thought,
Yet, now, no more, the hymn I raise,
Whilst, mournfully, I pass my days.

- 5, 6 Why, O my soul, declines thy head,
 O why art thou disquieted ?
 Hope thou in God, in him confide,
 Who, mid the storm, thy head will hide.

If thou confess thy guilt and shame,
 From Mizar, thou shalt praise his name ;
 His Countenance shall on thee shine,
 Whilst grief shall more thy heart refine.

Then why, my soul ! art thou cast down,
 And why do cares thy spirit drown ?
 Think of the Lord, in seasons past,
 And still, on God, thy sorrows cast.

- 7 I combat with a stormy sea,
 Thy billows are gone over me ;
 Thy water-spout upon me falls,
 Whilst deep, to deep, unceasing, calls.

- 8 Yet thou art still my soul's delight,
 Thy song shall cheer me in the night ;
 Thou art my hope ! My God ! My Guide !
 And I, my all, to thee confide.

- 9 Again, I will inquire of thee,
 O why hast thou forsaken me ?
 Why go I mourning, and behold
 Oppressors great, and sinners bold ?

- 10 Deep in my bones, I feel a sword,
 My enemies revile the Lord ;
 They cry, whilst they their scorn avow,
 " Where is thy God ? thy Helper now ? "

- 11 But tho' the ungodly on thee frown,
 Yet why, my Soul, art thou cast down ?
 Doth not the Lord his Servants see ?—
 Hope still in God and patient be.

Thou yet shalt praise him ! Thou, ere long,
 Shalt join, in Heaven, the Seraph Throng,
 Where endless Peace shall well repay,
 The storms of this thy mortal day.

PSALM XLIII.

1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and plead my cause,
 And be my helper found;
 For those who hate thy holy laws,
 Have compass'd me around.

2 Thou art my strength in every hour,
 And thou my only stay;
 Cast me not off, Almighty Power!
 O cast me not away.

3, 4 Be thou a light unto my feet,
 A lamp in every place;
 In every storm, a safe retreat,
 Through all my mortal race.

Let me thy holy hills behold,
 Thy Tabernacles see;
 But never let my heart be cold,
 To righteousness and thee.

No sorrow then, through all my days,
 Shall e'er my peace annoy;
 But thou shalt be my song of praise,
 And my exceeding joy.

5 Why, O my soul! art thou cast down?
 Why doth thy head decline?
 Where are the days of gladness flown?—
 The hopes which once were thine?

Dost thou not covet Angels' bread,
 And seek a Heavenly crown?—
 Then, why art thou disquieted,—
 O, why art thou cast down?

Hope thou in God! Through all thy days,
 Trust in his Power Divine;
 So shalt thou yet thy Maker praise,
 And endless joy be thine.

P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **T**HOU sovereign Judge of quick and dead,
Thy fame, through all the earth shall spread;
Of what thou didst in days of old,
Our wondering fathers oft have told.
- 2 How thou didst plant, in places fair,
The race, which thou hadst made thy care;
How thou, by thine Almighty Hand,
Didst drive the Heathen from the land.
- 3 We, but for thee, in dust had lain,
Our fathers did not break their chain;
Their arm, alone, repelled no blow,
Their sword o'ercame no mighty foe.—

To *thee* we owe our gratitude,
Thy sword it was our foes subdued;
And shall not Israel, evermore,
With fervent zeal, their God adore.
- 4 Thou art our King, and thou our Lord,
O rescue Jacob, from the sword!
Deliver him from every foe,
And let him still thy favour know.
- 5 Beneath thy smile will we repose,
Through thee, will we push down our foes;—
Their impious multitudes defeat,
And tread them underneath our feet.
- 6 I will not make the sword my pride,
Nor in the trusty bow confide;
These cannot save us; Lord! to thee,
We look alone for victory.
- 7 Thou oft hast saved us, by thy might,
And put our haughty foes to flight;
Our enemies, who scorn'd thy name,
Thou hast o'erwhelm'd with death and shame.

- 8 In thee, each heart, securely boasts,
We magnify the Lord of hosts;
Henceforth, our God, will we adore,
And praise his name for evermore.
- 9, 10 But we have sinned in thy sight,
And thou hast veil'd thy face in night;
Thou now hast cast us off, we flee,
Before th' insulting enemy.
- 11, 12 Like wandering sheep, we have no home,
O'er Heathen Mountains, now we roam;
We are become the slaves of those,
Who are, O Lord, thy haughty foes.
- 13, 14 They e'en disdain us ; in their pride,
Our neighbours now our state deride ;
We are a wretched race, forlorn,
The people's mirth, and sinner's scorn.
- 15, 16 Confusion now hath fill'd my face,
My heart is whelmed in disgrace ;
By reason of our abject shame,
Our foes blaspheme thy holy name.
- 17, 18 All this we bear, yet we have still,
Remember'd and obey'd thy will ;
In all our ways, thy hand we see,
Nor have our steps declined from thee.
- 19 Tho' in the place where dragons hide,
In wretched state, our feet abide ;
Altho' our sinking spirits fail,
In death's unsocial, shadowy vale ;—
- 20 If we, from thee, have turn'd aside,
Forgetful of our Heavenly Guide ;—
And stretch'd, in our impiety,
Our hands, to other Gods than thee ;—
- 21 Can we, O Lord, thy knowledge doubt ?
Shall not, this thing, our God search out ?
Who sees all forms beneath the sky ?
To whom all hearts unfolded lie ?

- 22 For thy sake, Lord! we all day long,
Repeat with tears, slow sorrow's song;
We are (thine honor to maintain)
As sheep appointed to be slain.
- 23 Thou wilt, ere long, in judgment rise,—
Scattering thine impious enemies:
O leave us not, to death, a prey,
Nor cast us, in thy wrath, away.
- 24 Why dost thou hide, O Lord, thy face,
From our afflictions and disgrace?
Our soul is bowed to the dust,
O raise us, for, in thee we trust.
- 25 Help us! for other help is vain!
Our right defend! our cause maintain!
O Lord, to our deliverance, 'wake,
And save us for thy mercy's sake!
-

PSALM XLV.

- 1 **A** LOFTY theme my mind inspires,
It fills my breast, my spirit fires;
With rapture, the high praise I sing,
Of Israel's high and lofty King?
- 2 Fairer than man's, O Lord! thy face;
Thy heart and tongue o'erflow with grace;
Therefore thy God hath blessed thee,
And spread thy name from sea to sea.
- 3 Gird thou thy sword upon thy thigh,
Come forth, in all thy majesty!
Let Earth, to her remotest bound,
Thy glory and thy praises sound!
- 4 Let meekness, truth, and righteousness,
Through thee, the world around us bless;
Ride prosperously, and let thy sway,
Each people, tribe, and tongue, obey!

- 5 Sharp in the heart, thine arrows be,
Which sinners feel and bend the knee.
Thou canst subdue the heart of steel,
And make the strong, their weakness feel.
- 6 Thy throne, O God ! shall stand sublime,
While empires feel the blast of time ;—
Thy Kingdom, in new beauty, rise,
When Earth in one wide ruin lies !
- 7 Thou art all holiness within,
Thou lovest truth, and hatest sin ;
Therefore, thy God, above thy race,
Shall 'noint thy head with oil of grace.
- 8 Thy garments smell of myrrh divine,
Aloe's and Cassia's sweets are thine ;
Thy ivory palaces display,
The glories of celestial day.
- 9 Kings' daughters, on thy steps attend,
And round, with honor'd matrons, bend ;
Whilst near thee stands, thy true delight,
Thy QUEEN, in gold of Ophir bright.
- 10 Daughters of Earth ! your ears incline,
I speak of things, and joys divine ;—
Forget your father's house, your home,
And think upon the world to come.
- 11 So shall the King to thee extend,
Eternal life, when time shall end ;
He is thy Lord, then worship him,
With Cherubim and Seraphim.
- 12 Daughters of Tyre, with joy, shall bring,
Due offerings to their heavenly King ;
The rich, thy favour shall implore,
And in thy courts, their God adore.
- 13 Thy people, Lord, all glorious are,
Thy daughters are redeemed and fair ;
With gold, their glittering raiments shine,—
With beams of Heaven, and rays divine.

- 14 Pure in her dress, as in her thought,
She, to the King, shall soon be brought;
Her virgin friends, a beauteous train,
For Heaven, shall leave this world of pain.
- 15 With joy and gladness, they shall come,
Angels shall hail their spirits home;
The palace of their King shall be,
Their dwelling through eternity.
- 16 Instead of fathers, shall arise,
Children, to offer sacrifice;
Who, to the Earth, shall first be bless'd,
Ere they attain their heavenly rest.
- 17 Thy sun shall rise, thy glorious morn,
On generations yet unborn!
Thy people shall their God adore,
From this time forth, and evermore.
-

PSALM XLV. (*Paraphrase.*)

MY heart indites a glorious theme!
The big thought fills my throbbing brain,
The Lord shall yet mankind redeem,
And mercy break their heavy chain!

“ A Saviour! Raise your voices high!”
That shout thro’ Heaven’s wide vault hath rung:
The hope of earth is in his eye,
The grace of God is on his tongue.

Archangels on thy steps attend,
Thou harbinger of joy divine;
I see thee on the clouds descend,
The glory of the sun is thine.

With Peace and Pardon by thy side,
Confirm thy universal sway;
Ride on, O Lamb! triumphant ride,
Till Heaven and Earth thy law obey.

Thy power appears in every land,
 Majestic, as the rolling sphere;
 Thy throne, O God! shall ever stand,
 The same thro' one eternal year.

PSALM XLVI.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the troubles of the road,
 When every stream is dry;
 Our refuge, and our strength, is God,
 A helper, ever nigh:
- 2 Therefore, tho' earth removed be,
 Tho' mountains rent appear;
 Tho' tempests heave the raging sea,
 My heart shall cease to fear.
- 3 Calmly, (tho' ocean shake the world,
 And tempests hide the day;—
 Tho' mountains from their base be hurl'd,)
 Will I the sight survey.
- 4 There is a river, tho' unseen,
 To cheer my sinking frame;
 Which hath the joy of Zion been,
 Through every age the same.
- 5 Amidst his people, God appears,
 They shall not moved be;
 His presence shall allay their fears,
 And give them victory.
- 6 The heathen nations raged around,
 Our spirits felt dismay;
 God spake! And at the awful sound,
 Like wax they melt away.
- 7 The Lord of Hosts, is our defence,
 All powerful is his arm;
 And, guarded by his providence,
 What should our breasts alarm?

8 Come see the works of the Most High,
 In sovereign power array'd ;
 What desolations round us lie !
 What ruin he hath made !

9 God can subdue the wrath of man,
 And break the spear in twain ;
 But he has an almighty plan,
 And who shall him arraign ?

He fixes, from his throne sublime,
 The bounds of war and peace ;
 And in his own appointed time,
 Will bid contentions cease :

10 Hence, when thy judgments are abroad,
 May I these words recal ;—
 “ Be still, and know that I am God,
 “ Th’ exalted Lord of all.”

11 Let confidence inspire the just,
 Henceforth, till time shall end ;—
 The God of Jacob is their trust,
 The Lord of Hosts their friend.

PSALM XLVII.

1 YE men of earth, in God rejoice,
 Around his altar croud ;
 O clap you hands ! exalt your voice !
 With triumph, shout aloud !

2 His fearful anger, who may tell ?
 ’Tis a devouring flame !
 The Lord Most High, is terrible,
 To such as scorn his name.

3 He shall subdue our proudest foe,
 By his Almighty power ;
 And, ’neath our feet, shall tread them low,
 In his appointed hour.

- 4 He will not, his best gifts refuse,
To Jacob's chosen race;
He their inheritance will chuse,
And crown it, with his grace.
- 5 God, with a shout, hath met the proud,
Mid the embattled plain;
And with the sounding trumpet loud,
Hath counted o'er his slain.
- 6 Sing praise to God, sing praises high,
Praise *him* with one accord;
Whose mandate rules both earth and sky,
Praise Heaven's Eternal Lord!
- 7 God hath upheld us from our birth,
To him your offerings bring;
God is the Lord of all the earth,—
With understanding, sing.
- 8 God reigns o'er Heathens, who caress,
And, to dumb Idols, fall;
Upon his throne of holiness
He sits and governs all.
- 9 The princes of the people meet,
Within thy courts they wait;
And join, with holy concord, sweet,
To own thee, good and great.
- The seed of Abraham bend the knee,
And round thy altar lie:
The shields of earth, belong to thee;
Be thou exalted high!

PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, and to be prais'd,
For he the earth's foundations rais'd;
He built the pillars of the sky,
And form'd the radiant orbs on high.

- 2 Zion is beautiful and grand,
The joy of every distant land ;
The spacious earth her praises sing,
Where dwells our high and lofty King.
- 3 There, God is worshipp'd with delight ;
Enthron'd in beatific light,
He sits and listens to the hymn,
Of Cherubim and Seraphim.
- 4, 6 The Kings of earth assembled were,
They saw her glittering temple fair ;
They marvelled, as they raised their eye,
And, fill'd with terror, passed by.
- 7 When thou, to scourge us, art inclined,
Thou callest up thy eastern wind :—
Tarshish' proud Navies feel the blast !—
To every wave, a wreck is cast !
- 8 What men, in ages past have seen,
So thou, to Zion, still, hast been ;
On rocks, that never shall decay,
Wilt thou her deep foundations lay.
- 9 When we amid thy temple stand,
We love to view our father's hand ;
Thy loving-kindness, all, shall see,
Who, with delight, draw near to thee.
- 10 According to thy name, O God,
So be thy praises spread abroad ;
Thy goodness, let the world confess,
For thou art full of righteousness.
- 11 Let Juda's Daughters raise their voice,
Let Zion's lofty hill rejoice ;
Thou wilt, to us, thy truth display,
When earth and time are swept away.
- 12, 13 O all ye tribes, exultant shout !
Encircle Zion round about !
Behold her bulwarks ! Let her fame
Extend from age to age the same !

- 14 This God is ours ! and we will sing,
 Eternal honors to our King !
 He will, for all our wants, provide,
 And unto death will be our guide.
-

PSALM XLIX.

- 1, 2 **L**ET vanities no more allure,
 And men no longer shadows seek ;
 Let high and low, let rich and poor,
 Attend unto the words I speak.
- 3 My mouth shall wisdom's ways impart,
 My tongue her secret paths confess ;
 The meditations of my heart,
 Shall be of truth and righteousness.
- 4 To all the men, on earth, who dwell,
 Both to the contrite and the proud ;
 I will declare the Parable,
 And in dark sayings speak aloud.
- 5 Why should I fear in evil day,
 Or, terror, why, my soul, confound ?—
 When e'en my followers flee away,
 And sinners compass me around ?
- 6 Vain is the man who trusts in health,
 That boasted blessing of an hour ;
 Or in the multitude of wealth,
 Which after fades before the flower.
- 7, 8 Can gold prolong our fleeting breath,
 When life sits trembling, at her last ?
 Or save a brother's soul from death,
 When once the dread decree is past ?
- 9 Vainly would we our treasures give,
 One precious friend, from death, to save,
 That he amongst us still might live,
 Nor see corruption, in the grave.

- 10 The wise and fool alike obey,
 That voice which seals their mortal doom ;
 Both rich and poor are borne away
 To swell the triumphs of the tomb !
 That wealth, which rich men's thoughts employ,
 To others, must, be shortly given ;—
 For which they barter'd endless joy !
 And sacrificed their hope of Heaven !
- 11 They sport upon a fatal brink,
 With folly dancing by their side ;
 And, like themselves, they vainly think,
 Their lands and houses shall abide.—
 With fleeting wealth and honors crown'd,
 (Still dreaming of eternal fame)
 To each endearing form around,
 They give their own still dearer name !
- 12 Yet man, tho' lordly be his eye,
 Abideth not in honor's way ;
 On earth he soon will prostrate lie,
 And all his glory fade away !
 Yet men behold destruction reign,
 Indifferent, as the ground they tread ;
 Still planning how the world to gain,
 Till they are numbered with the dead !
- 13 But tho' their way be vain and ill,
 Which all, at length, acknowledge true ;—
 Fresh generations rise, and still,
 The same deluded path pursue !
- 14 Like Brutes, their earthly pleasures pass,
 Pleasures, that ill deserve the name ;
 Their beauty shall consume like grass,
 Whilst worms shall feed upon their frame.
- 15 But when, at length, I yield my breath,
 And leave this dark and dreary land ;
 God will redeem my soul from death,
 And I shall in his presence stand.

- 16 Grieve not, when sinners rise to fame,
 Tho' wealth and glorious days they see ;
 They soon will go, from whence they came,
 And whose shall then their riches be ?
- 17 For when they die, as soon they must,
 Their wealth, their prosperous hour will end ;
 Glory will leave them in the dust,
 Nor flattery there their steps attend !
- 18 Tho' while they lived, they bless'd their soul,
 And thought all happiness their own ;
 Yet when death's billows round them roll,
 Their joy, their towering hope, is flown !
- 19, 20 The great, who on their wealth rely,
 And triumph in their pomp and power,
 They, like the beasts of earth, shall die,
 Nor hope illumine their parting hour.

Teach me, great Ruler of the skies !
 The follies of mankind to see ;
 To shun the world's low vanities,
 And dedicate my heart to thee.

P S A L M L.

- 1 **T**HE Mighty God, with solemn sound,
 Hath call'd on all the world around ;
 From where the sun arises bright,
 To where he shrouds himself in night !
- 2 From Zion's Hill, that fair abode !
 (To Heaven's eternal seats the road,
 Where living founts, with bliss o'erflow,)
 The Lord hath call'd on man below !
- 3 Our God shall come, nor silence keep ;
 Sinners shall see, and wail, and weep !
 Lightnings shall fill the world with dread,
 Whilst round about him, tempests spread.

- 4 He, from the Heavens, aloud shall call,
 Whilst prostrate Angels round him fall !
 The Judge of all the Earth shall rise,
 To make his foes a sacrifice !

Then, where will guilty sinners fly !
 What veil shall screen them from his eye !
 What power support, in that dread day,
 When Heaven itself shall melt away !

What voice was that ? Jehovah speaks !
 Earth's adamantine pillar breaks ;
 Death's sepulchres their victims pour,
 Whilst Nature sinks to rise no more !

- 5, 6 “ Gather my Saints ! ” At that dread sound,
 Rejoicing myriads leave the ground !—
 Their Father hails them, as they rise,
 And Angels guard them to the skies !

Now upward mount, with joy sublime,
 The saints of every age and clime !
 Unknown, on earth, perchance, they were,
 By barriers strong divided there ;—

By distant year, or dangerous sea,
 Or, haply, want of Charity ;
 But, each shall now his Brother greet,
 And the same rapturous song repeat !

Whoe'er were righteous, now shall shine,
 In robes of Holiness Divine ;
 While God (their Judge) their friend will be,
 Their portion, through Eternity.

- 7 “ Hear, O my Son ! for I will speak,]
 “ No longer with an accent meek ;
 “ But testify against thy ways,—
 “ For thou dost not thy Maker praise.

- 8, 9 “ 'Tis not that those thy hands withhold,
 “ Th' accustomed offerings from the fold ;
 “ But gifts will I disdain, whilst thou,
 “ To other Gods dost daily bow.

- 10 “ My bounty, all creations fills ;
 “ The cattle on a thousand hills
 “ Belong to me ; the beasts of prey
 “ Are mine, and my commands obey.
- 11 “ My hands, the fowl, with plumage, drest,
 “ That on the mountain’s summit rest ;
 “ The fish, that mid the waters shine,—
 “ The beasts, that range the field, are mine.
- 12 “ If I were hungry, should I name,
 “ My wants to thee, and succour claim ?
 “ The earth is mine, the air, the sea,
 “ And all their fulness sprang from me.
- 13 “ Can I, the World’s Almighty Sire !
 “ The frequent flesh of bull’s desire ?
 “ Or blood of goats, or glittering throne,
 “ When earth and heaven are mine alone ?
- 14 “ If thou wouldst see thy Maker’s face,
 “ ’Bove all things seek and prize his grace ;
 “ Thanksgivings offer to the sky,
 “ And pay thy vows to the Most High.
- 15 “ Call on me, in the depth of woe,
 “ When sorrow bends thy spirit low :
 “ To me, thy only refuge, fly,
 “ And thou, thy God, shalt glorify.
- 16 “ But, to the man, who still disdains,
 “ His God, while sin within him reigns ;
 “ That God hath said, What right hast thou,
 “ Before my throne, with Saints, to bow ?
- 17 “ Seeing, with heart impenitent,
 “ Thou wilt not for thy ways relent ;
 “ But dost despise instruction’s sway,
 “ And cast my words, in scorn away ?
- 18, 19 “ With thieves hast thou consented oft,
 “ And, at me, with Adulterers, scoft :
 “ Thy tongue outstrips thy evil feet,
 “ Thy heart for ever frames deceit.

- 20 “ In thy exuberance of guile,
 “ Thou dost thy Mother’s Son revile ;
 “ The ties of Nature thou hast torn,
 “ And dared, thy Maker’s threatnings scorn.
- 21 “ These things, thou hourly didst display,
 “ Whilst I, in silence, mark’d thy way :
 “ In madness, and impiety,
 “ Such as thyself, thou thoughtest me.
- “ But I have mark’d thee from above,
 “ And will, ere long, thy ways reprove ;
 “ Thy sins shall pass before thy sight,
 “ Whilst vengeance hurls thee down to night.”
- 22 Consider this, ye sinful race !
 Fly to the Lord ! Implore his grace !
 O fly before it be too late,
 And Heaven for ever close her gate !
- Lest (if ye still despise the call
 Which God, in mercy, sends to all ;—
 To sinners, whatsoe’er their deed,
 Who know that they redemption need) ;—
- That God, whom you have made your jest,
 Should rise, in fearful terrors drest ;—
 Tear you in pieces, whilst no power
 Can save you in that dreadful hour !
- 23 O hear thy God ! He speaks to thee !—
 “ That people glorifieth me,
 “ Who offer praise. The Just, on high,
 “ Shall taste supreme felicity.”

PSALM L. (*Paraphrase.*)

THE great and sovereign Lord of all,
 To judge the Earth will soon appear ;
 The Mighty God, aloud shall call,
 And quick and dead his voice shall hear.

He comes ! Upon the clouds he rides !
 Distinct I see him borne along !
 O'er fields of ether bright he glides !
 Surrounded by the Seraph throng !

Tempests their mingled wrath display,
 Whirlwinds and fire, before are sent ;
 Attendant lightnings round him play,
 Whilst thunders shake the firmament !

The earth, to her remotest bound,
 Feels conflict and portentous throes !
 Heard you that voice ? It was the sound
 Which from ten thousand trumps arose !

The grave no longer holds her dead,
 But, all, uprising, solemn, slow ;
 With humble hope, or silent dread,
 To meet th' Almighty Father go !

Before my sight, like clouds they rise !
 What countless myriads throng the air !
 Their number dims the burning skies,
 Which cast around their fearful glare !

Whilst storms and darkness reign awhile,
 And heat dissolves this nether sky,
 The Righteous may look up and smile,
 For their redemption draweth nigh !

Then sinners shall bewail their birth,
 And, into nothing, wish to fall !
 But, the whole family of earth,
 Must rise to meet the Judge of all !—

Thou ardent spirit, check thy fire !
 Nor dare these awful scenes display ;
 No mortal hand must sweep the Lyre,
 Which sings that unimagined day !

PSALM LI.

- 1 LORD! at thy feet, myself, I cast,
I call upon thy holy name;
According to thy mercies past,
Blot out my sin, and hide my shame!
- 2 Wash me throughout, and make me clean,
For mine iniquity is great;
Cleanse me, O Lord, from every sin,
And, in me, a new heart create.
- 3 For I acknowledge, and deplore
Transgressions of the darkest dye;
My sins are evermore, before
My guilty, and my weeping eye.
- 4 Against *thee* only have I sinn'd,
And done this evil in thy sight:—
Were I to realms of woe consign'd,
I still must own thy judgments right.
- 5 My deep iniquity I own,
In sin, at first, was I conceiv'd:—
To every evil passion prone,
I have my Heavenly Father griev'd!
- 6 Lord! thou desirest truth within,
The incense of a broken heart;—
A perfect hatred of all sin,
With pureness in the hidden part.
- 7 Purge me with hissop! Make me clean!
As white as the descending snow;
From Earth my wayward passions wean,
And let me thy salvation know.
- 8 Let joy and gladness tune my voice,
Be all my trust, O Lord, in thee;
That these my bones, may yet rejoice,
And I, the dawn of Hope may see.

- 9 From all my sins, hide thou thy face,
My dark iniquities, blot out ;
O let me still adore thy grace,
And, with the joy of pardon, shout.
- 10 Still let me thy compassion find,
O cleanse and purify my heart ;
Restore me, in my inward mind,
And a right spirit, Lord, impart.
- 11 Cast me not off ! My soul renew !
Thy tender mercies, still display !
Nor take, as thou might'st justly do,
Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, away !
- Teach me this truth, O Heavenly King !
That, Sin, it is, which thou dost hate,
And, that who loves that cursed thing,
Will never enter Zion's gate.
- 12 Let those delights, again abound,
Which once, in happier days, were mine ;
When, first, Salvation's joyful sound,
Inspired my heart with hopes divine.
- 13 So shall transgressors learn of me,—
As the chief good, on God, to wait ;
While sinners shall, converted be,
By my renew'd and happy state.
- 14 As my deliverer, Lord ! appear,
Blood-guiltiness do I deplore :—
Thou God of my Salvation, hear,
And I will praise thee evermore !
- 15 Ope' thou my eyes ! My heart expand !
That I, thy name, may spread around ;
And tell, to earth's remotest land,
That pardon, still, with God, is found.
- 16 Thou dost not sacrifice desire,—
Else would I give it, full and free ;
Nor is the Altar's hallow'd fire,
Alone, acceptable, to thee.—

- 17 The souls which from their sins depart,—
 These only, are thy sacrifice ;
 A broken, and a contrite heart,
 Thou wilt not, O our God ! despise !
- 18 Do good to Zion ! When she calls,
 O Lord ! in thy good pleasure, hear !
 Build up Jerusalem's waste walls,
 And, in thy temple, still appear.
- 19 Then shall our tongues, thy name confess,
 And whilst our feet, all evil flee,
 The sacrifice of righteousness,
 Our hearts shall offer, Lord ! to thee.
-

P S A L M LII.

- i **T**HOU boastful Man ! whose tyrant brow,
 Deals mischief and dismay ;
 If God were not all goodness, thou
 Would'st be his instant prey.
- 2 Thy heart doth wickedness devise,
 Tho' thou, with guile, dost greet ;
 As a sharp razor, such thy lies,
 Thy tongue is all deceit.
- 3, 4 Thou lovest evil more than good,
 And lying more than truth ;
 To wound, in secret, is thy food,
 And has been, from thy youth.
- 5 God shall o'erwhelm thee in disgrace,
 And thy proud heart dismay,—
 Yea, pluck thee from thy dwelling-place,
 And root thee out from day.
- 6 The righteous shall survey thy fate,
 And tremble whilst they see ;
 They shall behold thee desolate,
 And this their language be,—

- 7 “ View there the mighty man o’erthrown!
 “ To dust, *his* head is bent
 “ Who worshipp’d riches, nor would own,
 “ The Lord, Omnipotent.”
- 8 Like a green olive, in thy sight,
 Would I for ever be :
 Thy mercy, is my great delight,
 That mercy let me see !
- 9 To thee will I loud anthems raise ;
 Thy Saints approve it well ;
 Yea, I will praise thee all my days,
 And in thy temple dwell.

PSALM LIII.

- 1 **W**ITHIN his heart the Fool hath said,
 “ Rejoice ! There is no God !”
 And he, while lifting high his head,
 In evil paths hath trod.
- Abominations are his pride,
 And he hath proved it long,—
 That, where the heart is turn’d aside,
 The conduct must be wrong.
- 2 From Heaven, God looked down on man,
 To see who, him, obey’d ;
 But, all had after evil ran,
 And from Jehovah stray’d.
- 3 Each one, alike, who breath’d the air,
 All holiness abhorred :
 They altogether sinful were,—
 Not one who loved the Lord !
- 4 Do those who work iniquity,
 From knowledge close their mind ?
 Yes ! Tho’ they look, they never see !
 Their very souls are blind !

In vain, to them, the spangled sky,
 In all its pomp appears;
 Their evil deeds have closed their eyes !
 Their sins have stopp'd their ears !

5 Where no fear was, there, terrors came,
 They dread some secret blow :
 Our God shall, sinners, put to shame,
 And scorn each impious foe !

6 O that it were Jehovah's will,
 His people to restore ;
 And bring, to Zion's happy hill,
 His captive tribes, once more !

Then should his praise, our hearts employ,
 With care, no longer sad ;—
 Jacob should shout aloud for joy,
 And Israel's heart be glad.

P S A L M L I V.

1, 2 **S**AVE me, O God, by thy great name,
 And in my cause appear ;
 Uphold, O Lord, my sinking frame,
 My supplications, hear !

3 My foes draw nigh me with a shout
 Oppressors seek my soul ;
They have encompass'd me about
 Who scorn thy high controul.

4 Why should I fear these sinners bold,
 God will my helper be ;
 He, in his greatness, will uphold,
 The men who succour me.

5 My enemies may at me scoff,
 Yet thou wilt them reward ;
 God, in his wrath, will cut them off
 With his resistless sword.

- 6 I'll spend, in praise, and sacrifice,
 My time, till life shall end ;
 For it is good, as well as wise,
 To make our God our friend.
- 7 He hath redeem'd me, by his power,
 From trouble and distress ;
 And I, through each succeeding hour,
 His holy name will bless.
-

PSALM LV.

- 1 **R**EGARD my prayer, nor longer chide,
 I lean upon thy word ;
 Nor, from my supplications, hide
 Thy face, Almighty Lord !
- 2 Attend to me, and hear my prayer,
 My sinking spirits faint ;
 With ceaseless sighs, I fill the air,
 I mourn in my complaint.
- 3 Around, I hear the enemy,
 Whilst proud oppressors reign ;
 They on me cast iniquity,
 With hate, and fierce disdain.
- 4 Sore pained is my heart within,
 My soul, with grief o'erflows ;
 As tho' I felt the weight of sin,
 When death, in terrors, rose.
- 5 Anguish and fear, my spirit bind,
 I loathe the opening day ;
 Horror hath overwhelmed my mind,
 And hope is far away.
- 6 O that the Dove's fleet wings were mine
 Then would I take my flight ;
 And peacefully my head recline,
 Far from these realms of night.

- 7, 8 There would I screen my weary form,
Far off, mid deserts drear ;
And from the tempest, and the storm,
Have nothing more to fear.
- 9 Whilst I behold, thy foes around,
With grief, my spirit bleeds ;
For strife and violence abound,
Sin, and all evil deeds.
- 10, 11 Both day and night, transgressors' feet,
Mid guile and mischief stray ;
Whilst, like a tyrant, in our street,
Sin holds a sovereign sway.
- 12 'Twas not a foe that hurl'd the lie,
That could my heart have borne ;
Were it an open enemy,
My soul would scorn to mourn.
- 13 But it was *thou*, my former friend !
(Therefore the wound is keen ;)
One, whom I hop'd, till life should end,
My Brother, to have been.
- 14, 15 We oft had read God's holy book,
And soothed our mutual care ;
Together we sweet council took,
And sought the house of prayer.
- Here*, many a cause may hearts estrange,
And therefore I'll depend,
Henceforth, on Him who feels no change,
Whose love can know no end.
- Sinners, transgressions, only please,
But whilst they think it well ;
Death on their souls, ere long, will seize,
And bear them quick to hell.
- 16 God is my only sure defence,
Therefore on him I call ;
Supported by his providence,
I never more shall fall.

- 17 Evening and morning will I raise,
My voice, to God, Most High;
At noon will I my Maker praise,
And pour the fervent cry.
- 18 He hath encompass'd me with peace,
And saved my head from harm;
With such a help, when foes increase,
What should my breast alarm?
- 19 God shall afflict the men, who long
Have walk'd in evil ways:
They think their bow both firm and strong,
And talk of happier days.
- Because no changes they have known,
Nor felt affliction's rod;
Jehovah's guidance they disown,
And, madly, fear not God.
- 20 Those who this baseless peace enjoy,
God shall stretch forth his hand,—
Their high and towering thoughts destroy,
And sweep them from the land.
- 21 Their words, than butter, smoother were,
But war was in their heart,—
Hatred to God! and they shall bear
The hypocrite's dread part.
- 22 All ye who love God's holy word,
Fear neither grief nor pain;
Cast all your burdens on the Lord,
And he shall you sustain.
- 23 But when, O Lord, thou seest fit,
With an o'erwhelming blast,
Into destruction's deadly pit,
Wilt thou the wicked cast.

God shall the men of blood o'erthrow,—
Destroy, both root and stem;—
To death, untimely, shall they go,
Whilst curses follow them!

PSALM LVI.

- 1 O GOD! be merciful to me,
For foes around me roar;
O grant deliverance speedily,
And save me yet once more.
- 2 My enemies would me devour,
In wait, they round me lie;
They would o'erthrow me, had they power,
But I, to thee, will fly.
- 3 What time distressing fears arise,
And all around is shade;
To thee will I direct my eyes,
And humbly ask thine aid.
- 4 In God, alone, I put my trust,
Thou art my buckler wide;
Why should I fear the child of dust,
If thou art on my side?
- 5 Each day, my words, they, falsely, wrest,
They, ceaseless, plan my harm;
My soul, with anguish, is distress,
I sojourn with alarm.
- 6 They croud together, and declare,
Of me, their fervent hate;
They mark my steps, they spread the snare,
Whilst for my soul they wait.—
- 7 Shall they who work iniquity,
Escape thy piercing sight?—
Before thine anger, shall they fly,
To shades of darkest night.
- 8 To thee, my wanderings are all known,
With every tear I shed:
Thy Book contains, I, trembling, own,
All I have done and said.

- 9 Whene'er I turn to thee my feet,
 And do thy heavenly will ;
 Then shall mine enemies retreat,
 For thou art with me still.
- 10, 11 Thee will I praise, and still pursue,
 The footsteps of the just :
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 Whilst in my God I trust.
- 12 This I'll remember, with deep dread,
 With trembling heart and knee ;—
 Thy vows are on me ! I have said,—
 I leave the world for thee.
- O God ! an evil heart is mine,—
 Still prone to go astray :
 Keep me, O Lord ! through power divine,
 Unto eternal day.
- 13 Thou hast deliver'd me from death,
 And oft from dangers too :—
 Wilt thou preserve my fleeting breath,
 And, not my heart renew ?
- Whate'er thou take, O give thy grace !
 My sliding feet sustain ;
 That I may walk before thy face,
 And Heaven, at last, obtain.
-

P S A L M L V I I .

- 1 **I**N thee I trust, Almighty King !
 Hear, for thy mercy's sake ;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
 Will I my refuge make.

On thee, my burdens, Lord ! I cast,
 Veil not thy cheering face :
 Till these calamities be past,
 Be thou my hiding-place.

- 2 I will draw near to God, Most High,
And his great name adore :
He doth, to me, all good supply
From his exhaustless store.
- 3 He shall, from harm, preserve my soul,
And my deliverer be ;
I shall, tho' waves around me roll,
His truth and mercy see.
- 4 With Lions, fierce, I daily war,
Who pity ne'er afford ;
Whose teeth both spears and arrows are,
Whose tongue, the two-edged sword.

I will not grieve, altho' I find,
As all my Fathers found ;
No solid peace, to cheer my mind,
On Earth's polluted ground.

- 5 Be thou, O Lord ! exalted high,
Almighty King of Kings !
Above the earth, above the sky,
Above created things !
- 6 They had, my soul, with terrors, scared,
And plann'd the lofty thought ;
They had the secret pit prepared,
In which, themselves, are caught.
- 7 My heart, O God, is now secure,
And fixed firm, on thee,
Whose praise I'll sing, while life endure,
Yea, through Eternity.
- 8 Arise, ye Sons of the Most High !
Your harp and psalt'ry take :
Ere the faint dawn illumines the sky,
Will I, to praise, awake.
- 9 Among the people, day by day,
Will I thy honors sound ;
Among the nations far away,
Yea, through the world around.

- 10 Great, in the Heavens, thy mercies shine,
 Each cloud thy power displays;
 Nature extols the hand divine,
 And shouts her Maker's praise.
- 11 Be thou, O Lord! exalted high,
 Almighty King of Kings!
 Above the earth, above the sky,
 Above created things!
-

PSALM LVIII.

- 1, 2 **D**O ye indeed speak righteousness,
 Ye congregations of mankind?
 Yea, but your work is wickedness,
 Your hearts are still, to sin, inclined.
- 3 The wicked wander from the womb,
 And on the God, who made them, war;
 E'en from the cradle to the tomb,
 All holiness do they abhor.
- 4 The serpent's poison they possess,
 Like the deaf adder, they remain:
 They will not, God, the Lord, confess,
 But, stop their ears, and, truth disdain.
- 5, 10 Yea, tho' the charmer, wisely charm,
 He cannot their attention win;—
 Truth, of her power, doth Sin, disarm,—
 No ray can pierce the gloom of Sin!
- They will not of salvation hear;
 Heaven's joys, they seek not to possess,—
 The hope of which our souls should cheer,
 Whilst passing through the wilderness.
- The soothing comforts of God's word,
 They know not of their priceless worth;
 But, like a solitary Herd,
 They stand aloof, and, pore on earth.

But, we, to Heaven, will raise our eyes,
 And take, with joy, what mercy gives;
 Our mansions are in yonder skies,
 We know that our Redeemer lives.

PSALM LIX.

- 1 WHEN many enemies arose,
 Thou wert, O Lord, my stay;
 And now preserve me, from the foes
 Who seek my soul to slay.
- 2 Deliver me, O Lord! again,
 To thee, my help, I fly;
 O save me from the bloody men
 Who work iniquity.
- 3 They, to the grave, would me consign,
 They long to plunge me in;
 Not for transgressions which are mine,
 Not for thy Servant's sin.
- 4 They all prepare themselves for war,
 Tho' I no fault have done;
 Come forth, in thy triumphant car,
 O scatter them, each one.
- 5 Great God of Hosts, in whom I trust,
 Thou wilt awake, in haste,
 And drive thine enemies, like dust
 Before the raging blast.
- 6, 7 At eve, around our walls, thy foes
 Howl, and in wrath draw near;
 Their lips are fatal swords and bows,
 "For who," say they, "doth hear?"
- 8 But thou their footsteps soon wilt hem,
 And whelm, in dust, their pride;
 Thou, O our God! shalt laugh at them,
 And their proud threats deride.

9, 17 Thou art my rock, and my defence,
 And thou wilt me uphold;
 I'll trust upon thy Providence,
 As Jacob did, of old.

I'll praise my God, for mercies past,
 Nor foes, nor famine dread;
 He shall preserve my soul, and cast,
 His buckler round my head.

I, of thy power, O God ! will sing,
 For thou hast helped me ;
 I, with the opening morn, will bring,
 A thankful heart to thee.

All other friends fled fast away,
 When trouble hemm'd me round ;
 But thou wert faithful, in that day,
 I, thee, a refuge, found.

To God, my helper, I will raise,
 The Anthem, loud and long ;
 God is my strength, and all my days,
 Shall he inspire my song.

PSALM LX.

1 WITH Scoffers, we have learn'd to scoff,
 And to despise thy grace ;
 And thou, O Lord ! hast cast us off,
 And hast conceal'd thy face.

But all our hopes, we feel, are vain,
 Delusion now is o'er ;
 Almighty Father, turn again,
 And comfort us once more.

2 Earth trembles at thy awful frown,
 Broken, and waste it lies ;
 Heal thou the breach, nor tread us down,
 O hear our mournful cries !

- 3 We stand upon destruction's brink,
Hard things, we daily see;
Wine of astonishment we drink!—
Our foes triumphant be!
- 4, 5 Yet, mid our cares, hast thou bestow'd
A Banner on the just;
That Truth may triumph, and *their* road
Be smooth, who in thee trust.
- 6, 7 The Lord doth now, no longer, chide,
Now is my joy complete;
Shechem, shall these my hands divide,
And, Succouth's Valley mete.
- 8 Moab shall soon my wash-pot be,
O'er Edom, will I cast
My shoe, and let Philistia see,
That all her pride is past.
- 9 Who will conduct our joyful feet,
Where the strong Cities stand?—
And lead, to Edom's famed retreat—
The terror of our land?
- 10 Wilt not *thou*, O our God, awake
And lay the Heathen low,—
Tho' thou, our tribes, didst late forsake,
And give them to the foe?
- 11 Thou wert our hope, in every hour,
Since Time its course began;
O help us, by thy mighty power,
For vain the help of man!
- 12 Still, on the Lord, will we rely—
The God our Fathers knew;
Through him will we do valiantly,
And all our foes subdue.

PSALM LXI.

- 1 O GOD ! regard my earnest voice,
To all my prayers, attend !
May I, in thee, once more rejoice,
And find thee yet my friend.
 - 2 From lands remote, o'er sea and hill,
To thee, O Lord, I'll cry ;
O lead me to the Rock, that, still,
Is higher far than I.
 - 3 I have full oft a shelter found
In thy protecting care ;
A Tower, when foes assembled round,
A screen, from many a snare.
 - 4 Thy Tabernacle, O our King,
Shall be my only pride ;
And in the covert of thy wing,
Will I, with joy, confide.
 - 5 Thou hast, O Lord, my substance blest,
And screen'd my former shame ;
I have the heritage possest
Of those who fear thy name.
 - 6, 8 Prolong, O Lord, our Sovereign's life,
Make prosperous, still, his reign ;
Screen him from danger and from strife,
And long his right maintain.
- Endue him with thy heavenly grace,
Preserve, from harm, his head ;
Let him abide before thy face,
And in thy footsteps tread.
- To him, whilst dwelling here below,
Thy goodness, Lord ! display ;
And, when he dies, that Crown bestow,
Which shall not fade away.

PSALM LXII.

- 1 **T**RULY, upon my God I wait,
The vanities of time I hate;
He is the cure for all my woes,—
From whom alone, salvation flows.
- 2 He is my rock, and he will grant
Whate'er my needy soul may want;
Whilst he, his aid, vouchsafes to me,
I shall not greatly moved be.
- 3 How long will men their God forsake,
And, lies, how long, their refuge make?
They will be found, when summon'd hence,
A bowing wall, a tottering fence.
- 4 Men will not with their Idols part,
Evil and lies, are in their heart;
Tho', with their mouth, they seem to bless,
They, inwardly, are wickedness.
- 5 Yet, O my Soul! wait thou on God,
Tread thou, where all the Prophets trod;
The path through thorns and briars lies,
But it will lead thee to the skies.
- 6, 7 He only is my hope, and he
My glory and defence will be;
God is my rock, in him I find
A refuge from the stormy wind.
- 8 Ye People! trust the God of grace,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When in distress, to him, draw near;—
In sorrow you are doubly dear!
- 9 Surely mankind are gone astray,
They wander from the narrow way;
Both rich and poor believe a lie,
Both high and low seek vanity.

O why should men e'er put their trust
In fleeting shades, or glittering dust?—
Or why let riches make them vain,
Which they so soon must yield again.

- 10 Let none of Robbery, proud, appear,
Th' oppressor's portion draweth near!
Tho' wealth, to thee, her gifts impart,
Set not, on these, O man! thy heart.

True riches are not found below,
All earthly treasures come and go;
But the best wealth and honors lie
In the fair realms of Heaven on high.

- 11, 12 The Lord hath said (the truth I own)
That power belongs to God alone:
He renders us, with justice true,
According to the works we do.

PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O GOD, I will acknowledge thee
Ere morn illumines the sky;
I will devoutly bend my knee,
And to my Father cry.

My soul doth long to know and taste
More of thy quickening power;
E'en as the parch'd and desert waste
Thirsts for the copious shower.

- 2 Without a veil to intervene,
Let me thy face behold;
Such as these joyful eyes have seen
Mid Zion's gates of old.

- 3 Thy smile can give tranquillity,
When all around is strife;
Thy loving-kindness is to me
More precious far than life.

- 4 Thee will I bless, while life remain,
And I thy goodness share ;
Like Moses, will I, too, sustain
My hands, in fervent prayer.
- 5 My soul, with thee, is satisfied,
Redeem'd from guilt and shame ;
No more the slave of sin and pride,
My mouth shall praise thy name.
- 6 I love to ponder, on my bed,
Upon thy guiding hand ;
How thou hast screen'd my fenceless head,
And led me through the land ;

May I no more indulge the thought,
As I have done before ;
That thou, who hast such wonders wrought,
Wilt ever leave me more.
- 7 Thou art my high and lofty King,
To thee I lift my voice ;
And in the shadow of thy wing,
Will I henceforth rejoice.
- 8 Hard after thee my soul doth press,
Thou dost uphold my head :
Great source of life and blessedness !
On me thine influence shed.
- 9, 10 Those, who, in rage, their hands stretch'd forth,
My helpless soul to snare,
Shall, to the lowest depths of earth,
Descend, and suffer there.
- 11 Amidst my sorrows and my woes,
To God, my spirit flies,
Who soon will stop the mouths of those
Whose hearts delight in lies.

PSALM LXIV.

- 1 **R**EGARD my voice, whene'er I pray,
O save me from the proud ;
Let not the foe, my heart dismay,
Altho' he threaten loud.
 - 2 Me, from his secret counsels, hide,
And quick deliverance grant ;
In thee I hope, in thee confide,
In thee is all I want.
 - 3, 4 They whet their tongues, like swords, to wound
With lies and calumny ;
They shoot their bitter words around,
Which sharp as arrows be.
 - 5, 6 Each man, his neighbour, prompts to sin,
They privily lay snares ;
With malice, and all guile within,
They say, " Who sees or cares ?"
 - 7 But God, in vengeance drest, ere long,
His fiery dart shall cast ;
And they shall flee, a ghastly throng !
Before his parching blast.
 - 8 Their words, which once, like swords, could wound,
Upon themselves shall fall ;
Their friends shall flee, while, lightnings, round,
Their trembling hearts appal.
 - 9, 10 All men shall see, all men shall fear ;
Whilst sinners plunge in night,
Saints shall the works of God declare,
And own his judgments right.
- His goodness they shall still record,
And in his power confide :
The just shall glory in the Lord,
Who is their God and guide.

P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **I**N Zion, praises wait for thee,
Thy servants love to own thy power ;
In day and night, thy hand they see,—
In shrub and tree, in fruit and flower.
- 2 Great God ! Thyself, Infinity !
Who stoopest to regard our prayer ;
All flesh, to thee, the Lord shall fly,
And make thy smiles, their only care.
- 3 Then shall transgressions, dark and deep,
No more, to Heaven, obstruct the way :
Thou wilt thy word, with mortals keep,
And purge their every sin away.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou dost chuse,
And causest, to approach thy face,
Whilst others, in their pride, refuse,
They seek and prize thy heavenly grace.

The righteous men, who long have sigh'd,
O'er those, who from their God rebel ;
With thee shall soon be satisfied,
And in thy holy temple dwell.

- 5 Owning thy goodness and thy worth,
Thy servants shall draw near to thee ;
Thou art the hope of all the earth,
With their's that voyage o'er the sea.
- 6 The mountains, towering to the sky,
Thou, by thy might, hast girded fast ;
Thy power upholds the stars on high,
Thy word restrains the raging blast.
- 7 When Ocean, rising from his bed,
Holds conflict with the stormy winds,
Thou speakest, and he hides his head !—
Thy might the raging billow binds.

8 Realms, far remote, behold thy power,
 And mark the tokens of thy sway ;
 They see thee, in the evening hour,
 They view thee in the opening day.

9, 13 The world with boundless good is crown'd,—
 Alike the air, the earth, the sea ;
 Thou waterest well the thirsty ground,
 It is enrich'd, O Lord, by thee.

For our returning wants, thy hand,
 Doth duly a full store provide ;
 The corn springs forth, at thy command,
 The meadows wave, in golden pride.

Thy name is traced on all below,
 The springing blades, thy power declare ;
 With gentle showers the vales o'erflow,
 Whilst man and beast thy bounty share.

The bud of spring, the summer flower,
 Autumn's ripe fruit with winter drear ;
 Proclaim the greatness of thy power,
 And crown with joy, the circling year.

Pastures, remote from human feet,
 Chaunt praises to their heavenly King ;
 On every side, with concord sweet,
 The little hills rejoicing sing.

The fields are cloath'd with flocks and flowers,
 The vales, with corn, are covered o'er :
 And whilst thy hand such mercies shower,
 Thee will we worship, thee adore.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2 **T**HE greatness of our God, proclaim,
 Ye Nations, that around us dwell !
 Sing forth the honors of his name,
 And of his wondrous glories tell !

- 3 Say, to the Lord, who dwells on high,
In all thy works, how great art thou :
Thy power shall chase thine enemy,
And their proud necks to thee shall bow.
- 4 The earth, to her remotest bound,
Ere long, shall worship thee, with joy ;
Lands, far remote, thy praise shall sound,
And Zion's songs their hearts employ.
- 5 Come see the wonders of our God,
To all the creatures he has made ;
His mighty deeds are spread abroad,
And Israel oft hath known his aid.
- 6 Into dry land he turn'd the sea,
He made our Fathers' hearts rejoice ;
Through the great deep, from terrors free,
We journey'd, at our Maker's voice.
- 7 God ruleth by his mighty power,
His eyes behold the nations round ;
He will, in wrath, his foes devour,
When he the trump of war shall sound.
- 8 All ye who in your God delight,
Praise him in tow'ring songs sublime ;
Let his high praises, like the light,
Extend to every age and clime.
- 9 His power first call'd us into day,
His arm upholds the life he gave :
No terrors shall our hearts dismay,
For he, from harm, our souls will save.
- 10 As silver, by the fire is tried,
So thou, O Lord ! our hearts dost view ;
Thou hast rebuked us for our pride,
And tried us, in the balance, true.
- 11 We were entangled in the net,
On us, thy hand, afflictions, laid ;
We were, on every side beset,
And vainly did we call for aid.

- 12 Our enemies rode o'er our head,
Through fire and water was our road;
But thou, at length, didst make us tread
On Canaan, which with fatness flow'd.
- 13 I, to thy courts will now repair,
Thy goodness will I there survey;
I'll bless thy name, with praise and prayer,
And there burnt-offerings duly pay.
- 14, 15 My grateful heart shall now fulfil
The vows, which I, in sorrow, made;
With rams and fatlings, I will still,
Confess thy power, and seek thine aid.
- 16 Me, O ye Saints, no longer shun;
All ye who fear the Lord, draw nigh,
And I will say what he has done,
For such a sinful soul as I.
- 17 I, to Jehovah, humbly cried,
I, with my tongue, extolled his name;
When, thus, an inward voice replied,
“ Forsake thy sins, and own thy shame.”
- 18 If I regard iniquity,
And in my former ways delight;
My Maker will not hear my cry,
For sin is hateful in his sight.
- 19 But God hath made my heart rejoice,
Lighten'd, I feel my load of care;
He hath attended to my voice,
And mark'd my tears, and heard my prayer.
- 20 Bless'd be the Lord! My loftiest strain,
Shall shout his goodness, day by day;
He hath not heard me, with disdain,
Nor yet, from mercy, turn'd away.

PSALM LXVII.

- 1 **T**O us, O God ! thy smiles supply,
Bless us, with blessings from on high ;
Once more, O Lord, upon us shine,
And seal us with thy grace divine;—
- 2 That righteousness all men may see,
And fly, from idols, Lord ! to thee ;
That lands remote may God confess,
And love good more, and evil less.
- 3 Let all the people praise thy name,
Whose mercy still endures the same ;
Yea, let each country, tongue and tribe,
Salvation to the Lord ascribe.
- 4 Let songs the spacious earth employ,
O let the people sing for joy ;
For thou shalt judge the nations round,—
Thy friends reward, thy foes confound.
- 5 Again let all the people raise,
To thee, the trump-like shout of praise ;
Let the whole earth their God confess,
And pay the vows of righteousness.
- 6 Her increase then the Earth shall yield,
Nor, longer War his weapons wield ;
The countless ills that on us prey,
Shall fly, like morning mists, away.
- 7 Our God shall bless us, we shall see
The end of human misery ;
And something of those pleasures know,
With which the realms above o'erflow.

P S A L M L X V I I I .

- 1 **T**HE Lord in judgment shall arise,
And scatter far his enemies ;
All those, in heart, who hate the Lord,
Shall flee before his flaming sword.
 - 2 As wax dissolves before the fire,
So shall they perish in his ire ;—
As mists before the opening day,
So shall he drive their souls away.
 - 3 But let the righteous shout for joy,
Let songs their grateful hearts employ ;
Let them exceedingly rejoice,
With timbrel loud, with harp and voice.
 - 4 Sing praises to the Lord most high,
To him who rides upon the sky ;
To whom the starry train of night
Do homage, from their dwellings bright.
 - 5 God is the soother of distress,
A Father to the fatherless ;
He marks the widow's secret tear,
And deigns her sorrowing heart to cheer.
 - 6 The Lord beholds, with pitying eye,
All those who mourn their family ;
The solitary Child of Care
Doth his peculiar notice share.
- Those who his holy name revere,
To such, will God be ever near ;
But the rebellious shall sustain,
In a dry land, their heavy chain.
- 7 When thou, in all thy might, didst go,
To give our foes their great o'erthrow,
And mid the wilds and deserts drear,
Didst in thy servants' cause appear,—

- 8 Earth, to her centre, shook around,
The Heavens retired, with awe profound;
E'en Sinai veil'd her head in night,
And trembled, at her Maker's sight.
- 9 Thou, Lord! didst send a plenteous rain,
And cheer our languid hopes again;
When fainting, and oppress'd with care,
Thou didst, for us, the *well* prepare.
- 10 Thy congregations, there have dwelt,
And of thy goodness known and felt:
Thou dost a rich repast provide,
For all who in their God confide.
- 11 Jehovah spake! and, at the sound,
The Truth, triumphant, spread around;
Great was their power, and great the band,
Who publish'd it, from land to land.
- 12 The Heathen Kings, affrighted, fled,
Where'er thy Saints their banners spread;
Whilst those, who could not bear the toil,
At home, alike, divide the spoil.
- 13, 14 Altho' thy servants, here below,
Have tasted oft of want and woe;
Yet shall their eyes, ere long, behold,
Their wings adorn'd with yellow gold.
- 15, 16 Zion, which God delights to fill,
Is like proud Bashan's towering hill:
Zion, Jehovah loveth well,
And in it evermore will dwell.
- 17 O Lord! thy chariots have no end,
Thousands of Angels, thee attend;
Amongst them, God reveals his face,
Like Sinai, that most holy place.
- 18 Thou hast ascended up on high,—
And captive, led captivity:
Thou hast received for our race,
The gifts that flow from heavenly grace.

Pardon's fair light hath on *them* shone,
 Who were rebellious and undone ;
 That thou might's't dwell amongst us still,
 And, hope, with joy, our bosoms fill.

- 19 Blest be the Lord, for evermore,
 Who loads, with benefits, the poor :
 The God of our salvation, we
 Will praise, to all Eternity.
- 20 His goodness we delight to own ;
 Salvation comes from God alone ;
 To him belongs our every breath,
 Whose are the issues, too, from death.
- 21 Our God, ere long, the head will wound,
 Of all his enemies around ;
 E'en all, who, with delusions vain,
 Still in their trespasses remain.
- 22 The Lord hath said (whom we adore)
 " From Bashan, I will bring, once more,
 " My People,—from the stormy sea,
 " E'en from the depths of misery."
- 24 Sinners, O God ! thy ways have seen,
 But still they all have harden'd been ;
 E'en, in thy sanctuary, they,
 Have met, to scoff, instead of pray.
- 25 Ten thousand tongues their God adore,
 The joyful Singers go before ;
 The Instruments then lead the way,
 Whilst Damsels, with their Timbrels, play.
- 26 Amid the congregations, bless
 The Lord, our refuge in distress !
 The fount of truth, with us is found,
 And may its streams extend around.
- 27 Mid Benjamin, a slender band,
 In council, Juda's princes stand ;
 There, silent, Zebulon appears,
 Whilst Naphtali, attentive, hears.

- 28 Our strength, our efforts, our delight,
The Lord hath claimed, with all our might :
Our earnest wish to see thy face,
O strengthen it, thou God of Grace !
- 29 Because thy temple, far, is known,
Which stands on Zion's hill alone ;
Kings, shall their presents, bring to thee,
And bow the head, and bend the knee.
- 30 Rebuke the company of those,
Who are, O Lord ! thy haughty foes :
Thou soon wilt scatter, by thy might,
The people who in war delight.
- 31 When thou, O Lord ! the word shalt give,
Princes, from Egypt, shall arrive ;
E'en Ethiopia shall stretch out,
Her hands, to God, and, Mercy, shout.
- 32 The world receives her second birth,
Praise God, ye kingdoms of the earth ;—
From sea to sea, from land to land,
Confess the guidance of his hand.
- 33 The God, whose word, all Nature guides,
Who, on the Heavens, majestic rides,
Sends through the world his mighty voice,
And bids mankind, in him, rejoice.
- 34 His excellence, O Jacob ! own,
Ascribe ye strength to God alone ;
He sits upon the circling sky,
And darts, through time and space, his eye.
- 35 Thou art, O Lord ! most terrible
To those who out of Zion dwell ;
But thou, both strength and power wilt give
To those who on thy promise live.

Blest be the Lord, who gave us breath,
And still preserves our souls from death ;
To him, be endless honors given,
By all on earth, and all in Heaven !

PSALM LXIX.

1, 2 **SAVE** me, O God, by thy great might,
 The waters overwhelm my soul ;
 I plunge in mire, I sink in night,
 Whilst raging billows o'er me roll.

3 Weary with sighs, my throat is dried,
 My eyes are dim, whilst I, of thee,
 Implore that thou no more would'st chide,
 But shew thy face, and succour me.

4 All those who hate me without cause,
 Exceed the hairs of this my head ;
 Mighty they are, they scorn thy laws,
 And long to count me with the dead.

5 To thee my folly is revealed,
 All things are open to thy view ;
 My sins, from thee, are not conceal'd,
 Thou knowest and dost hate them too.

6 May those who stand at Zion's gate,
 Find comfort and repose in thee ;
 Let not the souls who there await,
 Shame or confusion ever see :

For *my* sake may they taste repose,
 Whilst sojourning below the sky,
 And, terminate their earthly woes,
 In Heaven's supreme felicity.

7 Daily I sigh and nightly mourn,
 My soul is overwhelm'd with care ;
 For *thy* sake, I, reproach have borne,
 And joyfully, the burden bear.

I, now, to all, an alien seem,
 They hate me for the choice I make ;
 My brethren, me, a stranger, deem,
 But I will bear it for thy sake.

- 9 True zeal for thee hath fill'd my breast,
I love thy house, the house of prayer ;
Reproaches do not break my rest,
These, for my Lord, I gladly bear.
- 10 Whene'er I mourn'd, the standers by,
Beheld my sorrow with disdain :—
My chastened soul, and weeping eye,
With hearts of iron, plead in vain.
- 11 My garments were of sackcloth made,
I, to the world, made known thy name ;
Yet sinners scoff'd at all I said,
To them, a proverb, I became.
- 12 The Unrighteous, who, the gate-way throng,
Against me speak, without disguise ;
Drunkards revile me, in their song,
And on me pour, contempt and lies.
- 13 Yet will I raise, to thee, my prayer ;
This is a sovereign cure for woe :
In time, acceptable, O hear,
And still thy tender mercies show!
- 14 Let not my spirit sink in mire,
From the deep waters, set me free!
Thou art alone my soul's desire,
Appear, O Lord! and rescue me.
- 15 Let not the water-floods o'erflow,
Nor storms o'erwhelm me in their blast ;
Let me not perish, in my woe,
And, o'er me, Death, his mantle, cast.
- 16 Thy tender mercies still are great,
O let me feel them, in this hour ;
Incline thine ear ! on thee I wait ;—
Thy goodness equals, Lord ! thy power.
- 17 Hide not, in anger, now, thy face
When sorrow presses on my heart ;
Let me once more adore thy grace,
O hear, and speedy aid impart.

- 18 Draw near my soul ! Be thou my friend,
 Redeem me from the power of sin ;
 Before my mortal journey end,
 Let me the road to Heaven begin.
- 19 To thee my many crimes I own,
 Upon my peace, they hourly prey ;
 My adversaries, too, are known
 To thee, whose eyes, all hearts survey.
- 20 My soul is full of heaviness,
 I sought for pity, but in vain ;
 No friend drew near, in my distress,
 Nor heard me, in my sighs, complain.
- 21 When hungry, and I fain would eat,
 As hanging o'er death's fearful brink,
 They gave me gall, instead of meat,—
 They gave me vinegar to drink.
- 29 I am both sorrowful and poor,—
 The sinner's scorn, the heathen's mirth ;
 Behold, O Lord ! what I endure,
 And raise me from the dust of earth.
- 30 Thy name, O God, I still will praise,
 Nor love thee, for my sorrows, less ;
 I'll magnify thee, all my days,
 And, to thee, offer righteousness.
- 31 This will, my God, my Father, please,
 More than when I, my oxen slay ;
 Thou dost not covet gifts like these,
 Whilst the vain heart is far away.
- 32 With joy, the humble shall behold,
 The way in which their feet have trod ;
Their heads shall wear the crown of gold
 Who flee from sin and turn to God.
- 33 Poor prisoners, mid these realms of night,
 Far from our Father's house we roam ;
 But, God beholds us with delight,
 And soon will take his Children home.

34 Let the high heavens and earth beneath
 Adore that God who form'd the sky;
 Let all the things which live and breathe
 Sing praises to the Lord Most High!

35, 36 For God, his Zion, still will save,—
 Jerusalem's waste walls repair;
 Whilst Saints shall have, beyond the grave,
 A heritage, far better there.

There, in the presence of their King,
 Shall they Heaven's Sapphire thrones behold;
 There shall they all, with transport, sing,
 "Redemption!" on their harps of Gold!

PSALM LXX.

1 **M**AKE haste to help me, O Most High!
 Deliver me from dread;
 Regard, O Lord, thy Servant's cry,
 And raise his sinking head.

2 With shame shall those confounded be,
 Who would my soul alarm;
 All those, confusion soon shall see,
 Who, causeless, seek my harm.

3 Those shall be turned back, O Lord,
 Who thus, my soul offend;
 Shame shall their evil deeds reward,
 And others mark their end.

4 But all the men, whose duteous feet
 Within thy paths abide,
 Henceforth shall with their tongues, repeat,—
 "Let God be magnified!"

5 I feel, to sin, my spirit prone,
 O'ercome by every foe;
 Almighty Father, thou alone,
 Canst better strength bestow!

Tho' poor and needy, Lord ! before,
 Thy mercy, now, display !
 Thou art my help, and evermore
 I would thy law obey.

PSALM LXXI.

- 1 **T**HOU God and Father of the just !
 In thee alone I put my trust ;
 Deliver me from every snare,
 And let me live beneath thy care.
- 2 May all my foes, before me flee,
 In righteousness deliver me ;
 Incline thine ear, thy silence break,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 3 Do thou my earthly prospects bless,
 Be thou my refuge in distress :
 In every dark and dangerous hour,
 Thou art my strong and lofty tower.
- 4 From men who seek my soul to slay,
 Deliver me, O Lord, I pray ;
 From those, who, for my blood, combine,
 O save me, for all power is thine.
- 5 I oft on thee my load have cast,
 Thou wert my hope in seasons past ;
 I, from my youth, have prized thy name,
 And I will love thee, now, the same.
- 6 Thou hast upheld me from the womb,
 Thou wilt support me, to the tomb ;
 Henceforth will I declare thy praise,
 Through the brief remnant of my days.
- 7, 8 Many, around me, wondering, throng ;
 Thou art my refuge, firm and strong ;
 My tongue shall of thy mercies tell,
 Till I with death and darkness dwell.

- 9 Dim is the lustre of mine eye,
 Old age, with silent step, draws nigh;
 Let me not now thy loss bewail,
 Nor leave me, when my strength shall fail.

The world, to me, is blank and dead,
 Like shadows, all its joys are fled;
 As these withdraw, upon me shine,
 Thou day-star of my life divine!

- 10, 11 My enemies against me rise,
 They cry (with vengeance in their eyes,)
 "Come, let us wound him, life and limb,
 "For God hath now forsaken him."

- 12 They who desire my soul to slay,
 Thou wilt o'erwhelm them with dismay:
 Shame and dishonor they shall bear
 Who for me lay the secret snare.

- 13 Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
 My mouth thy righteousness shall show;
 Hope shall my wounded heart restore;—
 Yea, I will praise thee more and more.

- 14, 15 My mortal days are closing fast,
 I know not which may be the last;
 Whilst thou shalt give me time, will I
 To thee, my God and Father, fly.

- 16 I, on thy strength, will still depend,
 My Maker! My Almighty Friend!
 I, of thy righteousness, will tell,
 And on that theme, rejoicing, dwell.

- 17 Thou hast thy goodness made me see,
 And from my youth instructed me;
 And I have seen, with awe profound,
 The wonders of thy works around.

- 18 Now that my hairs, with age, are grey,
 To me, O Lord, thy power display;
 Forsake me not, until I show,
 The way in which mankind should go.

This generation, would I teach,
 For higher joys, than earth's, to reach ;
 Yea, tell, to every age and state,
 The *only* way to Zion's Gate.

19 Thou sittest on the circling sky,
 Thy righteousness is very high ;
 Thy wondrous ways we hourly see ;
 Who, O our God ! is like to thee !

20, 24 Thou who hast made my heart deplore,
 Great sorrows and afflictions sore,
 Wilt soon conduct me, to the place,—
 The goal, where ends my mortal race.

But there I shall not long remain,
 Thy power shall quicken me again :
 Through depths of earth, a dreary road,
 I pass to happiness and God.

Amid the realms of bliss and peace,
 There shall my glory, still increase ;
 There, mid an everlasting spring,
 Will I of thy redemption sing.

I, on the psaltry, there will raise,
 Far sweeter notes and loftier praise ;
 With songs to thee, my harp shall swell,
 Thou Holy One of Israel !

Whilst gratitude inspires my voice,
 Then, greatly shall my lips rejoice ;
 Then shall my soul, redeem'd by thee,
 Sing praises, through Eternity.

My heart, in that celestial place,
 Thy Providence shall love to trace ;
 There shall my tongue thy name confess,
 And talk of all thy righteousness.

P S A L M LXXII.

- 1 **T**HY judgments, on the King, bestow !
 O God, thy grace impart
 To the King's Son, and let him know,
 How good and great thou art.
- 2 In truth, the sceptre of the land,
 Will he delight to guide ;
 He will exalt th' impartial hand,
 And for the poor provide.
- 3 The mountains then shall witness peace,
 The little hills rejoice ;
 Judah shall have a large increase,
 And bless their Monarch's choice.
- 4 *He* shall protect the poor around,
 The Child of Need sustain,
 Th' Oppressors of the land, confound,
 And break the Captive's chain.
- 5 Throughout all generations, they
 Shall keep thy statutes pure :
 Thee, shall they fear, and thee obey,
 Whilst sun and moon endure.
- 6 All other names, shall he surpass,
 His reign shall have no end ;
 Like rain, upon the new-mown grass,
 Shall he, to earth, descend.
- 7 The righteous, in his day, shall shine,
 Nor clouds the scene o'er cast ;
 Peace shall extend her sway divine,
 Long as the moon shall last.
- 8 No hills shall his dominion bound ;
 O'er every land and sea,
 His name shall spread, and, earth around,
 Obedient, bend the knee.

- 9 Who dwell amid the wilderness,
Shall shout, his praises forth ;—
His enemies shall him confess,
And lick the dust of earth.
 - 10 The Kings of Tarshish and the Isles,
To him shall presents bring ;
Sheba, with gifts, shall court his smiles,
And own her mightier King.
 - 11 Yea, all the Kings of earth, shall fall
Before his face, with dread ;
All nations, him, their Lord, shall call,
And bend their subject head.
 - 12 The needy, for his aid, shall cry,—
The poor, the maim'd, the blind ;
Those who no helper have, shall fly
To him, and succour find.
 - 13 The poor and helpless he shall spare,
And save the sons of need ;
The humble are his constant care,
And such his hands will feed.
 - 14 He shall, their souls, from death, set free,
Their fainting hearts restore ;
And, in his sight, their blood, shall be
Precious, for evermore.
 - 15 Through everlasting, he shall live ;
Mankind, from day to day,
To him their fervent prayers shall give,
Their highest homage pay.
 - 16 Tho' righteousness, on earth, seem dead,—
All vanity below,
Upon the towering mountain's head,
A little corn shall grow.
- Firm, in its strength, it there shall rise,
And, storms assault, in vain ;
Tho' bent by the inclement skies,
It still shall rise again.

The blasting mildew of the plains,
 To reach its summit, fails ;
 Thy power, O God, thy flock sustains,
 And Hell, in vain, assails !

- 17 His name shall last, his temple stand,
 As the proud mountain, sure ;
 His power shall reign o'er every land,
 Whilst sun and moon endure.

Realms, far remote, or east or west,
 His praises shall employ ;
 In him all nations shall be bless'd,
 And reap abundant joy.

- 18 Blessed, O Israel ! be thy God,
 He, wondrous things, doth do ;
 He cheers us, on life's rugged road,
 With mercies ever new.

- 19 Thou Lord of Glory ! at thy feet,
 We evermore would lie ;
 Let distant lands this song repeat,
 " Glory to God on high !"

Let the wide world thy name adore,
 Thy truth and mercy know ;
 Till, Earth, to her remotest shore,
 Is heaven begun below.

PSALM LXXIII.

- 1 **T**HY goodness, Lord, we long have known,
 The pure in heart, are thy delight ;
 And those who, thee, their Maker, own,
 Shall stand for ever in thy sight.

- 2, 3 But as for me, when I survey'd,
 The wicked prosper all around ;—
 Saw Righteousness decline her head,
 And Vice, with earthly honors crown'd.

My feet were almost gone, I thought
 My trust, in thee, O God! was vain;
 And, well-nigh into bondage brought,
 Resolved to seek the world again.

- 4, 5 Thy foes I envied; thus I said,
 Their strength is firm, on every side;
 Prosperity upholds their head,
 And all their hours unruffled glide.

No trouble do their bosoms know
 Like those who walk in wisdom's ways;
 They are not plagued with want and woe,
 Whilst health attends them all their days.

- 6 Therefore are they encompass'd round,
 As with a ten-fold chain, by pride;
 In deeds of vengeance they abound,
 Which, garment-like, their bodies hide.

- 7 With fatness do their eyes stand out,
 More than their hearts desire, have they;
 Pleasures encircle them about,
 And all is prosperous, fair, and gay.

- 8 Yet, in the midst, they, God, disdain,
 They loftily despise his threat;
 Their hearts are both corrupt and vain,—
 The gift they take, but God forget.

- 9 They arm themselves against the Lord,
 Against the Heavens they proudly speak;
 By them, is holiness abhorred,—
 The World they have, the World they seek.

- 10 Therefore the Righteous here return,
 And for a moment, sorrowing, think;—
 “ We evils in succession mourn,
 “ Full cups of sorrow do we drink.

- 11 “ How do we know that God surveys,
 “ From his eternal throne, on high,
 “ Who scorns his word, or homage pays,
 “ Who vilely acts, or righteously?

- 12 “ Behold the ungodly, how they live,
 “ They, in the world, all prosperous are ;
 “ Wealth, fame, and riches, they receive,—
 “ Their names triumphant sound afâr.
- 13, 14 “ Surely our hearts are cleans’d in vain,
 “ Our hands, in innocence, we keep,
 “ We drag, through life, a heavy chain,
 “ And every morn but wake to weep.”
- 15 If I, O God, were thus to speak,
 Wisdom, offended, me, would chide ;
 Thy Servants, too, with spirit meek,
 Would blame me for presumptuous pride.
- 16, 17 Yet, still, when I desired to know,
 The meaning of the things I saw ;
 Painful it was, till, fill’d with woe,
 I turned to peruse thy law.

There, Wisdom, soon instructed me,—
 Thy Sanctuary made it plain ;
 With other eyes, I learn’d to see,
 And, hence, will never more complain.

Taught, by thy word, the truth to know,
 I banish’d, from my breast, despair ;
 For there I learn’d, that, here below,
 Thy People must their burden bear.

I found, the thoughtless and the gay,
 Who seemed to prosper in their sin ;
 Experienced oft *their* evil day,
 With nothing to support therein.

I learn’d that life was very brief,
 And that this world was not our home ;
 I then compared the good man’s grief,
 With all the joys that are to come.

The cloud that darken’d once his day,
 Seemed as a sand upon the shore ;
 Yea, like a cloud, it pass’d away,
 And left Eternity before.

I saw, that many, rather, chose,
 To have their good things, here below ;
 Than, to take up their lot, with those
 Who would, for Heaven, the world, forego.

I found that wealth had many snares,
 That honors turn'd the heart from thee ;
 And, that who bore the greatest cares,
 Thought most upon Eternity.

Then did I understand these things,
 I raised my views to objects higher ;
 Aloud I cried, " Thou King of Kings !
 " Thou art the portion I desire !

" Tho' now the storms of life I feel,
 " Why should I sorrow, why repine ?
 " In mercy, they are sent to heal,
 " And fit me, for the Life Divine,

" O guard me through this howling waste,
 " May I, my God, supremely love ;
 " O let me see thy face, at last,
 " And worship thee in realms above !"

18 Those whom I once, with envy saw,
 Thou didst in slippery places set ;
 They ventured to reject thy law,
 And thou thy glittering sword didst whet.

19 How are they brought from their high state !
 One moment, they, in pride, appear,
 The next, are stripp'd and desolate,
 And made to perish in their fear.

20 They vanish like the dream of morn,
 And when, to vengeance, thou shalt wake ;
 Thou wilt o'erwhelm them all, in scorn,
 And utterly their souls forsake.

21, 22 Thus was I grieved at my heart,
 Thus was I pricked in my veins ;
 I, acted e'en a brutish part,—
 Unconscious, bound in Folly's chains.

23 Yet am I constantly with thee,
 Thou dost uphold me, lest I fail,
 And that, at length, my soul shall see,—
 Whilst I, o'er all my foes, prevail.

24 Time like an arrow speeds its way,
 Care soon consumes our early bloom ;
 'Tis but a brief and stormy day,
 Between the Cradle and the Tomb.

Yet shall my heart with transport glow,
 I have a hope, a glorious trust ;
 Thy Worshippers, O Father ! know
 That thou wilt raise their sleeping Dust.

I have a hope beyond the grave,
 Of worth, so 'bove all words to tell,
 That having this, I all things have,
 And I can smile at Death and Hell.

Thou wilt for all my wants provide,
 And save me for thy mercies' sake ;
 Thou, by thy counsel, me wilt guide,
 And afterwards to Glory take !

25 Whom have I, in the Heavens, but thee?
 Eternal friend ! Almighty Sire !
 Earth hath, no longer, charms for me,
 Thou art the portion I desire !

26 The shades of death, fast gather round,
 My spirit fails, my day is o'er ;
 Yet thou my hope, my strength, art found,
 And thou, my portion, evermore.

27 They who their treasure seek below,
 Ere long, will mourn the choice they make ;
 They shall descend to worlds of woe,
 When thou, at length, their breath, shalt take.

28 But I, in seeking thee, O Lord,
 Have found it good. In thee I trust,
 And hope, supported by thy word,
 To worship thee, with all the just.

PSALM LXXIV.

- 1 **W**HY hast thou cast me off, O God,
Why dost thou silence keep;
Have we not own'd thy pastoral rod,
And are we not thy sheep?
- 2 No longer, Lord, thine aid withhold,
Extend once more thy grace;
On Zion think, where thou, of old,
Hast shewn thy smiling face.
- 3 Perpetual desolations reign,
Lift up thine eyes and see,
How Israel drags her slavish chain,
And mourns the enemy.
- 4 Amidst thy congregations, stand,
Those who our souls oppress;
They raise their banner through the land,
And laugh at our distress.
- 5 A man was once esteem'd, as he
The ponderous axe could rear,
And *fell*, on Lebanon, the tree
Which proudly tower'd in air.
- 6 But now, those arms, our house, destroy,
Axes and hammers sound;
Our sacred carved work, with joy,
They dash upon the ground.
- 7 Thy temple, Lord! do they disgrace,
To burn it, lo! they go;
They have defiled thy dwelling-place,
And laid thine Altar low.
- 8 "The Synagogues, that round us rise,"
(Thus, in their hearts, they said,)
"Let us destroy, whilst, to our eyes,
"Their ruins round us spread."

- 9 No more, his signs doth God disclose,
No Prophets, midst us reign;
Nor can we say, how long, our foes,
Their triumphs may maintain.
- 10 O God! behold our woe extreme,
When shall our grief be o'er?
Shall these, our enemies, blaspheme
Thy name, for evermore?
- 11 We hear thy foes, exultant, shout!
No more thy hand restrain,
But, from thy bosom, pluck it out,
And whelm them in disdain.
- 12 Thou art my God, and in thy name,
My Fathers refuge found,
And thy salvation is the same,
Through all the world around.
- 13 Thou, in thy might, didst Ocean take,
And sever it in twain;
Thou didst the heads of Dragons break,
Amid the stormy main.
- 14 Thou didst Leviathan divide,
And gav'st him, to be meat
To those, who, to the deserts wide,
From social scenes retreat.
- 15 By Moses, thou the Rock didst cleave,
When floods refresh'd our band;
Rivers, that countless streams receive,
Are dried, at thy command.
- 16 The day is thine, the night is thine,
Thou hast prepared, on high,
The Sun, that, with its light divine,
Illumes both earth and sky.
- 17 The world's wide confines didst thou trace,
The Summer thou hast made,—
With Winter, who, with shivering face,
Comes forth, in frost array'd.

- 18 Yet, thee, the Enemy hath dared,
 Profanely to blaspheme;
 And thou hast, them, one moment spared,
 Whilst they of safety dream !
- 19 Forget not thou, the souls of those
 Who thee, the Lord, adore ;
 Preserve them from their furious foes,
 And succour them once more.
- 20 Respect thy cov'nant and decree ;
 Here cruelties abound,
 Yet, let not earth, tho' vile it be,
 Again with rain be drown'd.
- 21 Let not the poor, with sorrow mourn,
 Who own their guilt and shame ;
 Let not, th' oppress'd, with grief, return,
 But praise thy holy name.
- 22 Arise, O God ! plead thou thy cause,
 Thou wilt remember those
 Who dare reproach thy righteous laws,
 And prove their Maker's foes.
- 23 The tumult of the impious foe,
 Sounds like the raging Main ;
 But tho' they threat with sword and bow,
 Make thou their purpose vain.
-

PSALM LXXV.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, our thanks we raise,
 On thee, O Lord we wait ;
 For wonderful are all thy ways,
 Thy works are very great.
- 2 “ When all mankind, before my throne,
 “ In countless hosts appear ;
 “ They shall my upright judgment own,
 “ They shall my sentence hear.

- 3 " Earth's mighty pillars I sustain,
 " And in that awful day,
 " The mountains shall be rent in twain,
 " And melt like wax away.
- 4, 5 " Then, to the fool, will I declare,
 " Where is thy folly now?—
 " The proud, imperious spirit, where!—
 " Thy head, to dust, shall bow!"

- 6 Chance ruleth nothing, toil nor rest;
 Promotion, none have known,
 That came from either east or west,
 But from the Lord alone.

He fills the rich man's flowing urn,
 And gives his heart content;
 But he will claim a strict return,
 For every talent lent.

- 7 He sends to all, a smile or frown,
 A dark or prosperous day;
 He raiseth up, he putteth down,
 And who shall answer, nay?

- 8 In God's right hand there is a cup,
 The wine whereof is red:
 This mixture Sinners shall drink up,
 He pours it on their head.

Yea, all the wicked of the earth,
 The very dregs shall drink;
 They shall, amid their impious mirth,
 To death and darkness sink!

- 9 But I for ever will declare,
 The praises of my Lord;
 The God of Jacob I will fear,
 And trust his holy word.

- 10 So, all the horns of wickedness,
 On earth shall prostrate lie;
 Whilst theirs, who thee, their Maker, bless,
 Shall be exalted high.

P S A L M LXXVI.

- 1, 2 **I**N Judah, God is known, his name
 In Israel's land is great;
 His dwelling-place is still the same,
 In heaven's unmeasured height.
- 3 In Salem, he destroy'd the bow,
 The arrow, and the sword,
 Of those who were their Maker's foe,
 And scorn'd his holy word.
- 4 Thou art more excellent than they,
 (With nobler honors crown'd)
 Who from their mountains watch for prey,
 And scatter dread around.
- 5 The mighty men are slain by thee,
 They all have slept their sleep;
 Stout hearts and hands despoiled be,
 In death they silence keep.
- 6 O God of Jacob! at the blast,
 Of thy destroying breath,
 The chariot and the horse, are cast
 Into the sleep of death!
- 7 Who, with our God, shall wage the fight,
 And his high arm despise?
 O who shall stand before his sight,
 When he, in wrath, shall rise?
- 8 Thy mandate from the Heavens was heard,
 Thy threats her concave fill;
 Whilst Earth portentous judgments fear'd,
 And, struck with awe, was still.
- 9 When God, to judgment, shall awake,
 To save, or to confound,
 Sinners before his wrath shall quake,
 And Saints, with joy, be crown'd.

When tempests shake the vaulted skies,
 We seek some covert nigh ;
 But when in judgment God shall rise,
 Where shall the wicked fly !

Ye Nations round, your Maker praise,
 Let chains no longer bind ;
 Nor spend in vanity the days,
 Which mercy leaves behind.

- 10 The wrath of man, in every hour,
 Shall still thy praise maintain ;
 And, the remainder, by thy power,
 Wilt thou, O God, restrain.
- 11 Pay to the Lord the vows you make,
 Let all around him, bring
 Presents, and, songs of rapture, wake
 To Heaven's Eternal King.
- 12 Proud Princes, in his wrath, to strike,
 Shall God, his arm, stretch forth ;
 For he is terrible, alike,
 To all the Kings of Earth.

PSALM LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O God I raised my suppliant voice,
 To God, my spirit cried ;
 He heard, and bade my heart rejoice,
 And still be satisfied.
- 2 I sought the Lord, in my distress,
 Amid the shades of night ;
 My soul was sad and comfortless,
 I mourn'd the morning light.
- 3 In God, from whom all mercies flow,
 No former joys I found ;
 My heart was overwhelm'd with woe,
 Whilst grief my spirit drown'd.

- 4 Thou, from mine eyelids, drivest sleep,
 My care knows no relief;
 Through night and day, alike, I weep,
 I cannot speak for grief.
- 5 I have consider'd days of old,
 The years of ancient times;
 How we, thy goodness, did behold
 In Egypt's hostile climes.
- 6 The song which kept me once awake,
 I sing to thee, O Lord;
 With my own heart I commune take,
 I search thy holy word.
- 7 Shall enemies, still, at thee, scoff,
 Nor fear thy threaten'd blow?
 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
 Nor more thy favor show?
- 8 Are all thy tender mercies o'er?
 Must we no more rejoice?
 Wilt thou, whom still our hearts adore,
 Reject thy former choice?
- 9 Hath God forgotten to be kind?
 Hath he, in wrath, shut out
 His tender mercies from his mind,
 Whilst foes around us shout?—
- 10 This springs from my infirmity,
 From all my sin and shame;
 But I will worship the Most High,
 And still adore his name.
- 11 I will thy works remember, Lord,
 And give thee still my praise;
 Thy deeds of old will I record,
 And call to mind thy ways.
- 12 My heart, on thee, shall meditate,
 Whilst in thy fear I walk;
 I will declare thy wonders great,
 And of thy doings talk.

- 13 Amid thy Sanctuary pure,
Thy way, O God, is found;
For who like thee shall still endure,
When time hath run his round.
- 14 Thou art the God who wonders dost;
Thou hast thy strength made known
To all mankind, who are but dust,
Whilst thou art God alone.
- 15 Thou hast redeem'd, with thy right-hand,
The people of thy choice;
Thou didst, amid a foreign land,
Make Jacob's heart rejoice.
- 16 By thine omnipotence inspired,
Ocean became afraid;
The waters saw thee, and retired,
The depths thy voice obey'd.
- 17 The clouds their flood-gates open wide,
The skies send forth a sound;
Thine arrows on the whirlwind ride,
And all thy foes confound.
- 18 Thy fearful thunders roll on high,
Whilst sinners trembling start:
Thy lightnings fire the midnight sky,
And shake the stoutest heart.
- 19 Thy counsels thou alone dost keep,
To men nor angels shown;
Thy ways are in the mighty deep!—
Thy footsteps are unknown!
- 20 Our Fathers wonder'd that thy hand,
(Which they were taught to fear)
Should lead them through so waste a land,—
A wilderness so drear.
- But thou hadst views in all their toil,—
It was the safest road,
To Canaan, whose luxuriant soil,
With milk and honey flow'd.

May we, our Heavenly Guide, adore,
 And, after all our pain,
 Reach that diviner Canaan's shore,
 Where endless pleasures reign.

PSALM LXXVIII.

- 1 **G**IVE ear, O People, to my law,
 Regard the words which I declare;
 Lest God his favour should withdraw,
 And you his dreadful anger bear.
- 2, 3 Mysterious words will I unfold,
 Of parables, shall speak, my tongue;
 Such as our Fathers have foretold,
 And ancient Seers and Prophets sung.
- 4 We will not from our children hide,
 Nor yet, from future years, withhold,
 The goodness of our God and Guide,
 And all his wonderous works of old.
- 5 His word on Jacob he bestow'd,
 His holy law to Israel came:
 That they, on whom his goodness flow'd,
 Should to their Children tell the same;
- 6 That Generations, yet unborn,
 Might know the wonders of the Lord;
 And teach their Children, not to scorn
 Jehovah's everlasting word.
- 7 That they might fix their hope in God,
 Nor all his wonderous works forget;
 And, whilst upon life's rugged road,
 Their hearts on his commandments set.
- 8 That they might shun their Father's ways,
 A stubborn and rebellious race;
 Whose hearts, unstedfast, all their days,
 Despis'd th' Almighty's proffer'd grace.

- 9, 10 Ephraim's arm'd sons, with sword and bow,
 From the fierce battle turn'd away;
 God's covenant they would o'erthrow,
 And in his paths refused to stay.
- 11 His ways our Fathers soon forgot,—
 The works and wonders to them shown;
 They spake as tho' they knew him not,
 Nor would they his dominion own.
- 12 Great things and marvellous he did,
 (Our Fathers view'd them with surprise)
 In Egypt, when he Pharaoh chid,
 And where the field of Zoan lies.
- 13 Thou, by the greatness of thy might,
 Didst Ocean's raging waves divide;
 When, lo! to the astonish'd sight,
 A wall appear'd on either side.
- Through these, unharm'd, our Fathers past,
 And when the foe still press'd them sore;
 Thou calledst up thine eastern blast,
 And horse and chariot were no more!
- 14 And when they roam'd the desert wide,
 Thou didst not leave them to expire;
 Thou gav'st them for a sign and guide,
 By day, a cloud, by night, a fire.
- 15, 16 Thou, midst the wilderness, didst cleave
 The Rock, when streams refresh'd their road;
 The floods, our thirsty Sires, receive,
 As tho' from Ocean's depths they flow'd.
- 17 But tho' thy voice around them spake,
 And they were rescued from despair;
 Yet did they not their sins forsake,
 But, the Most High, provoked there.
- 18 Within their hearts they tempted God,
 For Egypt's food they heav'd the sigh;
 Tho' God supplied them thro' their road,
 With Quails and Manna from on high.

- 19 Yea, 'gainst their Maker did they speak,
 Whilst traversing the desert wide;
 They said, " When we our tables seek,
 " Can God, for all our wants, provide ?
- 20 " Tho', at his word, the waters flow,—
 " The flinty Rock obey his voice;
 " Yet can he flesh and bread bestow,
 " And make his people, *here*, rejoice ?"
- 21 At this denial of his power,
 The Lord was wrath ; a fire, a flame,
 Was kindled in that evil hour,
 Which 'gainst our sinful Fathers came,—
- 22 Because they own'd not God, the Lord,
 But cherish'd the rebellious thought ;
 Nor trusted in Jehovah's word,
 Which oft had such salvation wrought.
- 23, 25 Tho' God, our Fathers' feet, maintain'd,
 And open'd wide the doors of Heaven ;
 Tho' Manna on their heads was rain'd,
 And Angels' food to them was given;
- 26, 27 Tho' he, in whom they scorn'd to trust,
 Held o'er the winds supreme command ;
 Altho' he gave them flesh, as dust,
 And feather'd fowl, like Ocean's sand ;—
- 28, 29 Tho' in their camp it daily fell,
 And round their habitations lay ;
 Tho' they with food were filled well,—
 Yet would they not the Lord obey !
- 33 They would not from their lusts withdraw,
 And from their evil deeds refrain ;
 Whilst meat was in their mouths, thy law,
 And thee, they treated with disdain.
- 31 Then, on their heads, thy vengeance came,
 Thy wrath, O God ; our Fathers slew ;
 Our chosen men, our men of fame,
 Thy lightnings, in that hour, o'erthrew.

- 32 Yet, tho' thy judgments they survey'd,
 They loved and practised sin the more ;
 Tho' all thy wonders were display'd,
 They would not, thee, the Lord, adore.
- 33 Therefore didst thou their days consume,
 With trouble, vanity, and care :—
 Our Fathers *then* deplored their doom,
 And turn'd to thee with fervent prayer.
- 34 When thou didst slay them, then they sought
 Thy face, and mourn'd their former shame ;
 When they were into trouble brought,
 Once more they call'd upon thy name.
- 35 Thee, they remember'd, with delight,
 Their Rock, in many a stormy scene ;
 That thou hadst saved them by thy might,
 And often their Redeemer been.
- 36 Yet, when, once more, they went astray,
 Whilst every heart was turn'd aside ;
 To aggravate their evil way,
 They, to their Maker, daily, lied ;—
- They gave him duly, with the morn,
 An offering, and his praises sung ;
 Yea, whilst they all his precepts scorn,
 Their God they flatter'd with their tongue !
- 37 With thee their spirits were not right ;
 They were not stedfast, to maintain
 Thy covenant, but, in thy sight,
 Were proud, vindictive, fierce and vain.
- 38 Yet tho' thou saw'st our Fathers live
 In wrath to thee and discontent ;
 Thou hadst compassion, and didst give,
 Still, time to pause and to repent.
- Thou often didst forbear to slay,
 Tho' their iniquities were great ;
 Thine anger thou didst turn away,
 And still for their repentance wait.

- 39 For thou rememberedst what they were,
 Their lives how frail, their strength how vain ;
 That they but felt the breathing air,
 And sunk into the dust again.
- 40, 41 How oft from thy constraint they broke,
 And did despite unto thy grace !
 How oft, thy wrath, did they provoke,
 And turn to other Gods their face !
- 42 They would not stay within thy fold,
 And to their Maker bend their knee;
 And they forgot thy works of old,
 When God from bondage set them free.
- 43, 44 How thou, in Egypt, didst declare,
 Thy fearful signs and wonders great ;
 Turning, to blood, her rivers fair,
 Whilst all was parch'd and desolate.
- 45, 46 Their bodies were devour'd by flies,
 Myriads of frogs upon them prey ;
 Thick, on their ground, the Locust lies,
 Whilst Caterpillars hide the day.
- 47, 48 Their vines didst thou uproot with hail,
 Whilst frosts their sycamores annoy ;—
 Their perish'd cattle strew the vale,—
 Hot thunderbolts their flocks destroy.
- 49 Still thou wert loath, upon their head,
 To pour o'erwhelming misery ;
 But, rather chosest, in its stead,
 To send thy Evil Angels, nigh.
- (Those Beings which around us walk,
 Both through the day and through the night ;
 Who mark our deeds, who hear our talk,
 And who, to work us harm, delight.)
- These, mid the desert solitude,
 Our Fathers fill'd with toil and woe ;
 Anger, and indignation rude,
 The torments of the world below !

- 50 The fire of God's resistless breath
Consumed them, for their past offence :
He spared not their souls from death,
But gave them to the pestilence.
- 51 Egypt's first born, in wrath, he slew,
Their infant warriors past away ;—
Their men of strength, like morning dew,
Before the bursting orb of day.
- 52 But whilst th' Egyptians felt thy rod,
Thou, for our Fathers, didst provide ;
They trusted in the Living God,
And thou their dubious steps didst guide.
- 53 Thou led'st them, thro' the opening sea,
To the safe wilderness at hand,
Whilst floods o'erwhelm'd our enemy,
Whose bodies strew the stormy strand.
- 54 Then did our fathers oft recount,
The wonders thou hadst for them wrought :
Thou then didst bring them to the mount,—
To Zion, which thy hand had bought.
- 55 Before thy frown the Heathen fled ;
Whilst gratitude our bosoms felt,
Thou didst a feast before us spread,
And peaceful in our tents we dwelt.
- 56 Yet then our fathers tempted thee ;
They all provok'd the Lord anew ;
To other Gods, they bent their knee,
Nor kept thy testimonies true.
- 57 They loved their sins, thy law they spurn'd,
Their faithless hearts were fill'd with pride ;
They, as their evil Fathers, turn'd,
Like a deceitful bow, aside.
- 58 For they provoked God again,
With graven image, wood and stone ;
To their high hills, and Idols vain,
Thou saw'st our sinful Fathers prone.

- 59 When thou didst see their evil deed,
 They were abhorred in thy sight :
 No more, for thee, the oxen bleed,—
 All was idolatry and night !
- 60 Now, when thy law was made their mirth,
 Thy Spirit, thou, away, didst take ;
 Thou didst remove thy tent from earth,—
 Thy Tabernacle, Lord, forsake.
- 61 Israel's strong men didst thou resign
 To stern Captivity's rude chain :
 There did their hearts with sorrow pine,
 And there their burden'd souls complain.
- 62 Thou gav'st our fathers to the sword,
 Thy wrath, upon their heads, came down ;
 Nothing could comfort, then, afford,
 Whilst floods of care their spirits drown.
- 63 Their young men were consumed by fire,
 Their maids, from marriage, turn'd away,
 Lest, too, their offspring should expire
 Beneath the Tyrant's iron sway.
- 64 The Victors' sword, our Priests, destroy'd,
 On every side our dead men lie ;
 Whilst widows, the dread sight enjoy'd,
 Nor, for their husbands, heaved a sigh !—
- They saw them stretch'd upon the ground,
 The children which themselves had borne ;
 They envied, but no pity found,—
 They, at their dooms, disdain'd to mourn !
- 65, 66 Then, from his sleep, the Lord awoke,
 He smote his enemies around ;
 He, with an overwhelming stroke,
 His foes, in shame, perpetual, drown'd.
- 67, 68 Joseph and Ephraim, God refused,
 Thou didst their tabernacles spurn ;
 They had thy patience, Lord, abused,
 When thou to Judah's tribe didst turn.

- 69 Judah, obedient to thy will,
 On Zion's mount, a temple rear'd,
 Where Israel might her vows fulfil,
 And there, thy name, O God, be fear'd.
- 70, 71 Thou didst thy servant David chuse,
 And, from the sheep-fold, him, didst take ;—
 From guiding lambs, and following ewes,
 To praise thee, for thy mercy's sake.
- Thou didst ordain him, to uphold
 Thy people Jacob, and dispense
 To Israel, whom thou lov'dst of old,
 Food, and a rich inheritance.
- 72 So David, with integrity,
 Fed, and preserved thy chosen race ;
 They lived beneath thy guardian eye,
 And, Zion loved, thy dwelling-place.

PSALM LXXIX.

- 1 O GOD, the Heathen reign around,
 Israel, thy people, wail and weep ;
 Thy Temple, fair, hath strew'd the ground,
 Jerusalem is laid on heap.
- Thou hast permitted, for a cause
 Inscrutable to mortal eye ;
 Thy foes to trample on thy laws,
 And for awhile their God defy.
- 2 Thy people, by the sword, have died
 The birds devour them through the day ;
 The bodies of thy Saints provide,
 Food, for the ravenous beasts of prey.
- 3 Their blood, like water, have they shed,
 Around thy walls, Jerusalem !
 Our fathers and our friends lay dead,
 And there was none to bury them.

- 4 We, to our neighbours, are become
Reproachful, wretched, and forlorn ;
They with derision mark our doom,
And throw the taunting words of scorn.
- 5 How long, O Lord, wilt thou consume,
Israel, which was thy first desire ?
Wilt thou pursue us, to the tomb,
With jealousy, which burns like fire ?
- 6 Let heathens thy fierce wrath endure,
Who glory in their sin and shame ;
On those, thy indignation pour,
Who have not call'd upon thy name.
- 7 They will not thy high power confess,
They have devour'd thy chosen race ;
And, in their pride and haughtiness,
Destroy'd, O Lord, thy dwelling-place.
- 8 We all have sinned countless times,
Urged by a vain and treach'rous heart ;
Remember not our former crimes,
But graciously thy smiles impart.
- 9 O God, of our salvation, hear !
For th' glory of thy name awake !
O purge away our sin ! Appear,
And save us for thy mercies' sake.
- 10 Wherefore should heathens thus have said,
“ Where is their God ? ” Thou wilt arise,
And for the blood which they have shed,
O'erwhelm, in death, our enemies.
- 11 Let prisoners, who consume their hour
In sorrow, find that thou art nigh ;
And, by the greatness of thy power,
Save such as are ordain'd to die.
- 12 Thou on our foes wilt vengeance shower,
Thou wilt, while we, thine anger, see,
Into their bosoms, seven-fold, pour
According to their scorn of thee.

- 13 We are the people of thy choice,
 The sheep who in thy pasture stray ;
 And we, to thee, will raise our voice,
 Till Earth, and Sky, and Time, decay.
-

P S A L M LXXX.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, lend thine ear,
 Thou to whom Angels pour their hymn ;
 Who didst the sons of Joseph cheer,
 Who dwell'st between the Cherubim.
- 2, 3 Ephraim and Benjamin were thine,
 Stir up thy strength, and, by thy power,
 Save us, once more, and, on us shine,—
 O screen us in this mournful hour !
- 4 O Lord of Hosts, how long wilt thou
 Afflict us, and thine anger show ;
 How long must we with sorrow bow,
 And all our tears unheeded flow.
- 5, 6 Strife rests on our devoted head,
 Our foes, with laughter swell our fears ;
 Thou giv'st us sorrow for our bread,
 We, in a measure, drink our tears.
- 7 Turn us again, O God of Hosts !
 O let thy face once more appear ;
 Restrain the impious heathen's boasts,
 And once again thy servants cheer.
- 8 From Egypt, by thy power divine,
 That every future age might see ;
 Thou didst bring forth a Little Vine,
 To bear its grateful fruit to thee.
- 9, 10 It took deep root, in pomp array'd,
 It spread its burden'd branches wide ;
 The hills were cover'd with its shade,
 It form'd the fruitful vally's pride.

- 11, 12 Its bough's extended to the sea,—
 To many a spacious river fair ;
 But now her hedges broken be,
 Her boughs are pluck'd, her branches bare.
- 13 Its former honors are no more,
 It falls before th' insulting foe ;
 The scoffing man, the savage boar,
 Hath laid its ancient glories low.
- 14, 15 Once more, in mercy, on it shine,
 Return, and needful succour grant ;
 Look down from Heaven, and save the Vine,
 Which thou, O Lord, thyself didst plant !
- 16 It now is burn'd with flaming fire ;
 Before the lightning of thine eyes,
 The glory of this Vine expires,
 It perisheth and prostrate lies !
- 17 On those who round thine altar bow,
 Let thy supporting spirit rest ;
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou,
 Hast fill'd with strength, and comfortest.
- 18 We then will never roam from thee,
 O quicken us and hide our shame ;
 So shall we bend the willing knee,
 And call once more upon thy name.
- 19 Turn us, O Lord, by power divine,
 Do not thy Jacob's seed forsake ;
 O let thy face upon us shine !
 O save us for thy mercies' sake !

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 COME sing aloud to God our strength,
 To Jacob's Lord draw near ;
 Let not our hearts bewail the length
 Of time, we sojourn here.

- 2 Bring forth the psalm ! the timbrel take !
The joyful concord raise !
Let pleasant harp and psaltry, wake
The grateful song of praise !
- 3 Blow up the trumpet ! let it sound
Upon this solemn day !
Let every heart, with gladness crown'd
To God, its homage pay !
- 4 To Israel was this statute given,
When he, in bondage trod ;
And we will keep it, till, in Heaven,
We see and praise our God.
- 5, 6 The law to Joseph was ordain'd,
When he from Egypt went ;
When God our sinking hearts sustain'd,
And our strong fetters rent.
- 7 “ In many a time of trouble past,
“ I have allay'd thy fear ;
“ I, riding on the stormy blast,
“ At Meribah drew near.
- 8 “ Your hearts, O Israel, shall rejoice,
“ If you, right paths, pursue ;
“ If ye will hearken to my voice,
“ It shall be well with you.
- 9 “ Let no strange God with you be found,
“ Nor to dumb Idols pray.
“ The Gods which fill the nations round,
“ Cast them, in scorn, away.
- 10 “ I am the Lord your God, I will'd,
“ And, lo ! th' Egyptians die !
“ Spread wide your mouth ! It shall be fill'd
“ With blessings from on high.
- 11 “ But still my people would not hear,
“ They would have none of me ;
“ They would not me, their Maker, fear,
“ They would not bend the knee.

- 12 “ So, to their lusts, I them resign’d, —
 “ To their hearts’ lusts a prey ;
 “ I let them, when their hearts declined,
 “ Mid mists and darkness stray.
- 13 “ O that my people, all their days,
 “ Had hearken’d to my voice ;
 “ And walk’d in all my holy ways,
 “ Then should their hearts rejoice.
- 14 “ Soon should their enemies have flown
 “ Before my conquering sword ;
 “ Israel, my people, should have known,
 “ That I am still the Lord.
- 15 “ My foes, their heads, should soon have bow’d,
 “ Their pride have soon been o’er ;
 “ Whilst those who round my altar crowd,
 “ Should live for ever more.
- 16 “ With honey, I had Jacob fed
 “ Through all his mortal road ;
 “ And when, in death, he bow’d his head,
 “ A crown of life bestow’d.”
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PSALM LXXXII.

- 1 **M**ID scepter’d Kings, and potent Lords,
 God stands, from age to age,
 And faithfully their ways records
 In his eternal page.

Let not the unjust Judge believe,
 That none beholds his deeds ;
 He doth his evil heart deceive,
 For there is **ONE** who heeds.

God, in his dark assembly, stands,
 His crooked way he sees ;
 He marks how greedy are his hands,
 How partial his decrees.

Oft are the foulest deeds reveal'd,
 Which men in clouds, would cast ;
 But tho' from mortal eye conceal'd,
 They shall be proved at last.

God is the friend of the oppress'd,
 The unjust judge he hates ;
 Whose soul shall never reach that rest
 Which for the righteous waits.

- 2, 3 “ How long will ye the vile caress,
 “ And evil men endure?—
 “ Defend the meek and fatherless !
 “ Do justice to the poor !
- 4 “ The needy and afflicted soul,
 “ Uphold in what is meet ;
 “ And, from the Oppressor's proud control,
 “ Rescue his trembling feet.
- 5 “ Men know not, nor will understand,
 “ They chuse to walk in night ;
 “ In wickedness they dip their hand,
 “ And in their crimes delight.
- “ Sin hath so tainted all below,—
 “ Such its extent and force,
 “ That Earth hath lost its harmony ;
 “ Its wheels are out of course !
- 6 “ E'en Gods, have I declared you,—
 “ Children, of the Most High ;
 “ Reserved for joys, beyond your view,—
 “ Beyond this lower sky.
- 7 “ But fear shall soon your hearts appal,
 “ And death, your souls affright ;
 “ Like other men ye soon shall fall,
 “ And perish from my sight.”
- 8 Arise, O God ! and judge the earth :
 Beyond these gloomy days,
 When in thy might thou comest forth,
 All nations, thee, shall praise.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1, 2 **N**O more keep silence, O our God,
 Thy peace, no longer hold ;
 Thine enemies despise thy rod,
 And, in their sins, are bold.
- 3 Against the people of thy choice,
 They crafty counsel take ;
 While lifting high their angry voice,
 In scorn, their heads, they shake.
- 4 The wicked, to the wicked say,
 “ Come let us raise the spear,
 “ That Israel may behold the day
 “ Of her destruction near.”
- 5 ‘Gainst thee, O Lord, do they combine,
 With vain confederate zeal ;
 Where’er they see thine image shine
 Th’ indignant heart they feel.
- 6 The Ishmaelites, no longer true,
 With Edom, war declare ;
 The Hagarenes and Moab too,
 For deathful deeds prepare.
- 7 Gebal, and Amalek, conspire
 To lay thy people low ;
 Philistia, and the men of Tyre,
 With Ammon, aim the blow.
- 8 Assur hath also shouted loud,—
 Defiance in our ear ;
 And join’d, with Lot’s descendants proud,
 To hurl the lance and spear.
- 9 As thou didst to the Midianite,—
 To Jabin, Sisera,
 At Kison’s Brook, by thy great might,
 So still our foes dismay.

- 10 Their blood, at Endor, issued forth,
 We saw thy mighty power :
 They lay as dung upon the earth,
 They perish'd in that hour.
- 11 Like Oreb, and like Zeeb, yea,
 With all their nobles high ;
 Like Zebah and like Zalmunna,
 Shall they as ashes lie.
- 12 They, in their proud defiance, said,
 Come let us lay our hand,
 Upon the house of God, and spread
 Its ruins o'er the land.
- 13 Thou wilt thy mountains on *them* cast
 Who seek our souls to slay ;
 As stubble, by the stormy blast,
 Shall they be swept away.
- 14 As fires, the ancient forests burn,
 As flames the hills consume ;
 Them, in thine anger, thou wilt spurn
 And hurl them to the tomb.
- 15 Whirlwinds shall make their souls afraid,
 And whelm them in despair ;
 Tempests, in ten-fold wrath array'd
 Their shivering souls shall bear.
- 16, 17 Thou wilt o'erwhelm them in disgrace,
 And plunge them deep in shame,
 That men may learn to seek thy face,
 And tremble at thy name.
- 18 Then shall they know, with bitterness,
 That thou Jehovah art ;—
 With gratitude thy power confess,
 Nor more from thee depart.

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW fair thy temple, O Most High!
How amiable the place,
Where thou, to sinners doom'd to die,
Dost shew thy smiling face !
- 2 My soul doth long, yea faint, to see
The courts of thine abode ;
My flesh and heart cry out for thee,
E'en for the Living God.
- 3 The wandering Bird hath found a nest,
Where she her young may lay ; —
Thine Altar ! where the weary rest,
In life's long toilsome day.
- 4 Thrice blessed are the men who dwell
Within thy house, O Lord ;
They, of thy goodness, love to tell,
And prize thy holy word.
- 5 Bless'd are the men who lean on thee,
Who trust thy strength alone ;
Who, in their God, all fullness see,
And worship round his throne.
- 6 Who find a well, in Baca's vale,
To soothe their sorrowing breast :
Still pressing on, tho' storms assail,
To Heaven, that world of rest.
- 7 They go from strength to strength, till they
In Zion's courts appear ;
Where night no more obscures the day,
Where never falls the tear.
- 8 O Lord of Hosts, regard my prayer,
To me extend thy love,
And let me, now, some portion share,
Of joys, that reign above.

9 Thou art my shield and my defence,
 Look thou upon my face ;
 My buckler—be, thy Providence !
 My portion—be, thy Grace !

10 One day devoted to thy praise,
 Within thy courts, O Lord !
 Is better than a thousand days,
 And well our Souls reward.

I'd rather keep thy doors, and bless
 My God, in th' house of prayer,
 Than dwell in tents of wickedness,
 Altho' a Monarch there.

11 He is a sun and shield ; the Lord
 Will, grace and glory, give
 To all who prize his holy word,
 And in his precepts live.

In him the righteous shall behold—
 A refuge where to flee ;
 Whilst no good thing will he withhold
 From them who upright be.

12 O Lord of Hosts, supremely blest
 Are those, who thee adore ;
 They all shall taste eternal rest,
 When this vain world is o'er.

PSALM LXXXV.

1 **O**NCE more thy goodness we have known ;
 We, from captivity,
 Again assemble round thy throne,
 O Lord ! and worship thee.

2 Thou hast restored us to thy sight,
 The morn of hope begins !
 Thou, in thy mercy, infinite,
 Hast pardon'd all our sins

- 3 Thou hast removed, Almighty Sire !
Thy hand, which on us lay ;
And from the fierceness of thine ire,
In mercy, turn'd away.
- 4 Thee, O our Father, we adore,
Of Beings, first and best !
May thy displeasure never more,
Upon thy people rest !
- 5 Wilt thou for ever angry be,
From age to age the same ?
Like us, must all our children see
Thy fierce devouring flame ?
- 6 Wilt thou not raise us once again !
Our sinking hearts revive,
That we may never more complain,
But in thy favour live ?
- 7 Do thou, O Lord, salvation, grant,
And raise our drooping head ;
Shew us thy favour ! this we want,
More than our daily bread.
- 8 The tears, O Lord, thou wilt not spurn,
Which from contrition flow ;
But may we never more return
To folly, our worst foe.
- 9 To those who their past crimes bewail,
Salvation is come nigh ;
'Tis but a thin, a shadowy veil,
'Tween them, and joys on high.
- 10 Peace, and her Sister, Righteousness,
Shall kiss each other, now ;—
Mercy and Truth thy power confess,
And round one altar bow.
- 11 Truth, to mankind, shall then be given,
One spirit reign alone ;—
Whilst Righteousness shall look from Heaven,
And call the world her own.

- 12 Yea, God shall every good bestow,
 The Earth, with fruits, shall teem ;
 Whilst all our sorrow and our woe
 Shall vanish as a dream.

Is there a secret, unknown charm,—
 A Mediator, kind,
 Who thus thy vengeance doth disarm,
 And plead for human-kind ?—

Bright clouds upon th' horizon shine,
 Israel, ere long, shall see,
 The fullness of that day divine,
 Whose glory dawns on me !

- 13 Angels shall triumph at his birth,
 The reign of sin be past ;—
 He shall conduct us safe through Earth,
 To Heaven, our home, at last.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **B**OW down thine ear, and hear my prayer,
 Deliver me from every snare ;
 O God, bestow thy spirit pure,
 For I both needy am, and poor.
- 2 Preserve my Soul ! Beneath thy wing
 I would recline, my God ! my King !
 O let me thy salvation see,
 O save the heart that trusts in thee.
- 3 Be merciful to me, O Lord,
 My hope, my comfort is, thy word :
 For holiness, I daily sigh,
 I call upon thee, O Most High !
- 4 O make my longing soul thy choice,
 O let my heart once more rejoice :
 To thee, the suppliant eye I raise,
 To thee I pour unceasing praise.

- 5 For thou art still both good and kind,
The joy of every upright mind :
Plenteous, in mercy, thou wilt be,
To all, O Lord, who call on thee.
- 6 Regard my voice, O lend an ear,
Behold my anguish, mark my tear;
And when I supplicate thy grace,
O hear my prayer, and shew thy face.
- 7 When trouble, like a flood, prevails,
When every other fountain fails;
My heart, O Lord, shall call on thee,
And thou, I know, wilt answer me.
- 8 Great Source of Life, and God of all !
All other Lords before thee fall;
What, through the worlds of earth and air,
Can with thy wonderous works compare ?
- 9 All nations, in the appointed time,—
The sons of earth's remotest clime,
Shall thine inheritance proclaim,
And glorify thy holy name.
- 10 For thou art good, and, wonderous things
Are done by thee, great King of Kings !
For, everlasting is thy throne,
And thou, O Lord, art God alone.
- 11 Teach me thy way, and let me wait
And worship thee, at Zion's gate!
Unite my heart thy name to fear,
And let me find thee ever near.
- 12 To thee, the grateful heart, I bring,
O Lord ! my everlasting King !
Thee will I love, and thee adore,
And praise thy name for ever more.
- 13 Great is thy mercy, Lord, to me,
Where'er I look, thy hand I see ;
Thou hast preserved me where I dwell,
And saved me from the lowest Hell.

- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
They would, with death, my soul surprise;
They triumph in their evil ways,
And will not, thee, their Maker, praise.
- 15 But, with compassion, thou art full,
Long-suffering, and still bountiful:
Plenteous of mercy thou wilt shew
To those who would thy goodness know.
- 16 O turn to me, Almighty Sire!
My breast, with gratitude, inspire;
To me, thy servant, strength extend,
And be, in life and death, my friend.
- 17 O give me health, and grant me food,
Shew me a token still for good;
That those who hate, at length, may see,
That thou, O Lord, hast holpen me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy temple stands secure
On Zion's mount sublime;
Whilst its foundations, deep and sure,
Defy the blast of time.
- 2 Zion's proud gates thou lovest more
Than Jacob's dwellings fair:
There we thy holy name adore,
And pour the fervent prayer.
- 3 Most glorious things are told of thee,
O City of our God!
Our spirits sigh, thy courts to see,
And join thy bless'd abode.
- Here we survey as fair a sight,
As mortal eye can bear;
But, in th' eternal world of light,
New wonders will appear.

Our passions there will be refin'd,
 Our forms, in splendor drest ;
 And, pure as the angelic mind,
 Each thought that fills our breast.

There every eye shall God behold,
 Amid the seraph throng ;
 And all, upon their harps of gold,
 Sing one eternal song.

A foretaste of that joy divine
 Cheer'd Moses, on his way ;
 And we have felt our faces shine,
 While thinking of that day.

I would direct to Heaven my eyes,
 From Earth's low shackles free ;
 But, of myself, I cannot rise,
 My springs are all in thee.

Do thou, O God, thy grace bestow,
 Attune my heart to love ;
 And, when I quit this world of woe,
 Take me to realms above !

4 In Ethiopia and in Tyre,
 In Babylon, our scorn,
 Great men, whom nations round admire,—
 August, have there been born ;

5 But, in fair Zion's holy mount,
 Still greater have appear'd :
 All generations shall recount,
 That here the Lord was fear'd.

God, in the midst, himself, displays,
 He meets his people there ;
 He hath establish'd her with praise,
 And girded her with prayer.

6 When these inferior scenes are o'er,
 And Earth, to ruin, falls ;
 When time itself shall be no more,
 And God, his chosen, calls :

Amongst the number shall appear,
 (Whilst each to Heaven ascends,)
 Exalted names, to Zion dear,—
 Our Fathers and our Friends !

- 7 Whilst each the other's joy augments,
 Myriads the bliss shall share ;
 The Players on the instruments,
 The Singers shall be there.

O may we all, in that bless'd place,
 On God, our Father, gaze ;
 And chaunt, to his redeeming grace,
 Eternal songs of praise !

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1, 2 **T**HOU God of my salvation, I,
 To thee, direct my fervent cry ;
 O hear my prayer, O mark my tear,
 And to my voice incline thine ear.
- 3 My soul, with trouble overflows,
 Cares press on cares, and woes on woes ;
 Whilst, to the grave, with many a sigh,
 My weary footstep draweth nigh.
- 4 So worn by sorrow, I am now,
 Like one who o'er the pit doth bow ;
 I am, with all my sighs and pains,
 As one, in whom no strength remains :
- 5 As tho' I lean'd my weary head,
 Amid the still and silent dead ;—
 To whom no more our memories turn,
 And whom the living proudly spurn.
- 6, 7 I am involved in mist and shade,
 I, in the lowest pit, am laid :
 Whilst o'er my head, thy waves have past,
 I, in the furnace fierce, am cast.

- 8 No more the sun with joy I see ;
My friends have now forsaken me :
Since I bewail my former shame,
Both young and old abhor my name.
- 9 I mourn the moment of my birth,
My eye with sorrow droops on earth ;
Yet why should I indulge despair,
While I can lift my soul in prayer !
- 10, 11 Wilt thou once more exalt my head ?
Wilt thou show wonders to the dead ?
Shall the cold grave thy power confess ?
And death declare thy faithfulness ?
- 12 Shall e'er Corruption breathe again ?
Nor darkness, long, our souls detain ?—
Forgetfulness to memory rise ?
And, light, once more, illumine our eyes ?
- 13 Yes ! This shall be ! and I will still
To thee, my prayers, my vows, fulfil ;
Each morning, I, to God, will raise
The song of gratitude and praise.
- 14 Yet why dost thou cast off my soul ?
Why do thy billows o'er me roll ?
Why hidest thou, O Lord, thy face
From me, and from thy dwelling-place ?
- 15 I, from my youth, have sorrow known,
And call'd the world of grief my own ;
Whilst death has often past me by,
Thy terrors hard upon me lie.
- 16 My trembling heart within me fails,
Thine anger, fierce, my soul bewails :
With none to pity or to save,
Thy wrath flows o'er me like a wave.
- 17 Daily my foes around me crowd,
With scornful words and spirits proud ;
Like floods they compass me about,
And at my fall, with triumph shout.

- 18 The friends I loved are far away,
 They left me to despair a prey ;
 But, *thou* hast done it !—I would see
Thy judgments in my misery.
-

PSALM LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HROUGH every age, my God ! my King !
 Thy name will I delight to bless ;
 I, of thy mercies, Lord ! will sing,
 And tell, to all, thy faithfulness.
- 2 Thou wilt thy mercy still maintain,
 Upon thy goodness I rely ;
 Thy faithfulness thro' Heaven shall reign,
 Firm as the everlasting sky.
- 3 Thou hast, O Lord, from love divine,
 A covenant with David made,
 On which my spirit shall recline,
 When gathering clouds my prospect shade.
- 4 “ Thy seed shall, to the latest time,
 “ Possess no undivided sway ;—
 “ Thy throne, like Zion, stand sublime,
 “ Till earth itself is swept away.”
- 5 Angels above, with saints, shall praise
 Thy majesty and wonders great ;
 The Heavens to thee, the song shall raise,
 Whilst round adoring Seraphs wait.
- 6 Who in the Heavens is like to thee,
 Or 'mong the boasted sons of might ?
 Thy dwelling is infinity !—
 Eternal source of life and light !
 Thy throne, O God ! shall stand secure,
 And age to age thy power rehearse !—
 Thine altar is the spirit pure !
 Thy temple is the universe !

- 7 All boldness must be banish'd thence,
When we among thy Saints appear;
Thou must be had in reverence,
With solemn dread and holy fear.
- 8 Who shall, O Lord, with thee compare?
Thy strength and faithfulness are great:
The winds, which sweep th' incumbent air,
Upon thy nod obedient wait.
- 9 When Ocean, rising from his bed,
Holds conflict with the raging blast;
Thou speakest, and he hides his head,
Beneath the mantle thou hast cast.
- 10 Rahab was broken, Lord, by thee,
As one amid the battle slain;
Thine enemies before thee flee,
And bear the storm of thy disdain.
- 11 The Heavens, with all their hosts are thine,
Throughout the world thy power we see;
Each form declares the hand divine,
And points our wondering minds to thee.
- 12, 13 The north and south didst thou create,
Tabor and Hermon own thy name;
Thy arm is strong, thy might is great,
Through everlasting, still the same.
- 14 The habitations of thy throne,
On justice and on judgment, rest;
Mercy and truth are thine alone,—
Thou joy of every upright breast!
- 15 Thrice blessed are the men, who know
The joyful sound which others hate;
They ever in thy light shall go,
And reach at length fair Zion's gate.
- 16 To thee shall they direct their voice,
And of thy righteousness declare;
They in thy name shall still rejoice,
And give their God the willing prayer.

- 17, 18 Their glory is thy Providence,
 To thee their offerings they will bring ;
 Thou art their refuge and defence,—
 The God of Israel is their King.
- 19 Amid the visions of the night,
 Thou, to thy Holy One, didst say,—
 “ On One endued with power and might,
 “ Will I the weight, the burden lay.
- 20 “ David, my servant, I have found,
 “ He shall the government possess ;
 “ With holy oil shall he be crown’d,
 “ And all the sons of sorrow bless.
- 21 “ My hand, upon his head shall rest,
 “ I will establish long his power ;
 “ Strength will I give, and cheer his breast,
 “ In every dark and adverse hour.
- 22, 23 “ The enemy shall not impose,—
 “ The son of wickedness destroy ;
 “ Whilst I will beat, to earth, his foes,
 “ And plague, whoe’er his peace annoy.
- 24 “ To him my mercy I will show,—
 “ My faithfulness shall not depart ;
 “ I will his enemies o’erthrow,
 “ And still exalt his sinking heart.
- 25 “ His hand shall reign from sea to sea,
 “ His right-hand to the rivers wide ;
 “ To him all lands shall bend the knee,
 “ And in his righteousness confide.
- 26 “ To me shall he direct the cry,—
 “ My God ! to thee I daily bow ;
 “ Thou art my Father, O Most High !
 “ The rock of my salvation, thou.”
- 27 “ I will exalt him from his birth,
 “ My first-born shall my glory see ;
 “ Far higher than the Kings of earth,
 “ Shall my anointed Servant be.

- 28 " My mercy shall forever reign,
 " Enduring as the light of day,—
 " My word, and covenant remain,
 " Whilst Earth and all things here decay.
- 29 " His seed for evermore shall last ;
 " His throne, while crumbling mountains fall ;
 " Till, as a scroll, the Heavens are past,
 " Earth shall proclaim him Lord of All.
- 30, 31 " But if his children scorn my law,
 " Nor in my holy paths abide ;
 " If they my statutes break, and draw
 " Others, in evil paths aside ;—
- 32 " Them will I visit with my rod ;
 " Yea, with my stripes, that they may see,
 " Whene'er they wander from their God,
 " They comfort leave for misery.
- 33 " Yet ne'ertheless, I will not take
 " My kindness, from my children, frail ;
 " Nor, utterly their souls forsake ;—
 " My faithfulness shall never fail.
- 34 " My word, once spoken, shall endure,
 " And can no alteration know ;
 " My Covenant shall stand secure,
 " Whilst all things perish here below ;
- 35, 36 " My oath, to David, did I give,
 " I promised, and I cannot lie ;—
 " Thy throne shall last, thy seed shall live,
 " Eternal as the sun on high.
- 37 " It shall not fear Time's withering blast,
 " But be establish'd evermore ;
 " It, with the circling moon, shall last,
 " Till earth and mortal scenes are o'er.'
- 38, 39 Thou hast abhorr'd me, O Most High !—
 To thine Anointed, wrath hast shown ;
 Thy Servant, on the ground doth lie,
 Thou hast, O Lord, profaned his crown.

- 40, 41 His walls, his hedges, are laid low,
His Cities, on the ground, are spread;
And whilst he flees, before the foe,
His Neighbours, passing, shake their head.
- 42 Whilst all his greatness prostrate lies,
And adversaries, fierce, are nigh;
The right-hand of his enemies,
Hast thou, O Lord, exalted high.
- 43, 44 He, from before the foe, hath flown,
He cannot in the battle stand;
His glory ceases, and his crown,
Lies prostrate on the barren sand.
- 45 His days of youth, with manhood's prime,
Have almost pass'd before they came;
Thou hast remember'd, Lord, his crime,
And, justly cover'd him with shame.
- 46 How long, from me, wilt thou retire,
And give me to the raging foe?
Must still thine anger burn like fire,
Nor one brief interruption know?
- 47 Remember, Lord, how short our life,
We bear, through time, a heavy chain;
Buried in care, immersed in strife,—
Why hast thou made us all in vain?
- 48 What man is he who breathes the air,
And shall not to the grave descend?—
The march of Glory ceases there!
And there Earth's proudest pageants end!
- 49 Thy loving-kindness once I knew,—
Where is it pass'd?—Let David still,
In God, his friend and Father, view,
Who will his every vow fulfil.
- 50, 51 Remember the reproach I bear
From all the mighty people round;
They would not thine Anointed spare,
But I, in thee, have refuge found.

- 52 Bless'd be the God, whom we adore !
 Amen ! Amen ! let all reply ;
 Thee will we love, and evermore
 Upon thy mercy, Lord, rely,
-

PSALM XC.

- 1 **L**ORD ! Thou a dwelling-place hast been
 To all who ever fear'd thy name ;
 Man changes with the changing scene,
 But thou art evermore the same.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth,
 (Obedient, at thy sovereign word)
 Or ever thou hadst form'd the earth,
 Thou wert the everlasting Lord !
- 3 Since earth uprose, and time began,
 Whilst sun and stars, unceasing burn ;
 Thou, to destruction, turnest man,
 And sayest—" To the Dust, return !"
- 4 Thy will, the Universe obeys,
 All worlds, to thee, their homage pay ;
 To thine illimitable gaze,
 A thousand years are but a day !
- 5 On Time's vast flood, all Beings pass,
 Men, but a moment, here, abide ;
 We, in the morning, rise like grass,
 That flourishes, in all its pride ;
- 6 It groweth up, its charms we own,
 Deck'd in the summer's fairest green ;
 Yet, ere the eve, it is cut down,—
 It withers, and no more is seen !
- 7 So we, in thy displeasure, die,
 We are consumed and fall away ;
 Before thy wrath our spirits fly,
 We perish with the closing day.

8 Our every sin, before thy face,
 O Lord, is manifest and clear ;
 Thou dost the whole in order place,—
 Our secret sins to thee appear.

9 Swiftly our mortal journies end,
 We vanish soon, both young and old ;
 We, in thy wrath, our moments spend,
 We perish as a tale that's told.

10, 12 How vain th' aspiring hopes of men,
 Their joys, how brief ! their cares, how great !
 Our days are three-score years and ten,
 A changing and tempestuous state !

Or if, through strength, they be fourscore,
 Yet toil and labour mark the way ;
 We go where crowds have gone before,—
 We are cut off, and fly away !

One moment we behold the sun,
 And count our pleasures o'er and o'er ;
 The next, our thread of life is spun,
 And busy man is seen no more !

We leave the cheerful day, alone,
 To conflict with Death's fearful blast !
 To plunge into a world unknown !—
 To dwell with Generations past !

So teach us Lord to spend our days,
 That, when this fleeting life shall end,
 With Angels we may shout thy praise,
 Our God, our Father, and our Friend !

Who can, O Lord, thine anger tell,
 When thou, in judgment, shalt appear ?—
 Or say, the Sinners' pangs, in hell ?
 Thy wrath is equal to their fear !

13 Return, O Lord, nor longer stay,
 In darkness we have sojourn'd long ;
 We would henceforth thy law obey,
 And give to thee our grateful song, . .

- 14 To thee we raise th' imploring voice,
O calm our hearts, allay our fears ;
O let our souls once more rejoice,
And gladness crown our future years.
- 15 Thou, who dost govern all below,
Once more our drooping spirits cheer ;
According to our days of woe,
So let thy goodness now appear.
- 16 Thy wonderous works may we behold,
Thy glories, may our sons survey ;
May Israel dwell within thy fold,
And evermore their Lord obey.
- 17 Let thy transcendent beauty shine,
Upon our faces, O our God ;
May holiness and peace divine,
Conduct us to thy blest abode.
- We hail Salvation's glorious ray,
Establish it and make it sure ;
Whilst all things else, with time, decay,
Let this, with Heaven itself, endure.
- Tho' here on earth, awhile, we sigh,
May we, ere long, with Saints, proclaim,
In one Redeemed Family,
Eternal honors to thy name !

PSALM XCI.

- 1 **T**HOSE who within the secret place
Of the Most High abide ;
Whilst they partake of heavenly grace,
For such will God provide.
- 2 He is my refuge and defence ;
I, of the Lord, will say,
I'll hope in his good Providence,
And trust him day by day.

- 3 He will preserve thee from each snare,
Which wicked men may form ;
And *for* thee, a retreat prepare,
From pestilence and storm.

To thee shall he reveal his face,
And timely succour yield ;
His wing, shall be thy resting-place,
His truth shall be thy shield,
- 5 Thou shalt not midnight terrors fear,
Which on the wicked prey ;—
Nor tremble when death's darts appear,
Fast-flying through the day.
- 6 Pale Pestilence that mid the air,
In darkness, takes his flight ;
The good-man's dwelling-place must spare,
For there is God's delight.
- 7 A thousand by thy side shall fall,
Yet nought shall thee alarm ;
For God, who is the Lord of all,
Shall guard thy head from harm.
- 8 Only exalt thine eye, and see
The sinner's dreadful doom ;
His head shall sink in misery
To the untimely tomb.
- 9 Because, thy refuge, thou hast made,
The Lord of life and love ;
No power shall make thy soul afraid,
Thou hast a friend above !
- 10 No evil on thy head shall light,
Through all thy mortal road ;
Neither shall any plague affright,
Or reach thy calm abode.
- 11 For, o'er thy steps, with ceaseless care,
His Angels shall preside ;
They shall thy every path prepare,
And be thy constant Guide.

- 12 They shall uphold thy feet, alone,
Through God's Almighty power ;
Lest thou should'st dash, against a stone,
Thy foot, in evil hour.
- 13 Thou shalt, the Lion, fierce, defeat,
The Adder, dreadless, view ;
And trample underneath thy feet,
Satan, and all his crew.
- 14 " Because his heart is turn'd to me,
" He hath my favour found ;
" Hence, his Deliverer, I will be
" From all his foes around.
- 15 " On me he calls, the Lord, supreme !
" Therefore, his voice, I hear ;
" In trouble, I will succour him,
" And him, in sorrow, cheer.
- 16 " My honor, on his head, shall rest,
" He shall, in me, delight ;
" And taste salvation, with the blest,
" In Heaven, that world of light."

PSALM XCII.

- 1 **I**T is a good and pleasant thing
To raise, to Heaven, our eye ;
To bless thy name, O Lord, and sing—
" Glory to God on high !"
- 2 Each morn, thy greatness, to confess,
Thou Sovereign Judge of all !
And own thy truth and righteousness,
When evening shadows fall.
- 3 On ten-string'd instruments, around,
I'll praise thee, O my God !
Upon the harp of solemn sound,
I'll spread thy name abroad.

- 4 For thou, with joy, hast filled me,
 On thee, my soul, shall wait;
 I'll triumph when thy works I see,
 For they, O God, are great.
- 5 To thee all Nature owes its birth,
 The boundless sea and air;
 Mountain and valley, heaven and earth,—
 Thou spakest, and they were!
- 6 The Fool, these wonders, hath forgot,
 He spends, for nought, his days:
 The brutish man beholds them not,
 Nor understands thy ways.

These, 'mid the world's wide harmony,
 Hear no melodious songs;
 They feel no joy, they heave no sigh,
 But what to self belongs;

They view no comeliness or form,
 In all the scenes around;
 And they can listen to the storm,
 And think, but of its sound.

They can behold the lightning's fire,
 Heaven's spacious concave fill;
 And mark the orb of day, retire,
 Senseless and brutish still.

Almighty Father! may I see,
 Alike, in every hour,
 The wonders of thy majesty,
 The greatness of thy power.

- 7 Tho', as the grass, the wicked spring,
 They triumph but a day;
 Destruction, on his lightning wing,
 Soon bears their souls away.
- 8 But thou, O Lord, art still Most High,
 Thou livest evermore;—
 Thou speakest, and Arch-angels fly,
 While Seraphs bright adore.

- 9 The workers of iniquity,
Strive with Almighty power ;
On them, whilst they before thee flee,
Wilt thou thy vengeance shower.
- 10 But the Most High my head exalts ;
No terrors now dismay :
I own, with tears, my many faults,
I weep my sins away.
- 12 Like the green Palm, the Just shall rise,
Yea, like the Cedar grow,
Which rears its head, amid the skies,
On Lebanon's proud brow.
- 13 Those who, the Lord, their Maker love,
And in his house appear ;
Shall flourish in his courts above,
Through one eternal year.
- 14 They, in old age, fair fruit shall bring :
To God, their chief delight ;
They shall be fat and flourishing ;
While Sinners sink in night.
- 15 My Rock, my Fortress, I will bless,
And bend, to God, my knee ;
In him is no unrighteousness,
And like him I would be.

PSALM XCIII.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty ruleth earth and sky,
On whom our souls should wait ;
The Lord is clothed in Majesty,
And all his works are great.

His mandate fix'd creation's bound ;
Immovable and sure ;
Whilst he, with strength is girded round,
For ever to endure.

Thou art the Everlasting God,
 Our best, our only friend ;
 Through endless years thy throne hath stood,
 And shall when time shall end.

3 Roused into wrath the Ocean raves,
 And rears his billows high ;—
 The floods have lifted up their waves,
 While tempests sweep the sky.

4 Yet thou, O Lord, art greater far,
 Than many waters round :
 The waves, to thee, obedient are,
 Thou gav'st them all their bound.

5 Those who within thy house appear,
 With reverence should draw nigh ;
 Thou art their God ! and they should fear
 T' offend the Lord Most High.

PSALM XCIV.

1 **T**HY goodness and thy power we own,
 From whom, we, life, receive :
 Vengeance belongs to God alone ;
 With him our wrongs we leave.

2 Lift up thyself, thou Judge of earth,—
 Supreme, and sovereign Lord ;
 In all thy majesty come forth,
 And the proud heart reward.

3, 4 How long shall sinners turn from thee,
 And scoff, instead of praise ;—
 Whilst workers of iniquity,
 Still triumph in their ways ?

5 They, with the Saints, fierce warfare wage,
 They scatter them in air :
 They dare afflict thine heritage
 With burdens hard to bear.

- 6, 7 The Stranger, whom thy word hath taught
 To succour and to feed,
 Thy foes have murder'd, and have thought
 That none beheld the deed.

The widow and the fatherless,
 Have they unjustly slain ;
 They, by their evil deeds, confess
 That they their God disdain.

- 8 When will the brutish, wisdom, learn !
 When will the fool be wise !
 In madness they their Maker spurn,
 And all his words despise.

- 9 Shall not that God all things behold,
 Who gave the eye its light ?
 Can any thing, in young or old,
 Be hidden from his sight ?

Shall not that God who on the ear
 His wonderous power impress'd,
 All tongues, throughout creation, hear—
 Th' Oppressor and th' Oppress'd ?

- 10 And shall not he all knowledge know,
 Whose thought is unconfined ;—
 To whom the little light we owe,
 That glimmers on our mind ?

- 11 To God our every way is known,
 He doth each action see ;
 He views our hearts, to folly prone—
 To sin and vanity.

- 12, 13 Whoe'er thou chastenest, O our God,
 Him dost thou gently draw
 To tread the paths the Saints have trod,—
 To keep thy holy law :

Thrice bless'd is he ! Thou dost but seek
 To give his spirit rest
 In that fair world, where all the meek,
 Are blessings, and are bless'd.

- 14 Thy covenant thou wilt not break,
Nor yet cast off the Just :
Thou never wilt the souls forsake,
Who in thee put their trust.
- 15 Thou dost in righteousness delight,
Whilst all, who upright are,
Shall follow it, and in thy sight,
At length, O Lord, appear.
- 16 To thee, my Maker, I will fly,
When shall my sorrows end ?
'Gainst those who work iniquity,
Who shall my soul defend ?
- 17 Unless the Lord, my help, had been,
Cares, countless, I had felt ;
I should the realms of death have seen,
And in the grave have dwelt.
- 18 Me, of all good, thou dost not strip,
With joy, runs o'er, my cup ;
For when I said, my foot doth slip,
Thy mercy held me up.
- 19 Amid the thoughts which through my mind,
Unceasing, flood-like, roll,
In thee, my only joy, I find ;
Thy smiles delight my soul.
- 20 Shall e'er Iniquity, with thee,
Find fellowship and live ?—
The men who frame th' unjust decree,
And unjust judgment give ?
- 21 Against the Righteous they combine,
Their lives they seek to take ;
But all the Just, O Lord, are thine,
Thou wilt not them forsake.
- 22 Till thou shalt call my spirit hence,
I would thy will obey :
Thou art my refuge, my defence,—
My rock, my only stay.

- 23 Sinners, thy rod, will feel at last,
 And thy displeasure know;
 For all transgressors thou wilt cast
 To fearful worlds of woe!
-

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 COME let us sing unto the Lord,
 His power is still the same;
 Come let us join with one accord
 To praise his holy name.
- 2 Before him, with thanksgivings, we
 A joyful shout will raise;
 With psalm, and with sweet minstrelsy,
 Will we our Maker praise.
- 3 For thou, O Lord, art good and great,
 Above all Gods art thou;
 We on thy name will ever wait,
 And round thine altar bow.
- 4 The depths of earth are in thine hand,
 The towering hills are thine;
 Thou dost the stars of heaven command,
 And with thy light they shine.
- 5 The earth, the sea, didst thou create,
 And still they own thy sway;
 All living things upon thee wait
 For being, day by day.
- 6 Come let us bow before his throne,
 And worship humbly there;
 Come let us God, our Maker, own
 Within the house of prayer.
- 7 He is our Lord, to him we give
 The incense of our heart;
 Within his pastures still we live,
 Nor would we thence depart.

- 8 " To-day, if you your God will bless,
 " Harden your hearts no more ;
 " As ye, amid the wilderness,
 " Have often done before.
- 9 " Like you, your Fathers tempted me,
 " Who saw my mighty ways ;
 " Yet they refused to bend the knee,
 " And God, their Maker, praise.
- 10, 11 " For forty years, I with *them* bore,
 " Whose hearts all ill possess'd,
 " Till, in my kindled wrath, I swore,
 " They should not see my rest."

PSALM XCVI.

- 1, 2 SING to the Lord, with hearts sincere,
 Aloud his might proclaim ;
 Let every tongue and people hear
 The wonders of his name.
- 3 Among the heathen, shout his praise
 Who form'd the earth and sky !
 Let all mankind one Anthem raise
 To God, who reigns on high !
- 4 For he is great, and to be praised
 Above all Gods that be :
 The everlasting hills he raised,
 He stills the raging sea.
- 5 The Gods of all the nations round,
 Are Idols, Wood and Stone ;
 But the great God, whose praise we sound,
 Is sovereign Lord alone.
- 6 Jehovah, he is God supreme,
 On whom Heaven's hosts attend :
 Beauty and strength encompass him,
 Whose reign shall have no end.

- 7 Ye kindreds of the earth, draw nigh !
 Glory and strength bestow
 On him, who lifts the humble high,
 Who lays the mighty low.
- 8 Give, to the Lord, his glory due,
 His holy laws obey ;
 Approach his courts with spirit true,
 And there your offerings pay.
- 9 Array'd in Holiness, come forth !
 Its beauty on you shine !
 And there, before the sons of earth,
 Adore his power divine.
- 10 Say to the Heathen, God doth reign,
 The earth, he formed alone ;
 His hands th' eternal hills sustain,
 The Heavens his greatness own.
- 11 Let earth be glad, let heaven rejoice,
 Whilst man his tribute pays ;
 Let waving Ocean lift his voice,
 And shout his Maker's praise.
- 12 Let the gay pastures own their King,—
 All things that live and be ;
 Let e'en the trees rejoice, and sing
 Eternal praise to thee !
- 13 Thou com'st to Judgment, on the cloud,
 Whilst Angels throng the sky !
 Thou shalt o'erwhelm, with shame, the proud,
 And lift the contrite high.

PSALM XCVII.

- 1 **E**ARTH, through her thousand regions, smiles,
 Jehovah reigns on high ;
 Let all her multitude of Isles,
 Shout forth their ecstasy.

- 2 Around our God, thick clouds are thrown,
 Which like a mantle press.
 The habitation of his throne
 Is truth and righteousness.
- 3 A wasting fire before him spreads,
 It burneth up his foe ;
 Destruction overwhelms their heads,
 As down to death they go.
- 4 The earth beheld her Maker nigh,
 And trembled with amaze ;
 His thunders roll along the sky,
 His fearful lightnings blaze.
- 5 He, mid the skies, who, all things, fills,
 From everlasting, dwelt :
 Like wax, earth's adamantine hills,
 Before his presence, melt.
- 6 The Heaven's his righteousness declare,
 All men his glories see :
 His works are wonderful and fair,
 Alike, whate'er they be.
- 7 Confounded be the men whose hearts,
 The Graven Image prize ;—
 Whose spirit, from the Lord, departs,
 And after Idols flies.
- 8 Zion, with her rejoicing bands,
 Thy wondrous judgments saw ;
 Whilst Judah's daughters clapt their hands,
 And loved, the more, thy law.
- 9 For thou, above the earth, art high,
 Above all Gods art thou ;
 To thee all nations should draw nigh,
 And round thine Altar bow !
- 10 Ye who profess to love the Lord,
 Henceforth till time shall end,
 Obedient, shun each thought and word
 Which might your God offend.

The Lord, the souls of all his saints,
 By his Almighty power,
 Preserves (while trembling nature faints)
 In every adverse hour.

- 11 Light, for the upright heart, is sown,
 And, for the righteous, joy ;
 They shall, with songs, around God's throne,
 Eternity employ.
- 12 Ye Saints, to God, exalt your voice,
 Give thanks, and never cease :
 Ere long, and ye shall all rejoice
 In Heaven, that world of peace.

P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 **SING** to the Lord a song of praise,
 For marvellous are all his ways ;
 The powerful arm of the Most High,
 Hath gotten him the victory.
- 2 The Lord, Salvation hath made known
 To us who worship round his throne ;
 And, to the Heathen, whom we spared,
 His righteousness and truth declared.
- 3 His mercy, he, to Israel, show'd,
 And, with our Father's house, abode ;
 The ends of earth, the great, the mean,
 Salvation, from our God, have seen.
- 4, 5 Sing praises to the Lord above,
 He hath redeem'd us with his love :
 Let harp, and voice, and cornet, make,
 The earth, to her foundation, shake.
- 6 Let the loud psalm and trumpet sound,
 Yea, spread the joyful noise around ;
 Let all, the Anthem proud, begin,
 The world, and they that dwell therein.

- 7, 8 Let the high hills, his power proclaim,
 Let the vast ocean praise his name ;
 The floods break forth in joyous strains,
 For God the Lord, triumphant, reigns.
- 9 Behold, he comes to judge mankind,
 Just judgment, all, from God, shall find :
 His righteousness the world shall see,
 For he will judge with equity.
-

PSALM XCIX.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns ! Let trembling earth,
 Repentance, and its fruits, bring forth ;
 God sits between the Cherubim,
 Whilst Angels pour th' adoring Hymn.
- 2 Seraphic Hosts, around him wait,
 For there, in Zion, God is great :
 Above created things is he,
 Himself, alone, infinity.
- 3 Let all the Nations round *thee* bow,
 For great and terrible art thou ;
 Thy name is holy, and thy thought,
 At first, the world, from nothing, brought.
- 4 Thou dost in equity delight,
 The just shall stand before thy sight ;
 To Jacob, thou wilt judgment show,
 And guard his steps where'er he go.
- 5 Exalt the Lord, our heavenly friend,
 Around his footstool humbly bend ;
 And with your hearts this truth confess,—
 God is all truth and righteousness.
- 6 Moses and Aaron call'd on God,
 Whilst Samuel in their footsteps trod ;
 They fear'd his name, they own'd his sway,
 And he illum'd their mortal day.

- 7 God, from the cloudy pillar spake,
And whilst our Fathers fear and quake ;
His ordinance they duly keep,
And o'er their past offences weep.
- 8 Thou answeredst them, O Lord, our God,
And did'st remove thy chastening rod ;
Thou wouldst not vengeance take, tho' they
Had after Idols loved to stray.
- 9 The Lord, most merciful, is found,
Exalt his name, the earth around :
Israel, once more, thy vows fulfil,
And worship at his Holy Hill.
-

P S A L M C.

- 1 **L**ET every people, every tongue,
The goodness of our God proclaim ;
Till through the earth his praise hath rung,
Who form'd this vast and wonderous frame.
- 2 With gladness, serve your Heavenly King,
The joyful courts of Zion, throng ;
Come, and before his presence sing
The Hallelujah, loud and long.
- 3 The Lord is God ! and we will keep,
His ordinance,—his Temple tread ;
We are his people, we his sheep,
And in his pastures are we fed.
- He on our frames, at first, impress'd
His image, Father of the Sky !
And fix'd within our glowing breast,
The hope of Immortality !
- 4 Enter his house, with songs of praise,
In Zion's courts, your God adore :
To him the grateful Anthem raise,
And bless his name for evermore.

- 5 He form'd us from the dust of earth,
 When we to light and being rose ;
 And like a torrent, gushing forth,
 His everlasting mercy flows.

Praise God, whose goodness spreads around
 Wide, as the vital air we draw ;
 But whose ten-thousand gifts are crown'd,
 With his reveal'd and holy Law.

Tho' Hell's rebellious powers oppose,
 Tho' impious Scoffers rail before,
 TRUTH shall exult o'er all her foes,
 And reach, at length, Earth's farthest shore.

PSALM CI.

- 1 LORD! of thy mercy, I will sing,
 And of thy judgments, Mighty King !
 I, in an upright way, will walk,
 And of thy goodness love to talk.
- 2 O when wilt thou, with me, abide,
 My thoughts direct, my footsteps guide ?
 I would, before my House, appear
 As walking in my Maker's fear.
- 3 Sin shall no more my soul surprise,
 Nor wickedness delight my eyes ;
 I hate the paths where Sinners be,
 Their works no more shall cleave to me.
- 4 A froward heart I'll put aside,
 And from my presence banish pride ;
 No wicked person will I know,
 Nor call a Friend, my Maker's foe.
- 5 Who, of their neighbour, spread the lie,
 And, slander love, shall surely die ;
 Whilst the high look and the proud heart,
 Shall from thy servant, Lord, depart.

- 6 The faithful of the land I'll prize,
Such shall appear before my eyes ;
Whilst those who love the perfect way,
Shall round me stand in fair array.
- 7 The man whose spirit loves deceit,
Shall turn from me his wayward feet ;
Whilst those whose souls in lies delight,
Shall never tarry in my sight.
- 8 I will, with an indignant hand,
Destroy the wicked from the land ;
Whilst all who have their God abhorr'd,
Shall flee the City of the Lord.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 **○** LORD, regard thy Servant's prayer,
Let it come nigh to thee ;
When I am overwhelm'd with care,
Let me thy presence see.
- 2 Before thy face I humbly fall,
To thee I lift my cry ;
O answer me, while thus I call,
And speedy aid supply.
- 3 Sorrow hath known me from my birth,
I mourn thy heavy stroke ;
My bones are burned like a hearth,
I am consumed like smoke.
- 4 My heart is smitten like one dead,
My days in mourning pass :
I e'en forget to eat my bread,
I wither'd am, like grass.
- 5 By reason of my ceaseless cry,—
My many a groan and tear,
My bones once active, now are dry,
And to my skin adhere.

- 6 My soul is like the Pelican
Of the wide wilderness ;
Or like the Owl, or lonely Man,
Mid deserts of distress.
- 7 Whilst the dark sky around me lours,
My sorrows never stop :
I, like a Sparrow, watch the hours,
Alone, on the house-top.
- 8 My enemies, throughout the day,
Deal in reproach and scorn ;
They, bitterest things, in madness, say,
And are against me sworn.
- 9 My drink is mingled with my tears,
With grief I droop my head :
I am consumed with ceaseless fears,
And ashes eat, like bread.
- 10 Because thy wrath doth on me lie,
Ills, countless, I sustain ;
For thou, O Lord, hast rais'd me high,
And cast me down again.
- 11 My mortal days like shadows pass,
Still hastening to an end ;
My soul is wither'd up like grass,
Whilst o'er the grave I bend.
- 12 But whilst these scenes, destruction, know,
Thy stedfast throne is sure ;
Through countless generations, thou,
Great Sovereign ! shalt endure.
- 13 Thou shalt thy Zion still prefer,
And yet reverse her doom ;
For now the time to favour her,
Yea, the set time is come :
- 14 For all thy servants, with delight,
Behold her wonders rare ;
Zion is pleasant to their sight,
Her very stones are fair.

- 15 So shall the Heathen fear thy name,
And to thine altar flee;—
So shall the Kings of Earth, proclaim
Eternal praise to thee.
- 16 When thou, again, shalt Zion rear,
And bless her gates, once more;
Thou, in thy glory, shalt appear,
Whilst all our Tribes adore.
- 17 Thou, Lord, wilt meet thy people there,
And hear their humble suit:
Thou never wilt despise the prayer
Of the most destitute !
- 18 This shall be written, to inspire
The drooping sons of woe,
Whilst combating, with thorn and briar,
Here in this vale below.
- Souls, yet to hail life's cheerful morn,
Shall prize this gracious word ;—
Yea, Generations, yet unborn,
Shall hear and praise the Lord.
- 19, 20 For God, from Heaven, hath looked down
To hear, the Prisoner's cry;
The death-devoted soul to crown,
At length, with joys on high.
- 21, 22 That they his glory might declare
On Zion's holy Hill,
And join, to praise their Maker, there,
Who, time and space, doth fill.
- 23 But whilst I hail this glorious day,
Whose light shall know no end;
My strength, thou weakenest in the way,
And o'er the grave I bend.
- 24 I said, O God ! whilst in my prime,
Take not my spirit hence;
But still prolong the scenes of Time,
In thy good Providence.

Great God, whilst all things here decay,
 And to destruction tend;
 Illimitable is thy sway!—
 Thy reign shall know no end!

25 Thou mad'st the Earth, Almighty Sire,
 Its pillars deep are thine;
 And where Night's concave teems with fire,
 We mark the Power Divine.

Yea, when the winged clouds expand
 On some fair eve serene;
 Amid the glowing vault, thy hand,
 In every star, is seen.

26, 27 All things, whatever we behold,
 On Time's swift wing shall flee:
 These, like a vesture, shall wax old,
 And they shall changed be!

They all shall perish! but thy reign
 Shall last for evermore;—
 Thy Sceptre rule—Thy Years remain
 When Earth and Time are o'er!

28 Thy Children, too, shall never die!
 They shall in God delight,
 And feast on Immortality,
 In Heaven, that World of Light!

PSALM CIII.

1 **B**LESS, O my soul! the Lord of light,
 Let all thy powers his praise declare;
 Ten thousand blessings, infinite,
 Thou ow'st to his Almighty care.

2 Praise *him* who on Heaven's circle sits,
 Who form'd this vast and wondrous frame;
 Forget not all his benefits,
 And ever bless his holy name.

- 3 Disease, unceasing, round thee flies,
Yet God, from harm, preserves his Saints ;
He pardons thine iniquities,
And heals, in mercy, thy complaints.
- 4 Thy humblest services he owns,
He doth, each day, thy strength renew ;
And still, with loving-kindness, crowns,—
With tender mercies, ever new.
- 5 He is a kind and gracious God,
Deserving of thy highest praise ;
He satisfies thy mouth with good,
And, eagle-like, renews thy days.
- 6 The Lord, the merciful, doth bless,
Their souls shall taste eternal rest :
He executeth righteousness,
And is the friend of the oppress'd.
- 7 His ways, to Moses, he made known ;
Our Fathers were his constant care,
When, mid the wilderness, alone,
They journey'd on, unknowing where.
- 8 Gracious and bountiful is he,
To anger slow, and still the same :
Plenteous in mercy he will be
To all who call upon his name.
- 9 Jehovah will not always chide,
Nor keep his anger evermore ;
His goodness is an Ocean wide,
That has no limit, knows no shore.
- 10 Tho' from his law we oft have swerved,
And from our Maker turn'd away ;
He hath not dealt as we deserved,
Nor left us to our sins a prey.
- 11 For as the Heaven, with stars, that glows,
Is higher than the earth we tread ;
So is his mercy great toward those
Who fear the word which he hath said.

- 12 He is our Father, ever bless'd,
And he our sins has veil'd in night ;
Far as the east is from the west,
Are they removed from his sight.
- 13 For with such love as Fathers bear
To suffering children, God doth view
The souls who make his law their care,
And serve him with affection true.
- 14 For he remembers what we are,
And is both merciful and just ;
We vanish as the clouds of air—
He knoweth that we are but dust.
- 15 Man is but grass ! A fleeting flower !
And tho', awhile, he towers elate,
His life is but a stormy hour,
And vanity his best estate.
- 16 The place which gladden'd once his eye,
Shall soon its master cease to own ;
The Wind of Heaven but passes by,
And he is borne to worlds unknown.
- 17 But thou, unchanged, sit'st above,
The Sovereign of the world around,
And with thy everlasting love,
Shall Zion's chosen sons be crown'd.
- 18 To such as keep his covenant,
Jehovah will his favour show ;
He will supply their every want,
And guard their heads where'er they go.
- 19 His sceptre ruleth every land,
And whilst created forms decay,
His Throne through endless years shall stand,
When Heaven and Earth are swept away.
- 20 Ye Angels ! bless your Maker's name,
Ye, who excel in strength, adore !
Inspired by love's unquenched flame,
O praise your God for evermore !

- 22 Bless ye the Lord, Archangels great !
 To him the loud Hozannah raise !
 Ye Ministers, who round him wait,
 Who do his pleasure—sing his praise !

All works, confess th' Almighty Sire !
 Creation, own his power divine !
 And, O my Soul ! do thou aspire
 To call this God of wonders, thine !

P S A L M C I V .

- 1 **B**LESS, O my Soul ! the Lord Most High,
 Whose presence fills all Heaven with light ;
 Who sits upon the circling sky,
 Enthron'd in majesty and might.
- 2 As with a garment, thou, thy head,
 With light, ineffable, dost hide !
 The clouds of Heaven by thee are spread,
 E'en as a curtain, stretching wide.
- 3 Thy chamber is the boundless sea,
 Where all earth's streams a refuge find ;
 The clouds of Heaven thy chariot be !
 Thou ridest on the stormy wind.
- 4 All things, with life, thy breath inspires !
 The Angels, thou hast spirits made !
 Thy ministers, are flaming fires,
 Who, round thy throne, their faces shade !
- 5 Thy mandate gave creation birth,
 And fill'd all space with forms divine ;
 The deep foundations of the earth,
 The everlasting hills are thine.
- 6 As with a mantle, thou dost hide
 With the great deep, the prostrate land !
 Thy billows o'er the mountains ride !
 Above the hills, thy waters stand !

- 7 At thy approach they instant fled !
 Conflicting waves thy word obey !
 At thy rebuke, they veiled their head !
 They hasted, at thy voice, away !
- 8 The waters thro' the mountains go,
 And by the Valley and the Glade, !
 Into that place profound below,
 Which thou hast for their dwelling made.
- 9 The central waters thou hast chain'd,
 No more, o'er earth, to spread dismay ;
 And thou, to Ocean, hast ordain'd
 The bound that shall his ragings stay.
- 10 The Springs, that, through the vallies, glide,
 Or 'mong the hills, by secret ways ;
 Thou didst, O Lord, their bed provide,
 And, flowing, they declare thy praise.
- 11 Where, from their crystal caves, they burst,
 Or, murmuring, through the vallies stray ;
 Wild Asses quench their raging thirst,
 Whilst Savage Beasts beside them play.
- 12 By them the Fowls of Heaven abide,
 And, there, their habitations make ;—
 There, Birds begin the song of pride,
 And Morn, with choral anthems, wake.
- 13 The thirsty hills thy bounty see,
 Thou, from thy chamber, giv'st them rain ;
 The earth is satisfied with thee,—
 Whose power, renews her face again.
- 14 The grass thou causest to arise,
 With Herbs, th' afflicted frame to cure ;
 Thy hand, the Beasts, with food, supplies,
 Whilst Autumn's promis'd fruits are sure.
- 15 The wine, that gladdens every heart,
 The oil, that makes our faces shine ;—
 The bread, which doth new strength impart,—
 Great Fountain of all Good ! is thine !

- 16 Forests, on Lebanon, appear ;
 Her Trees are full of sap ; serene,
 They proudly wave throughout the year,
 Clothed in thine endless garb of green.
- 17 There the Wild Stork, her house prepares,
 The Fir Tree is her lone abode ;
 The Eagle there thy goodness shares,
 And tastes the bounty of his God.
- 18 Upon the hills and mountains bare,
 The Wild Goats have a refuge found ;
 Thy liberal hand supports them there,
 Whilst Conies, mid the Rocks, abound.
- 19 The Moon and Stars thou biddest run
 Thro' Heaven's blue vault, with glory crown'd ;
 And thine the hand that leads the sun,
 His mystic and eternal round.
- Nor is thy thought, great King of Kings !
 To Nature's loftiest works confin'd :—
 The meanest link in living things,
 Thou graspest in thy mighty mind !
- 20 The darkness thou hast made, the night,
 With all her mists and shadows deep ;
 Wherein the Beasts of Prey delight,
 While from their lurking-place they creep.
- 21 Young Lions, roaring for their prey,
 Whilst from their voice all creatures flee ;
 Unknowingly, thy law obey,
 And seek their meat, O Lord, from thee.
- 22 When, in the east, the sun appears,—
 Yea, ere the first faint dawn, they fly !
 Tho' causing dread, yet, fill'd with fears,
 They in their dens of darkness lie !
- 23 Mankind, the sons of care, go forth
 To gain, with toil, their daily bread ;—
 To dress the vine and dig the earth,
 Until the shades of evening spread.

- 24 In all the forms which we behold,
 Thy hand, Omnipotent, we see :
 Thy works, O Lord, are manifold,
 Both Heaven and Earth, are full of thee !
- 25 What tongue thy boundless power shall tell !
 The raging sea obeys thy call,
 Where Fish, innumerable, dwell,
 With creeping things, both great and small.
- 26 There the tall ship, majestic glides,
 And there pursues her trackless way :
 There huge Leviathan abides,
 Whom thou hast made, therein, to play.
- 27 All things, that live, didst thou create,
 Thou art the only source of good ;
 The eyes of all upon thee wait,
 And of thee ask their daily food.
- 28 Whate'er thou givest, that they take,
 Thy liberal hand is open'd wide ;
 When, of thy bounty, all partake,
 And are, with fulness, satisfied.
- 29 When thou withdraw'st, they feel dismay,
 Their confidence expires—their trust ;
 They see no more the light of day,
 They perish, and return to dust.
- 30 Thy spirit, Lord ! thou sendest forth,
 When, Life, once more, their souls sustain ;
 Verdure renews the face of earth,
 And wide Creation smiles again.
- 31 The works of man in dust are laid,
 Imperfect, fleeting, immature ;
 But thine, in wisdom, thou hast made,
 And thine, forever, shall endure.
- Empires, and those who empires sway,
 With all that charms th' astonish'd eye ;
 By Time, will soon be swept away,
 And like a scroll be passed by.

But thou, unchanged, shalt remain,
 Encircled in thy Robe of Light!
 But thou, thro' endless years, shalt reign,
 When Sun and Stars are quench'd in night!

- 32 Thou dost in all thy works rejoice;
 Earth trembled at its Maker's look;—
 The smoking mountains fear'd thy voice!
 The World, to her foundation, shook!
- 33 I, of thy goodness, Lord, will sing,
 Whilst thou shalt give me breath to praise;
 I will adore thee, Heavenly King!
 Through the brief remnant of my days.

- 34 On thee, will I delight to wait,
 Thy mercy, shall inspire my voice;
 On thee, my soul shall meditate,
 And in thy strength will I rejoice.

- 35 Are there, who scorn thy holy name,
 Whose minds are far estranged from thee;
 Whose hearts thy judgments cannot tame,
 Who know not of their misery!—

Before thy fearful storms descend,
 Teach them how terrible, to dare
 That God! whose slightest thought might send
 Their souls to blackness and despair.

But I will of thy goodness sing;
 Thy Thunders at a distance fly!
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 Will I securely live or die.

PSALM CV.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks, O Israel, to the Lord,
 O call upon his name;
 Make known his praise, with one accord,
 And spread, through earth, his fame.

- 2 To God direct the song of praise,
His wonderous works declare;
To him, the joyful anthem raise,
Within the house of prayer.
- 3 Tell of his glory and his worth,
Praise him with harp and voice;
Let every heart, throughout the earth,
That loves the Lord, rejoice!
- 4 O Israel, seek your Maker's face,
The Lord, your God, adore:
Above all treasures, prize his grace,
From this time evermore.
- 5 His wonderous works recal to mind,
For marvellous they are:
Not to these lower scenes confin'd,—
They reach the farthest star.
- 6, 7 Ye seed of Abraham, own your God!
Forsake each evil way!
Proclaim his wonderous power abroad—
And your best homage pay.
- 8 His covenant shall stedfast be,
His oath no change can know;
A thousand generations, he
Included in one vow.
- 9, 10 His word, to Abraham first he sent—
Isaac received his aid;
Whilst an eternal covenant,
With Jacob once he made;
- 11, 12 Saying, "On thee will I bestow
"Canaan, that fruitful land;"
When, fierce and mighty was our foe,
And we a wandering band.
- 13, 14 Tho', nations strange, we dwelt among—
Through different countries moved;
He suffer'd none to do us wrong,—
For us, he Kings reprov'd.

- 15 Saying, to all beneath the sun,
 “ Let none my Saints alarm,—
 “ Nor trouble mine Anointed One,
 “ Nor do my Prophets harm.”
- 16 Moreover, by his mighty power,
 The famine, round, he spread ;
 He smote our Fathers, in that hour,
 Yea, he consum'd their bread.
- 17 He sent a man, before their face,
 Their footsteps to uphold,—
 Joseph, the Father of our race,
 Who for a Slave was sold :
- 18, 19 Whose feet, with fetters fast, were bound,
 In prison was he laid :
 He, of the Lord, was tried, and found
 Faithful and undismay'd.
- 20, 21 Then Pharaoh sent and loosed him,
 He brake his iron band ;
 He made him, of his house, supreme,
 And Ruler o'er the Land.
- 22 He bound, at pleasure, Princes great,
 He brought the proud to nought ;
 And those, as Senators, who sat,
 To them, he, wisdom, taught.
- 23 Jacob then down to Egypt came—
 To see his Son once more ;
 He sojourn'd in the land of Ham,
 Where plenty crown'd his store.
- 24 Then they a mighty host arose,
 God heard their groans and sighs ;
 He made them stronger than their foes,—
 Than their fierce enemies.
- 25 He turn'd th' Egyptian's heart to steel,
 He made them hate our Sire ;
 And false and subtilly to deal—
 Yea, for his death conspire.

- 26, 27 Till God his servant Moses sent,
 With Aaron, whom he chose :
 Trembling, at God's command they went,
 And awed our raging foes.
- 28 They saw the wonders of the Lord,
 For once, they God adore ;
 Nor more rebell'd against his word,
 As they had done before.
- 29, 30 He turn'd their waters into blood,
 The river's fish he slew ;
 Frogs, numberless, forsook the flood,
 Whose plague, e'en Pharaoh knew.
- 31 He spake, and divers flies arose,
 A yet unwitness'd host ;
 At God's command these plagued our foes,
 With Lice, in all their coast.
- 32, 33 A flaming fire consum'd their land,
 He gave them hail for rain ;
 He smote their vines, with his right-hand,
 Their trees, he brake in twain.
- 34, 35 He spake, and, forth the Locusts fled,
 With a tumultuous sound ;
 The ravenous Caterpillars spread
 Brown barrenness around.
- 36 God slew their first-born, he destroy'd
 The valourous men that were ;
 Whilst, for destruction, he employ'd
 His Ministers of care.
- 37 Till God, with his Almighty hand,
 Our Fathers' bands unbind :
 Nor was there one, amid the land,
 Or halt, or maim'd, or blind.
- 38 Egypt beheld our Sires depart,
 With joy they saw them go :
 They fear'd our Fathers in their heart,
 The cause of all their woe.

- 39 When they pursued, with clouds of night,
 God screen'd his Servants' head ;
 Or shew'd them, by a Pillar bright,
 The way which they should tread.
- 40 Jehovah's mercy never fails,
 His grace, to them, was given ;—
 They wanted, and he sent them Quails,
 He gave them bread from Heaven.
- 41 The Rock he open'd, when the waves,
 Gush'd forth, a copious tide ;
 The flood, from death, our fathers, saves,
 Their Souls were satisfied.
- 42, 43 He brought them forth with joy, they find,
 In him abundant aid ;
 For God, the promise, call'd to mind,
 Which he to Abraham made.
- 44 For us, doth God the warfare wage,
 Our hearts, with joy, he fill'd ;
 He gave us for our heritage,
 The land which others till'd ;—
- 45 That we, his goodness, might proclaim,—
 His guardian hand adore.—
 Praise ye the Lord ! O bless his name,
 From this time evermore.
-

P S A L M C V I.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, with joy confess,
 That he is Truth and Righteousness :
 Our God is good, his word is sure,
 His mercies evermore endure.
- 2, 3 Who can his mighty works declare ?
 Or who, with God, the Lord, compare ?
 Blest are the righteous, they delight
 To walk before their Maker's sight.

- 4 On me, that favour, Lord, bestow,
Which thou dost to thy people show :
With loving-kindness, visit me,
And let me thy salvation see :
- 5 That joy may yet inspire my voice,
That yet thy chosen may rejoice,—
And I, when thou shalt call me hence,
May dwell with thine Inheritance.
- 6 We, with our Sires, deserve to die,
With them, have we done wickedly ;
We have transgress'd before thy sight,
And thou might'st plunge our souls in night.
- 7 Our Sires, in Egypt, thee, forgot,
Thy mercies, they remember'd not:
By the Red-Sea's tumultuous tide,
They, in their madness, God defied.
- 8 Yet, for his mercy's sake, he led
Our Fathers, through the Ocean's bed:
He would not Israel quite disown,
That he might make his greatness known.
- 9 He, the Red-sea, rebuked, when, lo' !
Th' obedient waters ceased to flow !
Divided, by his right-arm, strong,
Unharm'd, our Fathers pass'd along.
- 10 Thus Israel's sons, in safety fly
Before the raging enemy ;
Their foes essay'd to do the same,
They, to the midst of Ocean, came ;—
- 11 Now, at the solemn voice of God,
Moses, in faith, stretch'd forth his rod !—
When, as it fell, the waters flow,
And one wide death, o'ertakes our foe !

Their boast is o'er! Their pride is past!—
O'erwhelm'd by the impetuous blast,
One moment on the surge they ride,
Then, sink in the conflicting tide !

The shout, that, late, Heaven's concave fill'd,
Is in this fearful moment still'd!
All sounds are hush'd, save the loud roar
Of winds, and waves, that lash the shore!

Proud Pharaoh, and his countless band,
Now strew, with death, the stormy strand!
Each wave, with a resistless force,
Casts on the shore a stiffen'd corse!

- 12 Our Fathers, then, in God believed,
With joy, his law, they then received;
To Heaven the thankful heart they raise,
And, freed from danger, sing his praise.
- 13, 14 But, soon, from God, they turn'd their eyes,
His Laws and Counsels they despise;
No more they in his ways abode,—
They, mid the desert, tempted God.
- 15 He gave them what their hearts desired,
But, in displeasure, God retired:
Because, in sin, their days, they spent,
Into their souls, he leanness sent.
- 16 Aaron, the Saint of the Most High,
They held, disdainful, in their eye:
They envied Moses, nor would hear
His Words, or, God, their Maker, fear.
- 17 The ground then open'd! God did show
Judgment, to his rebellious foe!
Dathan, Abiram, sank from view,
Whilst o'er them, Earth, her mantle, threw!
- 18 Jehovah, great as he is good,
Kindled a fire, whereon they stood;
A flame consumed that Company,
And in the wrath of God, they die!
- 19 At length, no more of Heaven afraid,
In Horeb's vale, a Calf they made;
They rais'd the molten Image high,
And, round their Idol, prostrate lie!

- 20 In Egypt's evil ways they trod;
They chang'd the glory of their God,
(Sins, which all former sins surpass)
Into an Ox that eateth grass!
- 21, 22 They now forgot what God had done
In Egypt, when he heard their groan;—
His wonderous works, by the Red-sea,
When he o'erwhelm'd their Enemy.
- 23 Then God, our Fathers, thought to slay,
But Moses turn'd his wrath away;
He, in the breach, appear'd, and spake,
And God forgave them for his sake.—
- 24, 25 They scorn'd his word and his command,
Yea, they despised the Promised Land!
They murmur'd whilst they there abode,
Nor hearken'd to the voice of God.
- 26, 27 Therefore his hand he lifted high,
That in the Desert all might die;—
Or, wandering through the earth, might shine
A monument of wrath divine.
- 28, 29 They join with Baal-Peor now,
And round his impious Altars bow;
Till, with their pride and discontent,
Upon them the fierce plague he sent.
- 30 Phineas pray'd, with fervent prayer,
He executed judgment there:
God's mercy, was again display'd,
His wrath was soothed, the Plague was stay'd.
- 31 The love, to God, which here he show'd,
The zeal with which his heart o'erflow'd,
Shall high exalt Phinea's name,
Through every future age the same.
- 32 Tho' God had thus preserved their life,
They grieved him at the wells of strife;
Through them, with Moses, it went ill,
He disobey'd his Maker's will.

- 33 Moses' meek spirit, there, they raise,
They there provok'd him by their ways,
Till unadvisedly he spake,
And griev'd his Maker, for their sake.
- 34, 35 They disobey'd the Lord's command,
The foe, they drove not from the land ;
Among the Heathen they appear'd,
Their ways they learn'd, their Gods they fear'd.
- 36 They serv'd *their* Idols with delight,
Nor walk'd, as in their Maker's sight ;
Idols to them were found a snare,
They ever will be, ever were.
- 37, 38 To heighten their impiety,
To Devils, lo ! their Daughters die !
They sacrificed their Sons !—A flood
Was form'd, of their own Offspring's blood !
- 39, 40 Thus, with their works, were they defiled,
Whilst on them, God no longer smiled :
The wrath, they kindled, of the Lord,
Till he, our sinful Sires, abhorr'd.
- 41 Israel no longer would he save,
But, them, to hostile Nations, gave ;
Through *them*, they felt the wrath of God,
Who ruled them with an iron rod.
- 42, 43 Their enemies oppress'd them sore ;
Captivity's hard yoke they bore ;
And they were all, both low and high,
Abased, for their iniquity.
- 44, 45 Yet God, when he beheld their state,
That they were grieved and desolate,
In mercy to their tears and sighs,
Softened their wrathful Enemies.
- 46 E'en those who led them captive, found,
Slow, in their ears, compassion, sound ;
His power subdued their hearts of steel,
And made their bosoms pity feel.—

- 47 Save us from bondage, yet once more,
So will we, thee, our God, adore;—
Once more our drooping spirits raise,
And we will ever sing thy praise.
- 48 Blest be the Lord ! for ever blest !
Thou art the friend of the distrest !—
Through endless years, will we proclaim,
Eternal honors to thy name !
-

PSALM CVII.

- 1 **O** Praise the Lord, who dwells above,
Give thanks unto his name,
For, everlasting is his love—
Through endless years the same.
- 2 Let all who worship the Most High,
With joy, this song repeat,—
“ He hath subdued our enemy,
“ He hath redeem’d our feet.”
- 3 When we with slavery were oppress’d,
And heavy bondage bore ;
From North, and South, from East, and West,
He gather’d us once more.
- 4 Our Fathers roam’d the desert wide,—
A solitary way :
No walled City, there they spied,
Where they awhile might stay.
- 5 Hunger and thirst they hourly felt,
Each told his sad complaint :
While, mid the Wilderness they dwelt,
Their souls within them faint.
- 6 Then, when no hand was nigh to bless,
Once more their God they sought :
Them, he redeem’d, from their distress,
And to green pastures brought.

- 7 By the right way he led them forth,
That they might find, at last,
A habitable spot of earth,—
A refuge from the blast.
- 8 O that mankind their God would praise,
From paths unrighteous flee ;
And own once more his wonderous ways,
For great and good they be.
- 9 He makes the bruised spirit whole,
(His word preserves or kills)
He satisfies the hungry soul,
And with his goodness fills.
- 10 To those who still in darkness sit,
Or mid death's dreary shade ;
Tho' bound in chains, when he sees fit,
He can vouchsafe his aid.
- 11, 12 Because our Fathers still rebell'd
Against the Lord Most High ;
Their necks in bondage' yoke he held,
Low in the dust they lie.
- 13 Then, to the Lord, they raised their voice,
Amid their troubles sore :
He made their souls again rejoice,
And rescued them once more.
- 14 He, in the greatness of his might,
Pour'd on our foes disdain ;
He brought us from the shades of night,
He brake our bands in twain.
- 15 O that mankind would bless the Lord,
For all his wonderous ways ;
And, for the Treasure of his Word,
Till death, their Maker praise.
- 16 His ways, our loftiest thoughts surpass !
High as the firmament !—
He hath destroy'd the gates of brass,
The bands of iron rent.

- 17 Fools, for transgressions, feel his rod,
 Whilst round his arrow flies :
 Rather will they forsake their God,
 Than their iniquities.
- 18 They loath'd the bread which once they sought,
 No more for meat they crave ;
 Till, near to death's dark chambers brought,
 They view the yawning grave.
- 19, 20 Then, to the Lord, they raise their eye,
 Mid troubles, deep and sore !—
 He saved them from their misery,
 He rescued them once more !
- 21 O that mankind their God would praise,
 And his great name adore ;—
 With joy confess his wonderous ways,
 And love him more and more !
- 22 Let us the grateful offering pay
 To our Eternal King ;
 And thankfully, from day to day,
 Of all his goodness sing.
- 23 Those who go down unto the Sea,
 Who mid great waters dwell ;
 These view Jehovah's Majesty,
 And of his might can tell.
- 24 Wonders, beyond what tongue hath told,
 They see before them there :
 They look, yet nothing they behold,
 But boundless sea and air.
- 25 For he commands, and, lo, the waves
 Ascend to Heaven on high ;
 Ocean, in all his fury, raves,
 Whilst tempests sweep the sky.
- 26 Fill'd with unutterable woe,
 High on the wave they rise,
 Then, to the depth, beneath, they go,
 Where death before them lies.

- 27 Now fears their labouring spirits fan,
 Beneath dismay they bend;
 They stagger like a drunken man,
 And are at their wit's end.
- 28 Then, God's great power, their hearts confess,
 To him they trembling flee;
 He brings them out of their distress,
 He curbs the raging Sea!
- 29 Into their wound he pours a balm,
 Their soul, with joy, he fills;
 He makes the furious storm a calm,
 And the proud billow stills.
- 30 By his Omnipotent decree,
 He checks the raging blast;—
 To the desired haven, he
 Conducts them safe at last.
- 31 O that, such men, the Lord would praise,
 His holy name adore;
 And love him for his wonderful ways,
 From this time evermore.
- 32 Let them exalt their God on High,
 To all the people round;
 And, mid the Elders, to the sky,
 Jehovah's praises sound.
- 33 Streams, to the wilderness, he brings,
 The desert, verdure, hails;
 He drieth up the water-springs,
 While man their loss bewails.
- 34, 35 He turns (Transgressors to distress,
 That they his voice might hear)
 The fruitful land to barrenness,
 The fields to deserts drear.
- 36, 37 He makes the hungry, there, to dwell,
 And there strong Cities build,
 That corn and wine, their stores, may swell,
 And the bare earth be till'd.

- 38 His blessing multiplies their race,
 He suffers (where they thrive)
 Not e'en their Cattle to decrease,
 He keeps their flocks alive.
- 39 Again his servants are brought low,
 Through sorrow and distress,—
 Oppression, indigence, and woe;
 His smiles no longer bless.
- 40 Jehovah pours contempt on pride,
 On Princes great and high;
 He drives them to the desert wide,
 Unfriended, there, to die.
- 41 The sons of poverty and care,
 He placeth in their stead;
 Whose numerous sons arise and share
 Their prostrate Princes' bread.
- 42 This shall the Righteous see, and own,
 O Lord, thy power divine;
 Iniquity shall be o'erthrown,
 And all the praise be thine.
- 43 Whoso is wise, amid the land,
 And will observe thy word;
 E'en he these things, shall understand,
 With all thy kindness, Lord!

PSALM CVIII.

- 1 MY heart, O God, is now secure,
 And fixed firm on thee,
 Whose praise I'll sing, while life endure,
 Yea, through eternity.
- 2 Awake! ye sons of the Most High!
 Your Harp and Psaltery take!
 Ere the faint dawn illumines the sky,
 Will I, to praise, awake.

- 3 Among the people, day by day,
Will I, thy goodness sound ;
Among the Nations, far away,
Yea, through the earth around.
- 4 Great in the Heavens thy mercies shine,
Each cloud, thy power displays ;
All Nature, speaks the Hand Divine,
And shouts its Maker's praise.
- 5 Be thou, O Lord, exalted high,
Almighty King of Kings !
Above the Earth, above the Sky,
Above created things.
- 6, 7, 8 The Lord doth now no longer chide ;
Now is my joy complete ;
Shechem shall these my hands divide,
And Succoth's Valley mete.
- 9 Moab shall soon my wash-pot be !
O'er Edom, will I cast—
My Shoe, and let Philistia see,
That all her pride is past.
- 10 Who will conduct our joyful feet,
Where the strong Cities stand ?—
And lead—To Edom's fam'd retreat,
The terror of the land ?
- 11 Wilt not thou, O our God, awake
And lay the Heathen low ?—
Tho' thou our tribes didst late forsake,
And give them to the foe ?
- 12 Thou wert our hope in every hour,
Since Time his course began ;
O help us by thy mighty power,
For vain the help of man.
- 13 Still, on the Lord, will we rely,—
The God our Fathers knew ;
Through him will we do valiantly,
And all our foes subdue.

PSALM CIX.

1, 2 **G**OD of my praise, hold not thy peace!
 Alike, on every side,
 My raging enemies increase,
 Whose mouths are open'd wide.

3 With lying tongue they compass me,
 With words of hate and strife;
 Without a cause, enrag'd they be,
 They hourly seek my life.

4 Tho' wrathful, these my foes, appear,
 Who would my steps ensnare;
 Why should my spirit sink with fear,
 I'll give myself to prayer.

This is a safe and sovereign charm,
 Which all who chuse may seek;
 That can the strongest foe disarm,
 And valiant make the weak.

5 For good, have they rewarded me,
 With evils deep and sore;
 Hatred, for love, I daily see,
 Yet still I'll thee adore.

6 He, on the wicked man, shall wait,
 Whilst, at his side, shall stand,
 Satan, the fallen Potentate
 Of the infernal band.

7 When judged for his impiety,
 His torments shall begin:
 His very prayers, if prayers they be,
 Shall aggravate his sin.

8 He soon shall sink into the lake
 Which burns with ceaseless fire;
 His stewardship shall another take,
 And his last hope expire.

- 9 No parent's eye, his sons, shall bless ;
 Torn from the feast of life,
 His children shall be fatherless,
 And widowed be his wife.
- 10 His Sons, the vile of earth, shall swell,
 To dens shall they retreat ;—
 'Mid desolations they shall dwell,
 And beg the bread they eat.
- 11 Extortioners shall seize his all ;
 Whilst wrath, his spirit, fires,
 Vainly shall he for judgment call,—
 Earth loaths him and retires.
- 12 Mercy shall none to him extend,
 Nor (whilst his crimes arise,)
 Shall they his helpless sons befriend,
 But smother Nature's sighs.
- 13 When having dwelt with toil and strife,
 And drunk their cup of grief,
 His Offspring, from the Tree of Life,
 Shall wither like the leaf.
- 14 Their Father's crimes, when sunk in night,
 Shall on his children rest ;
 On them, their Mother's sins shall light,
 And pierce, with spears, their breast.
- 15 Before the Lord, his crimes shall stand,
 A dread memorial there ;
 That God may sweep him from the land,
 And plunge him in despair.
- 16 Because he mercy cast aside
 This is his righteous due :—
 He scorn'd the sufferer in his pride,
 The broken heart he slew.

As he in cursing took delight
 So shall he curses bear ;
 Blessings he banished from his sight
 And shall not blessings share

- 18, 19 Himself, as with a garment, round,
 In curses, he array'd;
 So curses, in his ears, shall sound
 From midnight's darkest shade.
- 20 My God shall thus the man reward
 Who pours contempt on me :—
 The indignation of the Lord
 His wretched doom shall be.
- 21 No more let men my soul confound,
 No more, my heart, dismay,
 Because thy mercy knows no bound,
 Deliver me, I pray !
- 22 For I both needy am and poor,
 My soul, within me sighs :
 The wounded spirit I endure,
 Whilst, comfort, nought supplies.
- 23 Like wasting shadows, to the grave,
 My tottering footsteps go ;
 I, like a locust, on the wave,
 Am tossed to and fro.
- 24 My knees, through fasting, now are weak,
 My flesh, with grief, decays ;
 The shades of darkness, fast I seek,
 Where end my mortal days.
- 25 I, a reproach, am now become,
 To those whom once I fed ;
 They say, " He hastes to his long home,"
 They look, and shake their head.
- 26, 27 O Lord, my God, thine aid bestow,
 My drooping spirit cheer,
 That all my foes, thy hand, may know,
 And see that thou art near.
- 28 I'll let them curse, if thou wilt bless,
 Make me, O Lord, thy choice ;
 So shalt thou be my righteousness,
 And in thee I'll rejoice.

- 29 My foes shall soon be cloath'd in shame,
And deep confusion see,
But I will glory in thy name,
And put my trust in thee.
- 30 My joyful tongue, to the Most High,
The lofty song shall raise :
Among the multitude, will I
The Lord, my Maker, praise.
- 31 He shall appear at the right-hand,
Of those who dwell in night;
Beside the afflicted shall he stand,
And save them by his might.

PSALM CX.

- 1 **U**NTO my Lord, Jehovah said,
“ Sit thou at my right hand,
“ Until, thy footstool, I have made,—
“ All who thy power withstand.”
- 2 To thy strong arm, let stout hearts bow,
Thy rod, from Zion, send ;
Amidst thine enemies, do thou
Thy sovereign power extend.
- 3 When thou, O God, shalt speak the word,
Thy sons shall willing be ;
Array'd in holiness, O Lord,
They all shall dwell with thee.
- From the first dawn of morning light,
The dewy hour of grace ;
Thy sons shall in thy law delight,
And love thy dwelling-place.
- 4 My Lord, shall trample on their neck,
Who, to resist him, dare ;—
The order of Melchezedek,
Shall he for ever bear.

- 5 At thy right-hand, in dread array,
The Lord shall meet thy foe,
And strike through Monarchs, in that day
When he, his wrath, shall show.
- 6 The Heathen shall his judgment see,
All places, death, shall fill;
The Kings of many countries, he
Shall in his anger kill.
- 7 His unseen table, Heaven shall spread,
In him shall God delight;
Therefore shall he lift up his head,
And vindicate his right.

P S A L M CXI.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! My heart shall praise,
Mid upright men, his name;
His loving-kindness, all my days,
Will I, with joy, proclaim.
- 2 Thy works, O Lord, are vast and great,
Thy servants know them well;
On these they love to contemplate,
And, of thy power, to tell.
- 3 Thy works are glorious, O Most High!
Thy righteousness shall last,
When the wide Ocean, Earth and Sky,
Have back to nothing past.
- 4 Thy works were placed before our view,
To call our God to mind;
And thou art full of mercy too,
Gracious, and ever kind.
- 5 No good his servants e'er shall want,
They, of his meat, partake:
He'll not forget his covenant,
Nor humble souls forsake.

- 6 To us hath he, his power made known,
That we his face might seek ;
Whilst, all his foes shall be o'erthrown,
When he the word shall speak.
- 7, 8 His works are righteousness and truth,
The same through every land :
Cloth'd in th' eternal garb of youth,
Shall his commandments stand.
- 9 His covenant is still the same,
He hath redeem'd us all ;
Holy and reverend is *his* name,
On whom our spirits call.
- 10 Wisdom's first ray, the dawn of light,—
Is—Love, O Lord, to thee !
Deprived of this, we grope in night,
Nor rightly hear or see.

Good Understandings, they enjoy,
Altho' they little know ;
Who, in thy praise, their hearts employ,
Whilst dwelling here below.

Tho' earthly wisdom may not bless,
Nor light of science cheer ;
The best of knowledge we possess,
If we have learn'd thy fear.

The wisest men below the skies
This truth at last will see ;—
That they have follow'd vanities,
In wandering, Lord ! from thee.

PSALM CXII.

- 1, 2 **B**LESS'D is the man who fears the Lord,
Whose soul delighteth in his word ;
His sons to honour shall arise,
Whilst God their every want supplies.

- 3 Riches and wealth his house shall fill,
The Lord shall be his guardian still ;
The fruits of righteousness shall last
Till Heaven itself away is past.
- 4 When death and darkness cloud their eyes,
To upright men, shall light arise ;
The gracious and compassionate,
Upon their God, in Heaven, shall wait.
- 5 The good man lendeth and bestows
Favour on him who sorrow knows ;
He guides discreetly his affairs,
Whilst love, to all mankind, he bears.
- 6 When to the grave his head descends,
He leaves behind him weeping friends ;
Who knew his ways, who priz'd him well,
And, of his worth, who love to tell.
- 7, 8 He shall not evil tidings fear,
He knows his God is ever near :
His heart can trust th' Almighty's word,
And still is fixed in the Lord.
- 9 What he received at first from God,
He hath, with joy, dispersed abroad ;
He seeks the broken heart to bind,
And is the friend of all mankind.
- Envy, from far, his deeds, shall spy,
And, toward him, Malice dart her eye ;
Yet, heedless, he pursues his way,
And leaves them to themselves a prey.
- 10 Tho' he but gives what he received,
The wicked at his ways, are grieved,
They gnash upon him with their teeth,
And would o'erwhelm his soul in death.

But soon, like snow, they disappear,
They melt away ! Their doom is near !
They, to confusion, shall be brought,
And perish with their evil thought.

PSALM CXIII.

- 1, 2 YE servants of the Lord, unite
 To praise your Maker with delight ;
 His power revere, his name adore,
 From this time forth, and evermore.
- 3 From where the sun ascends on high,
 To where he leaves the glowing sky,
 Mankind, their Maker should confess,
 And praise him for his righteousness.
- 4 The Lord is, of the humble, found,
 The Lord, with might, is compass'd round ;
 Above all nations he ascends ;
 His glory to the Heaven extends.
- 5 Thou spread'st the spacious sky abroad ;
 Who can compare with thee, O God !
 Thou dwellest in the world above,
 Great source of life, and light, and love !
- 6 Thyself, thou humblest to survey
 Whate'er is done in realms of day ;
 Far more, to view the things, which, here,
 Greatest, to mortal eyes appear.
- 7, 8 His throne for ever shall endure ;
 He, from the dust, exalts the poor :
 The needy, from the dunghill, he,
 Places on thrones of sovereignty.
- 9 The barren woman, he can raise,
 And fill her mouth, with lasting praise ;
 The joyful Mother, he can make,
 Of her, who once was desolate.

PSALM CXIV.

1, 2 **W**HEN Israel, set, from bondage, free,
 From Egypt took their flight;
 To God they bent the willing knee,
 And served him with delight.

3 The Sea beheld him, and retired,
 Jordan was driven back:
 By awe of the Most High inspired,
 He left his ancient track.

4 The lofty Mountains skipp'd like Rams,
 Whilst their hoarse voices sound;
 Frolick'd, the little hills, like Lambs,
 When verdure clothes the ground.

5 What aileth thee, that thou, O Sea!
 Should'st leave thy ancient track?—
 Thou Jordan! wherefore should it be
 That thou wert driven back?

6 Why did ye, Mountains! skip like Rams,
 Upon that solemn day?
 Wherefore, ye Little Hills! like Lambs,
 Did Ye, in frolic, play?—

7 Earth trembled at th' Almighty's word!
 In darkness, there he trod!—
 Yea, at the presence of her Lord—
 The presence of her God!

8 He smote the flinty rock when, lo!
 In a tumultuous tide,
 The waters of the fountain, flow,
 And all were satisfied.

P S A L M CXV.

- 1 NOT unto us, O Lord, Most High !
 Shall the loud harp and cornet wake ;
 But, unto thy great Majesty,
 And for thy truth and mercy's sake.
- 2 Why should the Heathen proudly say,
 “ Where is the God, in whom ye trust.”—
 The insects of a summer's day !—
 The less than vanity and dust !
- 3 Omnipotent are thy decrees !
 In Heaven thou dwell'st, amid the storms !
 And whatsoever thou dost please,
 Thy thought, O Lord, alone performs !
- 4, 5 Silver and Gold, *their* Idols weak,
 The work of mortal hands they be ;
 Tho' they have mouths they cannot speak,
 Tho' they have eyes they cannot see.
- 6 Tho' they have ears, they cannot hear,
 Nor with their molten noses smell ;
 Yet, these, the Heathen Nations fear,
 And of their wonders proudly tell !
- 7 Tho' they have hands, they handle not,
 Tho' they have feet they cannot walk ;
 They dwell in one continued spot,
 Whilst, to his fellow, none can talk.
- 8 Like unto them, their Makers are,
 As brutish, as devoid of sense ;—
 With those who follow them from far,
 And, in them, view—Omnipotence !
- 9, 10 O Israel ! trust thou in the Lord !
 He is thy help and he thy shield :
 Aaron !—his mighty deeds, record,
 And to thy God thy homage yield !

- 11 Ye who profess the Lord to fear,
Fear him indeed, and on him wait :
He is their help, and ever near
To those who stand at Zion's gate.
- 12 Of us the Lord hath mindful been,
The House of Aaron he will bless :
Israel, mid dangers, he will screen,
And help him out of his distress.
- 13 All those who truly seek his face,
Both small and great, shall ever find,
That he will grant them heavenly grace,
And in distress, support their mind.
- 14 All ye who his great name adore,
Tread the good paths of righteousness :
He shall increase you more and more,—
You, and your children, he will bless.
- 15 Still tread where all the Prophets trod,
Daily, with praise and prayer, go forth ;
Ye are the chosen of that God—
Who spread the Heavens, who form'd the earth.
- 16 The Skies, with all their starry train,
Are his abode, he made them all ;
His hands the Firmament sustain,
Whilst round him serving Seraphs fall.

The world, on man hath he bestow'd—
This beauteous earth, on which we stand ;
And we are journeying on the road,
Which leads to Heavenly Canaan's land.

Whoe'er their Lord's commands obey,
Tho' once with earthly cares oppress'd ;
Shall join, amid these realms of day,
The company of Spirits Bless'd.—

Scenes, such as whilst they raise the eye
Unutterable thoughts inspire ;—
E'en as the nightly polar sky,
When the vast concave glows with fire.

- 17 The Dead, thy praises, cannot sound—
 The men who slumber in the dust;—
 They cannot make thy name resound,
 And in the Lord Almighty, trust :
- 18 But we will, thee, O Lord, adore,
 Throughout the remnant of our days :
 From this time forth and evermore,
 Will we, the Lord, our Maker, praise.
-

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **I** Love the Lord, he heard my voice,
 When trouble press'd me sore ;
 In him alone will I rejoice,
 And only him adore.
- 2 Because he hath inclined his ear
 To hear when I complain ;
 The God of Jacob I will fear
 As long as life remain.
- 3 Death's sorrows compass'd me about,
 The pains of Hell I felt ;
 I was oppress'd with fear and doubt,
 And mid affliction dwelt.
- 4 Then, to my God, I humbly pray'd,
 With fervent voice, I said,
 O Lord, to me, vouchsafe thine aid,
 And raise again my head.
- 5 Gracious and merciful art thou,
 Righteous, in all thou dost :
 Those who before thine Altar bow,
 In thee shall put their trust.
- 6 The simple, who, their sense, betray,
 I would not, Lord, despise ;
 Thou mad'st them what they are : they may
 Be precious in thine eyes.

- 7 My Soul ! In God, all fullness see,
Of Beings, first and best ;
I was brought low, he helped me,—
Return unto thy rest !
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd my soul, from fear,
Uphold my sliding feet !
Thou hast restrain'd my falling tears,
And been my sure retreat.
- 9 I will henceforth before thee walk,
Whilst here on earth I dwell ;
Of thee will I delight to talk,
And of thy goodness tell.
- 10, 11 I turn'd, from God, th' imploring eye,
I was in sorrow drown'd ;
I said, in haste, and slanderously,
All men are liars found.
- 12 Yet, what on God, shall I bestow,
Or how his praise declare—
For all the benefits I owe,
To his Almighty care ?
- 13, 14 For thy salvation, O my King !
I'll praise thee day by day ;
Duly will I my offerings bring,
My vows, with gladness, pay.
- 15 Thy word shall give my soul delight,
And silence all complaints ;
For thou hast said, that, " in thy sight,
" Precious are dying Saints !"
- 16 I am thy servant, O Most High !
My Mother loved thy name ;
She was thy handmaid, Lord, and I
Would worship thee the same.
- 17 The offering of a grateful heart,
To thee, I'll gladly yield :
I will, from evil, hence, depart,
And make thy name my shield.

- 18 To thee my vows, I'll duly pay
 Before the People round ;
 I will thy mighty works display,
 Thy matchless wonders sound.

I'll make my God, my constant theme,
 His goodness I'll record :
 Amidst thee, O Jerusalem !
 My tongue shall praise the Lord !

PSALM CXVII.

GIVE to the Lord, your noblest praise,
 His matchless power proclaim ;
 Let every tongue and people raise
 An Altar to his name.

The mercies of the Lord, are great,
 Returning every hour ;
 On those, who stand at Zion's gate,
 He will rich blessings shower.

Whilst all material things decay,
 Or boast an empty name ;
 When endless years are swept away,
 The Lord is still the same.

PSALM CXVIII.

- 1, 2 **G**IVE thanks to God, for he is good,
 This have our Fathers understood ;
 His word is true, his promise sure,
 His mercies evermore endure.

- 3, 4 Let Aaron and his sons confess
 That he is truth and righteousness ;
 Let all who fear the Lord, proclaim,—
 His mercies still endure the same.

- 5, 6 In my distress, to God, I cried,
And he my every want supplied;
Whilst God, my Father's trust, is near,
I will not Men nor Devils fear.
- 7, 8 The Lord, my strength and shield, will be,
Therefore my eyes shall triumph see;
'Tis better in the Lord to trust,
Than to put confidence in dust.
- 9, 10, 11 'Tis better on the Lord to wait,
Than to confide in Princes great:
The Nations compass me around,
But I, through God, will them confound.
- 12, 13 Like Bees, they compass me about,
But o'er them I will, victory, shout;
They, at me, thrust th' impetuous sword,
But I am helped by the Lord.
- 14, 15 Jehovah is my strength and song—
Salvation—and my buckler strong;
Thou wilt, the house of righteousness,
With peace, and joy, and gladness, bless.
- 16, 17 His right-hand he exalteth high—
His right-hand doeth valiantly :—
That I his wonders may declare,
The Lord my fleeting life will spare.
- 18, 19 The Lord, my soul, hath chasten'd sore,
Yet not, to death, resign'd me o'er :
Spread wide the gates of righteousness,
That I may there, my Maker bless.
- 20, 21 They are the Lord's ! I love them well,
Mid these the Just, delight to dwell ;
God, my salvation, I adore,
And I will praise him evermore.
- 22 The Stone, which, in their impious pride,
The scoffing builders cast aside,
Is now become the Corner Stone !—
Stedfast as Heaven's Eternal Throne !

- 23 In this th' Almighty's hand we view,
Which can the wrath of man subdue !
Most marvellous doth it appear
To all who, God, their Maker, fear !
- 24, 25 This is th' appointed day, when we,
To God will raise sweet minstrelsy ;
Once more, O Lord, thy favour show,
And save us from our raging foe.
- 26 Bless'd are the men, who, in *thy* name,
Salvation from the Lord proclaim ;
We, from his house, are bless'd, and find,
A balm, to cure our wounded mind.
- 27 The Lord, to us, hath shewed light,—
He is the only infinite !
Where the proud Altar's horns arise,
Bind, with strong cords, the sacrifice:
- 28 Thou art my God, and I will raise
To thee, the grateful song of praise ;
Thou art my God, and I will still
Exalt thy name on Zion's Hill.
- 29 Give thanks unto the Lord Most High !
His goodness reacheth to the sky.—
His Law is truth, his word is sure,
His mercies evermore endure.

PSALM CXIX.—Part 1.—ALEPH.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the men who love thy word,
Who in thy way abide ;
Who walk as in thy sight, O Lord,
And make thy law their guide.
- 2 Blessed are they, alone, who keep
Thy testimonies true ;—
With their whole hearts, their God, who seek
In all they say and do.

- 3 They learn to shun iniquity,
They walk in all thy ways ;
They seek thy favour, O Most High !
And thy commandments praise.
- 4 Thou hast commanded us to keep
Thy precepts with delight :
We know that when we wake and sleep,
We still are in thy sight.
- 5 O that my spirit were inclined
To keep thy statutes sure ;
Then sin no more would fill my mind,
For thy commands are pure.
- 6 Then should I never be ashamed,
Thy righteous paths, to tread ;
Or grieve that I, thy name had named,
Or from transgression fled.
- 7 I'll praise thee, with an upright heart,
When I, thy judgments, know ;
Nor from thy precepts more depart,
While dwelling here below.
- 8 My guide, thy statutes, I will make ;
Thy quickening spirit send,
Nor utterly my soul forsake,
My best, my only friend !
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 2.—BETH.

- 9 **H**OW shall a young Man cleanse his way,
And please thee, O our Lord ?—
By taking heed, from day to day,
According to thy word.
- 10 With my whole heart, where'er I be,
I turn, to God, mine eyes ;
O let me roam no more from thee,
But thy commandments prize.

- 11 Thy law, within my heart, I hide,
I make it my delight;
That these my footsteps may not slide,
Mid slippery paths and night.
- 12 Blessed art thou, O Lord, my God!
To me thy statutes show,
That I may spread thy praise abroad,
And thy salvation know.
- 13 With faithful lips, have I declared
The judgments of thy mouth;
Me hast thou oft, 'mid danger, spared,
E'en from my earliest youth.
- 14 To me, O Lord, thy statute brings
A joy from day to day,
Far more than riches, which have wings,
And quickly fly away.
- 15 Thy precepts I will love to praise,
I will thy law obey;
And have respect unto thy ways,
Whilst through the earth I stray.
- 16 I, in thy statutes will delight,—
Thy holy name adore;
And walk as in my Maker's sight,
From this time evermore.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 3.—GIMEL.

- 17 **D**EAL bountifully with me, Lord,
Once more upon me shine;
That I may live, and keep thy word,
And be for ever thine.
- 18 Open my eyes that I may see,
Out of thy holy law,
The wondrous things which there there be,
And thence instruction draw.

- 19 I am a sojourner on earth,
To me thy favour show ;
I am a stranger, from my birth,
Let me thy precepts know.
- 20 Lord, in thy judgments, I delight;
My longing soul doth sigh
To dwell for ever in thy sight,
Above this lower sky.
- 21 The proud in heart, who cursed are,
They are rebuked by thee ;
They, from thy precepts, wander far,
And thus thy judgments see.
- 22 Oft for my sins I mourn and weep,
Put thou contempt away ;
I now thy testimonies keep,
Nor more from thee would stray.
- 23 Princes august, and Nobles great,
Against me proudly spake ;
But still, on thee, I meditate,
Thy word, my guide, I make.
- 24 I, from thy blessed precepts draw
Unspeakable delight ;
By day, I ponder on thy law,
And meditate by night.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 4.—DALETH.

- 25 **M**Y soul still cleaveth to the dust,
My heart is far from thee ;
Lord, in thy holy name I trust,
In mercy quicken me.
- 26 I have declared my ways; thy word,
To me, is ever dear;
Thou heardest me ! O teach me, Lord,
Thy statutes still to fear.

- 27 Make me to understand thy way,
 Illumine thou mine eyes ;
 So shall my heart, thy law, obey,
 Thy works, and wonders, prize.
- 28, 29 My heart doth melt with heaviness,
 Strengthen my feeble knee ;
 Let sin no more, my soul distress,
 But love me graciously.
- Let me no more delight in lies,
 O save me from that snare,
 Or thou wilt scorn my sacrifice,
 And I thy wrath shall bear.
- 30 I, in the ways of truth, delight,
 These are my daily choice ;
 Thy word I spread before my sight,
 And in thy law rejoice.
- 31 Thy testimonies I approve,
 O put me not to shame ;
 Nor ever, from that soul, remove,
 Who loves thy holy name.
- 32 From sin, my guilty soul, redeem,
 From Satan set me free ;
 So, while thy precepts are my theme,
 My heart, enlarged shall be.

PSALM CXIX.—Part 5.—HE.

- 33 **T**EACH me, O Lord, my truest friend,
 The road to Heaven, above ;
 So shall I keep it to the end,
 And all thy statutes love.
- 34 Give me the wisdom from on high,
 So shall I keep thy law,
 And, from thy word, my wants supply,—
 My choicest comforts draw.

- 35 Make me to go in the right way,—
 The path to thy right-hand;
 And still, to think, whilst here I stray,
 On Canaan's better land.
- 36 Incline mine heart to love thy word,—
 To make thy law my guide;
 Nor e'er to covet what, my Lord,
 In mercy, hath denied.
- 37 May I, mine eyes, from vanity,
 For ever turn away;
 O Lord, regard my mournful cry,
 O quicken me I pray.
- 38 Within my heart, establish thou
 A holy fear of thee;
 May I, to God, in all things, bow,
 And there my safety see.
- 39 Turn the reproach, I so much dread,
 In mercy, Lord, aside:
 By thy good law, may I be led,
 From vanity and pride.
- 40 I, for thy heavenly precepts long,
 O quicken me once more;
 So shall thy judgments be my song,
 From this time evermore.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 6.—VAU.

- 41 **○** Let thy mercies on me rest;
 Let me appear, O Lord,
 To men, with thy salvation, blest,
 According to thy word:
- 42 So, the fit answer shall I make,
 To those who blame the just.
 Do not, O Lord, my soul forsake,
 For in thy law I trust.

- 43 Take not thy word of truth away,
Nor leave my soul in night;
Thy judgments lead to endless day,
And all thy paths are right.
- 44 If, to my God, I daily flee,
From earth, my soul, 'twill wean:
Thy word, continually, will be,
The staff on which I lean.
- 45 If, for thy precepts, Lord, I sigh,
And fear to step aside;
I then shall walk at liberty,
And in thy paths abide.
- 46 I will declare thy ways, O Lord;
Nought shall my spirit shame;
Before e'en Kings will I record
The greatness of thy name.
- 47 In thy commandments I delight,
All other guides are vain:
Thy smiles can cheer the shades of night,
And sooth the bed of pain.
- 48 I will lift up my hands to thee,
Thy holy name adore:
Thy statutes my delight shall be,
From this time evermore.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 7.—ZAIN.

- 49 **R**EMEMBER thou thy promise, Lord,
On thee I humbly call;
My only hope is in thy word,
Thou art my all in all.
- 50 In sorrow thou canst joy bestow,
Thy WORD inspires my breast;
It is th' appointed goal for woe,
Where weary souls may rest.

- 51 The proud man hath derided me,
And spurn'd me from his sight;
Yet, in thy law, such good I see,
It is my great delight.
- 52 Thy ways, of old, I call to mind,
To those who loved thy name;
And there I consolation find,
For thou art still the same.
- 53 When I behold the power of sin,
Which reigns where'er I go;
Horrors, untold, I feel within,
My eyes with tears o'erflow.
- 54 O Lord, through all my pilgrimage,
Through all this desert wide;
Thy laws my sorrow can assuage;
They are my only guide.
- 55 Amid the lonely hours of night,
Thy name to me is dear;
Thy precepts are my chief delight,
Whilst, thus, I sojourn here.
- 56 If I have tasted ought of good,
Or felt a ray within,
It is that I have understood
Thy law, and fled from sin.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 8.—CHETH.

- 57 **T**HOU art my portion, thou my stay,
Thou art my strength, O Lord;
I said that I would thee obey,
And keep thy holy word.
- 58 I earnestly thy favour sought,
The greatest good below!
Upon thy mercy oft I thought,
To me that mercy show.

- 59 Reflection I no longer spurn'd,
 I ponder'd on my ways ;
 I to thy testimonies turn'd,
 And loved, my God, to praise.
- 60 Remembering life was but a day,
 Fast drawing to an end ;
 I hasted and made no delay,
 To make my God, my Friend.
- 61 Robbers and evil men, ere this,
 'Gainst me, themselves, have set ;
 Yet I will dread to do amiss,
 And ne'er thy law forget.
- 62 I, in the midnight hour, will rise,
 Yea, even, with delight,
 To yield th' obedient sacrifice,
 For all thy ways are right.
- 63 I, the companion, am, of those,
 Who, God, their Maker, fear ;
 None shall, who his commands oppose,
 Before my face appear.
- 64 The earth, O Lord, is full of thee,
 Thy mercies round me shine ;
 Alike, in all the things that be,
 I see the Hand Divine.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 9.—TETH.

- 65 **T**HOU hast done all things wise and well,
 According to thy word ;
 O let me in thy presence dwell,
 And worship thee, O Lord.
- 66 Teach me good judgment, let me make
 My choice, of wisdom's ways ;
 That when the road to death I take,
 My soul may sing thy praise.

- 67 Before affliction clear'd my sight,
I walk'd in Folly's way,
But now thy word is my delight,
I go no more astray.
- 68 Whoe'er thy laws have understood,
Have found them very dear;
Thou both art good and doest good,—
A God for ever near!
- 69 Their lies, the proud, upon me, heap,
Those who, from thee, depart;
But I will still thy precepts keep,
And give thee my whole heart.
- 70 They all are fat, and full of pride,
No evil days they see:
Yet I will make thy law my guide,
For there I learn of thee.
- 71 'Tis good for me that I have known,
Affliction and distress;
Thou hast, in them, thy mercy shown,—
Thy goodness I confess.
- 72 Dearer, for these, thy law, I hold;
Thy precepts, more, I prize,
Than hoards of perishable gold,
Which Sinners idolize.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 10.—JOD.

- 73 **T**HINE hands did fashion me, O Lord;
O grant me wisdom true,
That I may make thy holy word
My Guide, in all I do.
- 74 They who thy name adore, will see,
With joy, the Stranger's face;
And, with delight, will welcome me,
Amid thy holy place.

- 75 I know that all thy ways are right ;
That thou, in faithfulness,
Hast veil'd my fairest hopes in night,
My soul to cleanse and bless.
- 76 Thy loving-kindnesses are great,
They, daily, joy bestow :
Let me, whilst in thy courts I wait,
New consolation know.
- 77 Thy tender mercies let me find,
Increasing day by day :
Comfort, thy precepts yield my mind,
When sorrows on me prey.
- 78 Let shame the proud man's bosom fill,
Who walks in shades and night ;
Yet I will love thy precepts still,
And make them my delight.
- 79 Let those who fear thy holy name,
Together, join with me ;
That we, thy goodness, may proclaim,
With all sweet minstrelsy.
- 80 Establish thou my wayward heart,
O Lord, 'till time shall end ;
That I may never more depart
From thee, my heavenly Friend !
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 11.—CAPH.

- 81 **M**Y soul for thy salvation faints,—
To leave this garb of dust ;
But in the midst of my complaints,
Still in thy word I trust.
- 82 In pondering on thy holy law,
My wearied sight decays ;
When shall I all my comfort draw
From walking in thy ways.

- 83 I, like a bottle, in the smoke,
Do scarcely now appear ;
Yet do I still thine aid invoke,
Nor cease, thy word, to fear.
- 84 How many days of pain acute,
To me on earth belong ?
When wilt thou judgment execute
On those who do me wrong ?
- 85 The proud have digged pits for me,
Those who thy law despise ;
But I will to thine altar flee,
With prayer and sacrifice.
- 86 All thy commandments, Lord, are right,
They but our sins controul :
My foes in wickedness delight,
They persecute my soul.
- 87 They had almost my life consumed,
Yet still thy hand I saw :
They to the grave, thy servant doom'd,
But still he loved thy law.
- 88 O quicken me to run my race,—
To view thy mercies past ;
So shall I turn to thee my face,
And Heaven obtain at last.

PSALM CXIX.—Part 12.—LAMED.

- 89 **B**EFORE the first primeval day,
Ere earth from Chaos rose ;
Thy word was settled ! Thou didst say !
And who shall thee oppose ?
- 90 To thee, all generations bow,
Mercy is thy delight :
Earth's adamantine hills, didst thou
Establish by thy might.

- 91 Mountains continue to this hour,
As placed at first by thee:
They all confess thy mighty power!
They all thy Servants be!
- 92 Unless thy law had been my stay,
Thy precepts my delight;
I should have perish'd, whilst dismay
O'erwhelm'd my soul in night.
- 93 Thy law I never will forget;
When sins my soul enchain,
Thy threat'nings break the fowler's net,
And quicken me again.
- 94 I feel the consciousness within,
O Lord, that I am thine;
Save me alike from every sin,
And, more, my heart refine.
- 95 The wicked on my footsteps wait,
They would my hopes o'erthrow;
But I will stand at Zion's gate,
Nor fear my bitterest foe.
- 96 Of all perfection, I, O God,
Long since, have seen an end:
Thy precepts are exceeding broad—
My everlasting friend!
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 13.—MEM.

- 97 **O** How I love thy holy law,
It is my chief delight:
From this, through day, I comfort draw,
And on it muse by night.
- 98 My strength, in thy commandments, lies,
For I am now become,
Wiser than all my enemies,
Who from their Maker roam.

- 99 I learn far more, at Zion's gate,
Than teachers can afford ;
There, on thy ways, I meditate,
And on thy holy word.
- 100 I understand far more than they
Who lived in ancient years ;
Because thy precepts are my stay,
That balm for all my fears.
- 101 I have refrain'd my feet from ways,
Which evil are, and vile ;
That I might wisely pass my days,
And gain my Maker's smile.
- 102 I will not from thy law depart,
Thy judgments are my guide :
Thy precepts sink into my heart,
And I am satisfied.
- 103 Sweet are thy words unto my taste,
Than honey, far more dear ;
No more my precious hours I waste,
For I have learn'd thy fear.
- 104 Thy precepts, understanding, give,
Thy law is my delight ;
Therefore in no false way I live,
But walk, as in thy sight.
-

P S A L M CXIX.—Part 14.—NUN.

- 105 **T**HY testimonies, O how sweet !
They cheer my mortal day :
They are a lamp unto my feet,
A light unto my way.
- 106 This have I sworn, and I will still,
Perform the sacrifice ;
I will thy holy law fulfil,—
Thy righteous judgments prize.

- 107 I am afflicted and brought low,
O quicken me again :
Let me thy cheering presence know,
Nor longer, Lord, complain.
- 108 Accept the offerings which I bring,
Hear, for thy mercy's sake :
Instruct me, O Almighty King !
The path which I should take.
- 109 My soul is ever in my hand,
I journey on in night ;
Yet still I love my Lord's command,
It is my chief delight.
- 110 The wicked, for me, lay the snare ;
This do I daily find :
Yet I will still thy law declare,
Thy precepts keep in mind.
- 111 Thy laws, O Lord, my thoughts engage,
In them I hear thy voice :
They are my lasting heritage,
They make my soul rejoice.
- 112 To thee, my ardent spirits tend ;
I will thy precepts prize,
Till time, and all things here shall end,
And Heaven's bright scenes arise.
-

P S A L M CXIX.—Part 15.—SAMECH.

- 113 **II** Hate vain thoughts ; a balm for woes,
O Lord, thy laws supply ;
That Fount, with precious water, flows,
When other springs are dry.
- 114 In depths of grief, thy smiling face,
Can instant comfort yield :
Thou art my only hiding-place,
Thou art my only shield.

- 115 Sinners, henceforth, from me depart !
 Your boasted reign is o'er ;
 Thy laws, O Lord, shall rule my heart,
 From this time evermore.
- 116 Thy name, with trembling I have named,
 To thee, O Lord, I flee ;
 O never let me be ashamed,
 Of righteousness or thee.
- 117 Hold thou me up ! My feet protect
 From every secret snare ;
 So shall I then thy laws respect,
 Thy smiles and favour share.
- 118 Thou hast rebuked, from thy sight,
 And, Sinners, trodden down :
 Because in falsehood they delight,
 They feel their Maker's frown.
- 119 Sinners, like dross, are cast away,
 Thou puttest them aside ;
 But I will make thy law my stay,
 And in thy paths abide.
- 120 I stand in holy awe of thee ;
 A sinful child of dust !
 I, in thy justice, terror see,
 But in thy love I trust.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 16.—A 1 N.

- 121 **J**USTICE, to those, my heart hath shown,
 Whom thou hast placed me o'er :
 O never let me be o'erthrown
 By foes, who round me roar.
- 122 O Lord, thy helpless servant, bless
 With things, that needful be :
 O never let the proud oppress
 The heart which trusts in thee.

- 123 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
 I long to know thee more,
 And reach, beyond life's stormy vale,
 The peaceful Canaan's shore.
- 124 Deal mercifully with me, Lord,
 O let me taste thy love;
 And, to thy servant, still afford,
 The teachings from above.
- 125 Give me that understanding true,
 Which comes from thee alone:
 By grace, divine, my soul renew—
 My worthless spirit own.
- 126 'Tis time for thee, O Lord, to rise,
 And vindicate thy name,
 For impious men, thy word despise,
 And triumph in their shame.
- 127 But in thy laws do I delight,
 'Bove Gold, however fine:
 They can disperse the shades of night,
 And cheer with peace divine.
- 128 Thy every precept, Lord, I praise,
 They, in me, joy, create;
 But, impious, false, and sinful ways,
 I hate, with fervent hate.



P S A L M CXIX.—Part 17.—PE.

- 129 **T**HY testimonies, O Most High!
 Are wonderful in my sight:
 To me, they constant joy supply,
 I keep them with delight.
- 130 The entrance of thy word, O Lord,
 Illumes my darken'd mind;
 Knowledge, to fools, it can afford,
 Who here, true wisdom, find.

- 131 I panted to know more of thee,
To feel thy power within,
For in thy law, I daily see,
The bitter fruits of sin.
- 132 To me, O Lord, thy mercy shew ;
With zeal, my heart inflame,
As thou of old didst use to do
To those who fear'd thy name.
- 133 Order my steps as they should be,
May I, in truth, be bold ;
And let no one iniquity,
O'er me, dominion hold.
- 134 Beneath th' Oppressor's rod I weep ;
Deliver me once more,
So will I still thy precepts keep,
And thy great name adore.
- 135 Reveal again thy shining face,
All power, O Lord, is thine :
Refresh my soul once more with grace,
And teach me truths divine.
- 136 Rivers of waters, from my eyes,
Run down a ceaseless tide ;
Because mankind their God despise,
And cast his laws aside.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 18.—TZADDI.

- 137 **R**IGHTEOUS art thou in all thou dost,
Thy judgments are upright ;
May we, tho' children of the dust,
Appear before thy sight.
- 138 Thy testimonies and thy word,
Are precious in our eyes ;
Righteous and faithful is the Lord,
To whom our souls should rise.

- 139 I am consumed with zeal, because,
On every side, I see
Men who disdain thy holy laws,
And scoff, O Lord, at thee.
- 140 Thy word, O God, is just and pure,
Therefore I hold it dear :
Thy law for ever shall endure,
And humble spirits cheer.
- 141 The Sons of Pride do me despise,
My stature they disdain ;
Yet I am less in my own eyes ;—
Worthless, and vile, and vain.
- 142 Eternal is thy righteousness ;
The Truth, thy Law, displays :
Thy Word shall unborn ages bless,
Whose tongues shall shout thy praise.
- 143 Trouble and anguish form a night,
Through which I cannot see ;
Yet thy commands are my delight,
And such shall ever be.
- 144 To me, true understanding, give,
Let me thy precepts love ;
So shall my soul for ever live
In Heaven, that world above.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 19.—KOPH.

- 145 **W**ITH my whole heart, to thee I cried ;
O Lord, my mind renew,
That I may be with grace supplied,
And keep thy statutes true.
- 146 I cried, with earnestness, O Lord, .
That thou my soul would'st draw—
To keep henceforth thy holy word,
And love thy righteous law.

- 147 I watch the dawning of the morn,
And for thy presence sigh,
That I, in vain, might not be born,
Nor lose the joys on high.
- 148 Through the night watches, on my God,
My spirit meditates :
I think upon that bless'd abode,
Which for the righteous waits.
- 149 Thy mercy, let me yet record,
Thy saving grace impart ;
According to thy promise, Lord,
O quicken thou my heart.
- 150 I am surrounded by the men,
Whose minds, on mischief, dwell ;
Who thro' their three score years and ten,
Against their God rebel.
- 151 Thou hast been near me from my youth,
Thy word has been my shield :
All thy commandments, Lord, are truth,
And heavenly comfort yield.
- 152 Tho' much I may not know beside,
This is enough to know ;—
That when I pass death's fearful tide,
My soul to Heaven will go.

P S A L M CXIX.—Part 20.—RESH.

- 153 **C**ONSIDER my afflictions, Lord,
Remember all my woe :
Thy word can comfort, still, afford,
Let me that comfort know.
- 154 Plead thou my cause ! Deliver me,
Once more, with gladness, bless :
As thou hast promised, let me see
An end to my distress.

- 155 Salvation, O stupendous thought!
 From those, is far away,
 Whose souls are into bondage brought,
 Who will not thee obey.
- 156 Thy tender mercies, O how great,
 To those who love thy name!
 To those who stand at Zion's gate,
 And there thy power proclaim!
- 157 My enemies engirt me round,
 And, me, to death, devote;
 Yet, in thy precepts, I have found
 A sovereign antidote.
- 158 Whene'er transgressors I behold,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief, I weep;
 They will not stay within thy fold,
 Thy word, they will not keep.
- 159 Consider how I love thy law,
 Yet quicken me still more:
 My soul, by thy good spirit, draw,
 Till this vain life is o'er.
- 160 The word which once, thy mouth, hath pass'd,
 No interruption knows:
 Thy judgments shall for ever last,
 Thy reign shall have no close.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 21.—SCHIN.

- 161 **P**RINCES, unjust, have done me wrong,
 They persecute me sore;
 Yet, thou, O Lord, art still my song,
 And I will thee adore.
- 162 I, at thy word, rejoice, like one
 Who findeth hidden spoil:
 My heart, through grace, that heavenly sun!
 Becomes a fruitful soil.

- 163 The liar, and his lies, I hate,
I spurn them from my sight ;
But on my God, I love to wait,
His law is my delight.
- 164 Seven times a day, I praise thy name,
Thy judgments, righteous be :
Thy law makes known my guilt and shame,
Yet mercy there I see.
- 165 Great peace have they who love thy law,
Them, nothing shall offend :
Altho', of God, they stand in awe,
In him, they view their friend.
- 166 Lord, thy salvation, to behold,
My spirit daily sighs ;
I seek it more than hidden gold,
I, thy commandments, prize.
- 167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And in them found great gain :
I love them all, and I have wept,
That men should them disdain.
- 168 Thy precepts I respect, and find,
To them, my spirit brought :
My ways are present to thy mind,
Thou know'st my every thought.
-

PSALM CXIX.—Part 22.—TAU.

- 169 **O** Hear my cry, to me impart
Thy saving help, O Lord !
Give me the understanding heart,
According to thy word.
- 170 Let all my supplications rise
To thee, the God of all :
O Lord, accept my sacrifice,
On thee, I hourly call.

- 171 When thou, from earth, my heart shalt raise,
 With zeal, my breast, enflame,
 My tongue shall utter forth thy praise,
 My soul shall bless thy name.
- 172 My mouth, thy goodness, shall confess,
 Thy word, my tongue shall own;
 All thy commands are righteousness,
 And justice is thy throne.
- 173 In thee my spirit doth rejoice,
 O help me by thy might:
 Thy precepts I have made my choice,
 Thy law my chief delight.
- 174 For thy salvation do I long;
 I think upon that place,
 Where all thy servants, in one song,
 Shall bless redeeming grace.
- 175 O lengthen out my mortal days,
 Thy goodness, Lord, display,
 That I may still my Maker praise,
 And his commands obey.
- 176 Like a lost sheep, O Lord, have I,
 Too often stray'd from thee;
 Thy servant seek, and, till he die,
 Thy word, his strength shall be.

PSALM CXX.

- 1 **I**N my afflictions and distress,
 To thee, O Lord, I cried;
 Great source of life and blessedness,
 Thou didst for me provide.
- 2 From lying lips deliver me,
 That I may sin no more;
 From a deceitful tongue set free,
 May I, my God, adore.

- 3 O thou false tongue, which hast, ere this,
Transgress'd beyond degree ;—
So often utter'd words amiss,
What shall be done to thee ?
- 4 Through arrows and the warrior's spear,
Thy soul shall be distress'd ;
Whilst fiery coals of Juniper
Shall on thy conscience rest.
- 5 Encompass'd by deceit and pride,
O woe is me, that I
Should still in Kedar's tents abide,
And still in Meseck lie.
- 6 My soul hath sojourned long with those,
Fierce as the raging tide,
Who are, O Lord, thy impious foes,
Who Truth and Peace deride.
- I am for Peace, but when I speak,
Th' Unrighteous, crouding round,
Cry out for War, and, mid the roar,
My feeble voice is drown'd.
-

PSALM CXXI.

- 1, 2 **I** Will lift up my eyes and see,
From whence I help obtain ;—
O Lord, my succour comes from thee,
Who dost the Heavens sustain.
- 3 My soul ! most happy is thy lot,
Thy foot shall stand secure ;
For he that keeps thee slumbereth not,
While sun and stars endure.
- 4 Behold ! the God who Israel keeps,
Exalted is his name :
He never slumbers, never sleeps,
Through endless years the same.

- 5 Jehovah is thy keeper, he,
Beside thy tent, shall stand ;
That power which rules the raging sea,
Shall shade thee with his hand.
- 6 He shall direct thy dubious way,
And clear thy doubtful sight ;
No Sun shall smite thy head by day,
No Moon molest by night.
- 7 The foes, which might thy breast alarm,
His right-hand shall controul ;
He shall defend thee from all harm,
And still protect thy soul.
- 8 No more thy Maker's promise doubt,
And, wheresoe'er thou roam,
He shall preserve thy going out,
And he thy coming home.

P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 **M**Y heart was glad, when men drew near,
And thus, with holy fervour, said,
“ Come, let us seek the house of prayer,
“ And Zion's gates, rejoicing, spread.”
- 2 Our feet shall on our Maker wait,
The Lord of Israel's chosen race ;
Our feet shall stand within thy gate,
Jerusalem, thou holy place !
- 3 Zion, the City of our King,
(Whilst distant Nations, wondering hear)
Shall with our loud Hozannahs ring,
And, crown'd with majesty, appear.
- 4 Thither our tribes obedient go,
To learn God's law, to sing his praise ;
And whilst their hearts with joy o'erflow,
The loud-resounding shout they raise.

- 5 There hath Jehovah ever shone,
 There hath our God unveil'd his face;
 And there is David's lofty throne,—
 The hope of Israel's future race.
- 6 With songs and melting minstrelsy,
 Let all to Salem's temple fly;
 They all shall prosper who love thee,
 Thou City of the Lord on High!
- 7 O Zion! may thy Sons increase,—
 Thy Daughters love the house of prayer!
 O Zion! may thy courts be peace,
 And young and old assemble there!

May all within thy temple stand
 Upon the Sabbath's solemn days,
 And there, a vast and willing band,
 To God the grateful Anthem raise.

- 8, 9 For my Companions' sake, I say,—
 For all my Brethren, peace be thine!
 And when, in death, my head I lay,
 Still, Lord! upon thy People shine.

All those who honor thee shall find,
 That thou, O God, wilt honor them;
 They are the chosen of mankind,
 To fill the new Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXIII.

- 1 TO thee, O Lord, I lift mine eyes
 With reverence profound;
 To thee, who sitt'st upon the skies,
 And guid'st the worlds around.
- 2 As Servants wait their Master's word,
 As Maids their Mistress view;
 So will we look to thee, O Lord!
 Until thou mercy shew.

- 3 Display not thine avenging rod,
Pity our guilty race ;
Have mercy on us, O our God,
And shew once more thy face.
- 4 Our spirits, to the earth, are bow'd,
Contempt o'erwhelms the just ;
We bear the scoffings of the proud,
Yet in thy name we trust.
-

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1, 2 “ **H**AD it not been for thee, O Lord,”
(Israel may truly say,)
“ When we beheld the hostile sword,
“ With hosts in fierce array ;
- 3 “ We should ere this, with dread, have flown,
“ Before th' enraged foe ;
“ We should their kindled wrath have known,
“ And felt our last o'erthrow.
- 4, 5 “ The fearful billows, towering high,
“ Would o'er our spirits roll ;
“ Yea, the proud waters had come nigh,
“ And overwhelm'd our soul.
- 6, 7 “ Blest be the Lord, for all his care,
“ To whom, for help, we flee ;
“ We are escaped from their snare,
“ And, as a bird, set free.
- 8 “ Israel, a mighty Leader boasts—
“ Our Guardian, from our birth ;—
“ Our help is in the Lord of Hosts,
“ Who made both Heaven and Earth.”

P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 **H**E, whom his Maker hath approved,
Whose heart's desire is pure ;
Like Zion, shall not be removed,
But stand for ever sure.
 - 2 Mountains surround Jerusalem,
Which storms assault in vain ;
So thou, O Lord, wilt compass them,
Who own thy righteous reign.
 - 3 The rod of Sinners shall not rest,
For ever on the just ;
Lest, with their doubts and cares distressed,
They cease, on God, to trust.
 - 4 Do good, O Lord, to all the Good,—
To the upright in heart,
Who have thy precepts understood,—
Whose feet from sin depart.
 - 5 But those who turn to crooked ways,
The Lord shall lead them forth,
With those, who scorn, their God, to praise,
And blot them from the earth.
-

P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 **W**HEN, from her deep captivity,
The Lord, his Zion, freed ;
We were like men, in dreams that lie,
We scarce believed the deed.
- 2 With joy we sought Jehovah's throne,
Each, grateful anthems, sings ;
The Heathen said, " the Lord hath done,
" For Israel wondrous things."

- 3, 4 That God, who rent our heavy chain,
Henceforward, be our theme!
Turn our captivity again,
O Lord, like Ocean's stream.
- 5 Those who, in sorrow, sow, and here,
In grief, their hours employ;
In realms, where never flows the tear,
Shall reap eternal joy.
- 6 He that amid this world of care,
Goes forth, with toil and pain,
Shall come again, and with him bear
His sheaves of heavenly grain.
-

PSALM CXXVII.

- 1 **E**XCEPT the Lord our Temple rear,
Our labour is but pain;
Except the Lord, the City keep,
The Watchmen watch in vain.
- 2 'Tis vain, in honor's path to wait,
Whilst we to God are dead;—
To rise up early, sit up late,—
To eat of sorrow's bread.
- 3 Children, which, Parents' pangs assuage,
The Lord, alone, doth send:
They are Jehovah's heritage,
On whom we all depend.
- 4 As arrows, in the warrior's hand,
The Gazer, fill with awe;
So children, from our foes, command
Respect, and honor draw.
- 5 The Father, we may, happy, call,
Who boasts a numerous race;
But, thrice more happy, if they all
Partake of Heavenly grace.

PSALM CXXVIII.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man who fears the Lord,
Who walks in all his ways;
Who daily reads his holy word,
And, to his Father, prays.
- 2 Thy lands, with fatness shall o'erflow,
Peaceful shall be thy home;
It shall be well with thee, both now,
And in the world to come.
- 3 Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine,
That gives her liberal hand;
Like Olive Plants, thy Sons shall shine,
And round thy table stand.
- 4 Behold and view, for thus shall be,
The man who fears his God;
His heart shall taste felicity,
Through all his mortal road.
- 5 The Lord, from Zion, thee, shall bless,
Thou, with content, shalt dwell;
Through all thy days, shalt thou confess
That Salem prospers well.
- 6 Thy Childrens' Children thou shalt view,
A good old age be thine,
And, when to earth thou bid'st adieu,
Shalt feast on joys divine.

PSALM CXXIX.

- 1 FULL many a time, my soul hath known
Affliction and dismay;
I, from my youth, have heaved the groan,
With truth, may Israel say.

- 2 But tho' my foes, have oft assail'd,
And rais'd th' avenging spear;
Yet, 'gainst me, they have not prevail'd,
For God, my Lord, was near.
- 3 The Plowers, plow'd upon my back,
They made long furrows there;
They have renew'd their fierce attack;
They toward me hatred bear.
- 4 Yet God is righteous, he hath rent
Their boasted cords in twain;
He heard my cry, and succour sent,
He heard my soul complain.
- 5 They shall confusion see, who hate
The God, whom we declare;
They shall, who scoff at Zion's gate,
With Saints, ne'er enter there.
- 6 They shall drink deep of sorrow's cup,
Like Grass, shall they be found,
Which withereth, ere it groweth up—
Or rots upon the ground.
- 7 Which Mowers take not in their hand,
And with delight survey;—
Which they who reap the fruitful land,
Disdainful, cast away.
- 8 Neither do they which pass it, cry
“God's blessing on thee rest!—
“Be thou, by him, who rules on high,
“Henceforth, for ever bless'd.”

PSALM CXXX.

- 1 **O**UT of the depths, to thee I cry,
O Lord, thy weeping servant heed;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
To thee, in every time of need.

- 2 Lord! stoop from Heaven, and let thine ear
 Regard my supplicating voice;
 Once more my drooping spirit cheer,
 And let my heart once more rejoice.
- 3 If thou, O Lord, should'st be severe,
 And strict account for sins demand;
 Where would the best of us appear!
 O who before thy face could stand!
- 4 But all the hearts, which upright be,
 Shall in thy sight, at last, be clear'd;
 There is forgiveness, Lord, with thee,
 And, mercy, that thou may'st be fear'd.
- 5 I love thy law, I love thy word,
 In darkest shades, it cheers my breast;
 My soul doth wait upon the Lord,
 And in his love, my hope I rest.
- 6 For thee, I watch, far more than they
 Who toward the East direct their sight;—
 Who mark the first faint dawn of day,
 And wait to see the morning light.
- 7 Let Israel hope in God supreme,
 And to the Lord, their offerings bring;
 Plenteous redemption is with him,
 And Mercy's everlasting spring.
- 8 Israel shall he redeem at last
 From all their troubles and distress;
 He shall their sins behind him cast,
 And his anointed Children bless.
-

PSALM CXXXI.

- 1 **I** Am not vain, nor are my eyes,
 With pride exalted to the skies;
 From things which are too high for me,
 As well, as, matters great, I flee.

2 My spirit I have quieted,
To things of time, my heart is dead :
By folly, now, no more beguiled,
My soul is as a weaned child.

3 Let Israel in the Lord confide,
And he his footsteps still will guide ;
Let him, the Lord of Life, adore,
And praise his name for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1, 2 O'ERWHELM'D with sorrow and with care,
Remember, David, O Most High !
How to the mighty God he sware,—
To him, who form'd both earth and sky ;—

3, 4 “ I will not in my house delight,
“ Nor, on my bed, my sorrow, drown ;
“ Sleep shall no more oppress my sight,
“ Nor slumber weigh my eye-lids down ;

5 “ Until I find out an abode,
“ Where I, the Anthem, loud, may swell ;
“ A Habitation for my God,—
“ A Temple where my Lord may dwell.”

6, 7 Nēiis Oath, at Ephratah, I heard,
It reach'd the Men, mid Forests lone ;
They said “ We now shall hear his word,
“ And worship round our Maker's throne.

8 Arise, O God, and help afford,
Prepare an ark, and seek thy rest :
Thou art my confidence, O Lord,
My strength, my God, for ever blest !

9 Let all who speak of heavenly things,
Adorn the doctrines they profess ;
They who proclaim the King of Kings,
Should first be cloath'd with righteousness.

Before thy presence let them stand,
 And there their sweetest hours employ ;
 Let all thy Saints, a goodly band !
 With loud Hosannahs, shout for joy.

- 10 Turn not away, for David's sake,—
 From thine Anointed, O Most High !
 But, in our hearts, thy temple make,
 And listen to thine Israel's cry.—
- 11, 12 Jehovah hath to David sworn,
 " Whilst me, the Lord, thy children own ;
 " I never from thy sons will turn,
 " But they shall sit upon thy throne."
- 13 The Lord hath chosen Zion, he,
 His habitation, her, hath made ;
 To God, should Israel bend the knee,
 And of his judgments stand afraid.
- 14 The favour of my God, my King,
 My refuge and my tower, shall form ;
 There will I rest beneath his wing,
 Secure from every earthly storm.
- 15 My God hath said, " I will not hide
 " From Zion and her sons, my head ;
 " I will abundantly provide,
 " And satisfy her Poor with bread.
- 16 " I, with salvation, will reward
 " Those who, for me, their time employ ;
 " Whilst Zion's Priests confess the Lord,
 " Her Saints shall shout aloud for joy.
- 17 " A Lamp that scatters light divine,
 " In mine Anointed, shall arise ;
 " There shall the horn of David shine,
 " And bud, till Earth in ashes lies.
- 18 " My anger shall alight on them
 " Who scorn the first of every name ;
 " For he shall wear the Diadem,
 " Through everlasting years the same."

PSALM CXXXIII.

HOW fair and beautiful the sight
 Of Brethren who agree;
 In unity who take delight,
 And wrath and clamour flee!

On such, a blessing shall descend,
 From him who rules on high;
 Jehovah shall their steps defend,
 And all their wants supply.

And should not those who Zion seek,
 With faces, thitherward,
 Greet all around, with spirit meek,—
 Their Brethren in the Lord?—

Let such, as, through the wilderness,
 Seek Canaan's better land;
 Each Traveller with smiles address,
 And journey, hand in hand.

Help us, O Lord! by Grace Divine,
 Anger and strife to quell;
 And may all People who are thine,
 In concord ever dwell.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 **Y**E Servants of the Lord, arise,
 And pay your morning sacrifice:
 Approach, his courts, with awe profound,
 When Evening shadows gather round.

2 Within his Sanctuary stand,
 And there, adoring, raise your hand;
 While zeal, for God, your breast inflame,
 Confess and praise his holy name.

- 3 The Lord, that form'd the Heavens above,
 Shall Israel's waiting servants love :
 He, out of Zion, them, shall bless
 Who walk in paths of Righteousness.

PSALM CXXXV.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, O praise his name,
 To him the loud Hosannah sing ;
 Ye Servants of the Lord, proclaim
 The greatness of your heavenly King !
- 2 Ye that within his house appear,
 And oft his holy Courts have trod,
 Ascribe, while distant nations hear,
 Eternal honours to your God !
- 3 Praise him, for he is good as great,
 Praise him, till Time itself shall end ;
 For sweet it is, on God to wait,
 Alike our Father and our Friend !
- 4 Jacob, hast thou declared thy choice,
 And him, in fairest garb array'd ;
 Him, hast thou caused to hear thy voice,
 And thy peculiar treasure made.
- 5, 6 I know, O Lord, that thou art great—
 That whatsoever pleaseth thee,
 Is done in Heaven's unmeasured height,
 Upon the earth, upon the sea.
- 7 The vapours at thy word ascend,
 Refreshing showers obedient fall ;
 Thou speakest and the winds attend,
 Whilst marshall'd Lightnings hear thy call.
- And thou, who dost in every place,
 Thy majesty and greatness show ;
 Alike, art sovereign in thy grace,
 Where to withhold or where bestow.

Jacob is chosen, in thy sight,
 To bear the Reverend Patriarch's name ;
 Whilst Esau's hopes are quench'd in night,
 On whom no Father's blessing came.

I would not strive Almighty Sire,
 To read the secret book of fate ;
 Nor, with perplexing thought, inquire,
 What doom may on my fellows wait.

But may my chief concern arise,
 To hold communion, Lord, with thee ;
 To look beyond these lower skies,
 And know, that I from guilt am free:—

That I have found the better way,
 Which all who *humbly* seek *shall find* ;
 That I am bound to endless day,
 And taught to cast the world behind.

This hope shall sacred joy impart,
 Both ere I sleep, and when I wake ;
 This hope shall reconcile my heart,
 To all that life can give or take.

Earth's little ills shall not offend,
 I'll meet them as a Traveller's fare :—
 Still looking to my journey's end,
 Which terminates my every care.

Ere long, and I shall soar above
 This vain and transitory state ;
 And while I sing, redeeming love,
 Upon my God for ever wait.—

8, 9 Egypt's first-born didst thou o'erthrow,
 Both man and beast in death were found,
 Whilst signs and wonders thou didst show
 To Pharaoh and his servants round.

10 Great Nations, thou, O Lord, didst smite,
 With valiant Kings who fear'd not thee ;
 Sihon, the King of Amorite,
 Thy vengeance, in his doom, did see.

- 11 Og, King of Bashan, thou didst slay,
 Whilst Canaan's Lords thine anger bore;
 Before thy wrath they melt away,—
 They perish and are seen no more.
- 12 Their realms which flow'd with milk and oil,
 On us, O Lord, didst thou bestow;
 Their heritage became our spoil,
 That we thy name and power might know.
- 13 Thy throne, O God, shall stand secure,
 Stedfast as thine eternal name;
 And thy memorial shall endure,
 Through everlasting years the same.
- 14 Thy people shall be judg'd by thee,
 To whom forgiveness thou wilt show;
 They, to the Rock of Ages, flee,
 And safety find, from every foe.
- 15, 16 The Heathen who around us reign,
 And to false Gods their offerings bring,—
 The Lord Omnipotent, disdain!—
 The great, the Everlasting King!
- Silver and Gold, their Idols weak,—
 The work of human hands they be!
 Tho' they have mouths they cannot speak!
 Tho' they have eyes they cannot see!
- 17 Tho' they have ears they cannot hear!
 Nor with their graven noses smell!
 They nothing know of hope or fear!
 Neither doth breath within them dwell!
- 18 And, like their Gods, their Makers are,
 With all who in them vainly trust!
 Who spread their praises wide and far,—
 They all are vanity and dust!
- 19, 20 O house of Israel, bless the Lord!
 O House of Aaron, praise his name!
 O Levi, still his name record,
 And loud his faithfulness proclaim!

- 21 From Zion let his praise resound,
 Where God his mighty hand displays;
 Yea, let the spacious earth around,
 In loud Hosannahs shout his praise!

Salvation! may the glorious sound,
 Extend from farthest sea to sea!
 Wherever man, O Lord! is found,
 May there an Altar rise to thee!

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 1 **L**ET all mankind with one accord,
 Give thanks to Heaven's exalted Lord;
 His love is great, his promise sure,
 His mercies ever more endure.
- 2, 3 Through all the remnant of our days,
 The God of Gods demands our praise;
 Whilst he, the hour of life, affords,
 Give thanks unto the Lord of Lords;—
- 4, 6 To him, who doeth wonders great,
 To him on whom Arch-Angels wait,
 Who made the Heavens, who form'd the earth,
 To whom Creation owes her birth!
- 7, 9 To him, who placed great lights on high,
 The stately Children of the Sky!
 From whom the Sun received his light,
 The Moon and all the Stars of night.
- 10, 12 For Israel, who, in Egypt, fought,
 And thence our Sires triumphant brought:
 They left it, with a mighty hand,
 At his omnipotent command.
- 13, 15 To God, O Israel, bend the knee,
 Whose word divided the Red-Sea:
 Through which we pass'd, and wondering view'd,
 The shores, with Pharaoh's armies strew'd.

- 16, 18 To him, who saw our Sires' distress,
And led them through the wilderness ;
To him, who famous Captains slew,
And great and mighty Kings o'erthrew.
- 19, 20 Sihon, the Amoritish King,
Whose praises through the Nations ring ;
Og, Bashan's Lord, whose lofty head,
Had oft, through Israel, terrors spread.
- 21, 23 In vain with thee, the war they wage,
To us thou gav'st their heritage ;
Thou saw'st us in our low estate,
And bad'st Earth's Monarchs on us wait.
- 24, 25 Before our eyes, thy power hath shone,
Thou hast our mighty foes o'erthrown ;
To *all* Flesh, thou their food, dost give ;
And on thy gifts they hourly live.
- 26 Be everlasting praises given
By Israel, to the God of Heaven !
His love is great, his promise sure,
His mercies evermore endure !

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1, 2 **BY** Babylon's unhallow'd tide,
We sat and mourn'd th' Oppressor's hand ;
In vain our tears we strove to hide,—
We thought upon our Native Land !
- Whilst doom'd our bondage to bewail,
In fancy, still, we loved to gaze
On every hill and every vale,
Which charm'd us in our happier days.
- Zion, the beautiful, appear'd,
Whose brow, Jehovah's temple bore ;
And, every stormy night, we heard,
Proud Lebanon's majestic roar.

But, borne by hostile bands away,
 No longer hope our bosom cheers;
 Upon the willows drooping spray,
 We hung our silent harp, in tears.

- 3 They who oppress'd us, bade us sing,
 They said (whilst we endured their wrongs,)
 "Come! O'er the Harp the finger fling,
 "And sing us one of Zion's songs."

- 4 How shall we sing Jehovah's song,
 Or how the tear of sorrow hide;
 Whilst we, with burdens, toil along,
 And in the Stranger's land abide.

- 5, 6 If I forget thee, O my joy!
 Jerusalem, my chief delight!
 If thoughts of thee do not employ,
 My mind by day, my dreams by night.

Let my right hand her craft forget,
 Yea, let my tongue (tho' hard it be,)
 Cleave to my mouth!—my last sun set
 On life and all its misery.

- 7 Remember Edom's sons, O Lord!
 (As on Jerusalem they gaze,)—
 Who said, whilst we their threatnings heard—
 "These walls, to their foundations, raze!"

- 8 Daughters of Babylon, supreme!
 Who art to be destroy'd, ere long!
 That man, himself, shall, happy, deem,
 Who gives thee back derision's song!

- 9 Yea, by thy cruelties enflamed,
 He shall the voice of Pity drown,
 Nor longer of revenge ashamed,
 Relentless dash thine infants down!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 **T**HY name, O Father, I will praise,
Above all Gods that be ; —
To thee, the grateful anthem raise,
And bend the suppliant knee.
- 2 Within thy temple I will stand,
And there thy truth proclaim, —
Confess the guidance of thine hand,
And magnify thy name.
- 3 In days of pain and misery,
Whilst billows o'er me roll ;
Thou heardest and didst answer me,
And cheer my drooping soul.
- 4 The Kings of earth, thy name shall fear,
I see the dawning day !
When they, thy holy word, shall hear,
And thy commands obey !
- 5 Yea, they shall love thy pleasant ways,
And zeal their breasts inflame ;
They shall admire the Lord, and praise,
His great and glorious name !
- 6 Tho' thou art high, the lowly heart,
Thou dost respect and love ;
But, from the proud, thou wilt depart, —
They shall not dwell above.
- 7 Tho' I, in midst of troubles, stray,
Thou wilt my hopes revive ;
Thou wilt my fiercest foes dismay,
And keep my soul alive.
- 8 That which concerns my future good,
I, to my Father, leave ;
By thee my ways are understood, —
What should my spirit grieve ?

The work of thine own hands, O Lord !
 Thou never wilt forsake :
 The mercy promised in thy word,
 I will my comfort make.

PSALM CXXXIX.

- 1, 2 **T**HOU, O my God, hast searched me,
 Thine Omnipresence, Lord, I own ;
 Thou dost, alike all actions see,—
 To thee my *future* thoughts are known.
- Both when I lay me down at night,
 Or with the morning sun arise ;
 I am encompass'd by thy sight,
 And naked stand before thine eyes.
- 3, 4 The ways, alike, of old and young,
 Thou dost each hour, each moment, see ;
 Whilst every accent of our tongue,
 Is altogether known to thee.
- 5 Thou hast beset me on each side,
 Thine hand upon me thou hast laid ;
 Thou dost, for all that breathes, provide,—
 For all the creatures thou hast made !
- 6 Such wondrous thoughts, too hard, I find,
 I cannot to such heights attain ;
 Yet, thou dost, in thy mighty mind,
 The world and all therein sustain !
- 7 Where, from thy spirit, shall I go ?—
 Where, from thy searching presence, flee ?—
 Thou dost my every purpose know !—
 Thine eye, my every path, doth see !
- 8 If to the Heavens, my flight I take,
 Thou would'st pursue me thro' the air !
 If I, my bed, in Hell, should make,
 Still should I find Jehovah there !

9, 10 If on the wings of Morn I rise,
 And dwell in Ocean's utmost bound ;
 I am encompass'd by thine eyes !—
 Thy presence, there, would, me, surround !

11 If I should say, through shades of night,
 Thou wilt not, Lord, my soul pursue ;
 Darkness, itself, to thee, is light,
 For all is open to thy view !

12 Thou dost through deepest shadows see,
 Before thy glance they fly away !—
 The darkness hideth not from thee,
 To whom the night is as the day !

13 Thou hast possess'd my reigns, thy power,
 First form'd me in my Mother's womb ;
 And thou wilt guide me, through each hour,
 Down to the dark and silent Tomb.

14 I will, with praises, on thee wait,
 My frame thy wonderful goodness shows ;
 Thy works are marvellous and great,
 And that, right well, my spirit knows.

15 My substance was not hid from thee,
 When first the Germ of Life began,
 Which, with unerring certainty,
 At length was fashioned into man.

16 Thine eyes my infant substance saw,
 My limbs from nothing formed were :
 Nature obey'd thy sovereign law,
 And, lo ! I breathed the vital air !

Nor am I left, whilst wandering here,
 To sink or swim in Life's vast sea ;
 My members, in thy Book appear,
 And are preserv'd, O Lord, by thee.—

New prospects crowd upon my view !—
 Thou, on our race, hast cast thine eye,
 And promised, to thy Servants, true,
 A glorious immortality !

Stupendous word ! Mysterious state !—
 Immortal !—at th' o'erwhelming sound,
 My spirit sinks beneath the weight,
 And shudders o'er the vast profound !—

Eternal Being ! Time no more !
 An end of this material frame !
 A life—when countless years are o'er,
 Beginning still, yet still the same !—

In vain I trace the boundless maze,
 The thought o'erpowers my labouring mind !
 Lost in infinity I gaze,
 And leave this atom world behind !

- 17 How sweet and precious is the hour,
 When, to my God, my thoughts ascend ;
 When I can feel thy cheering power,
 And call thee, my Almighty Friend !

Sceptres and Thrones, compared with this,
 Are wretched baubles, vain and low ;
 To call thee *mine*, is more than bliss,
 Which none but kindred spirits know !

- 18 If I should count thy mercies o'er,
 They would exceed my thoughts, and be,—
 More than the sands, upon the shore !—
 I, when I wake, am still with thee.

- 19 Surely, the Wicked thou wilt slay,
 Wolves that disturb thy peaceful fold !
 Therefore, ye bloody men, away !
 With you, I no communion hold.

- 20 'Gainst God do they speak wickedly,
 Thy sacred law do they disdain ;
 They lift their arm, against the sky !—
 They take thy holy name in vain !

- 21 Do I not hate, O Lord, thy foes,
 E'en them who thy commandments break ?
 Am I not griev'd, at heart, with those,
 Who dare, against their Maker, speak ?

22 I hate them with a perfect hate!
 I count them as mine enemies!—
 They shall be stripp'd and desolate,
 Who thus thy holy name despise.

23, 24 O see if there be any way,
 In which I walk, opposed to thee;—
 If any Sin maintains its sway;—
 And make me all that I should be.

Search me, O God, and try my heart,
 Make pure each thought that fills my breast;
 And when with this vain world I part,
 O take me to eternal rest.

PSALM CXL.

- 1 **D**ELIVER me, O Lord, from those,
 Who violence pursue;
 Who prove themselves their Maker's foes,
 In all they say and do.
- 2 Who, mischief in their hearts, conceive,
 Whose souls in war delight;
 Who do not in thy word believe,
 Nor walk as in thy sight.
- 3 Beneath their tongues which sharpen'd are,
 The Adder's poison lies;
 Their hostile spirits pant for war,
 Each to his buckler flies.
- 4 O screen me from their vengeful blow,—
 From the unrighteous race,
 Who would my goings overthrow,
 And overwhelm me in disgrace.
- 5 The proud for me have laid the snare,
 And spread the secret net:
 They, in my path, the Gin prepare,
 And, Toils, in ambush, set.

- 6 To thee, I raised my eyes, and said,
Thou art my God and Friend ;
O raise again my drooping head,
And timely succour send.
- 7 Thou often in th' embattled field,
Hast cover'd me from harm :
If now protected by thy shield,
What should my soul alarm ?
- 8 The Sinner's wish, O Lord, deny !
Grant not their hopes, I pray ;
Lest they exalt themselves and cry,
" Our might hath won the day."
- 11 The Evil-speaker, Lord, prevent,
Let him confusion know:
Evil shall hunt the violent,
And him, at last, o'erthrow.
- 12 I know that thou wilt not disdain,
The cause of the distress'd ;
The Poor-man's right thou wilt maintain,
Who shall, of thee, be bless'd.
- 13 It shall, with all the Just, be well,
The Righteous, thou dost love,
Whose souls, before thy face, shall dwell,
In realms of light above.
-

PSALM CXLI.

1. **T**O thee, O Lord, I humbly cry,
Make haste and needful aid afford ;
Give ear unto my voice, for I,
Alone, confide in thee, O Lord.
- 2 O let my prayers, as incense rise,
Let them, before thy face appear ;
Yea, as th' appointed sacrifice,
When Night's dark shadow draweth near.

- 3 Tho' I thy praise have often sung,
I have back-slidden to my shame;
O set a watch upon my tongue,
And my rebellious spirit tame.
- 4 Let me not practice wicked ways,
From evil paths, my footsteps lead;
Let not my tongue, transgressors praise,
Nor, on their sumptuous dainties, feed.
- 5 Such, shall no more be prized by me,
Who work iniquity and guile;
But may I, in thy Servants, see,
The men who most deserve my smile.
- When they rebuke, my patient ear,
Shall meekly to their words incline:
Next, after thee, my heart would fear,
The men endued with grace divine.
- 6 When Israel's Judges are o'erthrown,
In stony places, wild and bare,
They shall, my words of justice, own,
And call them sweet, for such they were.
- 7 Lessons, too little understood;
Senseless, we neither see or hear,
For, as the man who cleaveth wood,
At the Grave's mouth, our bones appear!
- 8 Mine eyes are ever up to thee;
O righteous God! in thee I trust;
Let not my soul confusion see,
Nor spurn me, tho' I am but dust!
- 9 From those who work iniquity,
O Lord, preserve me evermore;
Keep me from snares, which round me lie,
And may I still thy name adore.
- 10 Sin, I abhor, in every shape!
In their own snares, shall Sinners fall;
And while that I, withal, escape,
Be thou, O Lord, my all in all.

P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, I raised my voice,
I bent before Jehovah's throne :
Where thy assembled Saints rejoice,
I made my supplications known.
- 2 I pour'd my sorrows in thine ear,
I, my complaints, before thee spread;
O'erwhelm'd with anguish and with fear,
I wrung my hand and droop'd my head.
- 3 When, in distress, I call'd on God,
Whilst e'en my spirit sunk within,
Thou knew'st the path in which I trod,—
I then but suffer'd for my sin.
- 4 On every hand I look'd around,
I felt thy billows o'er me roll ;—
No refuge I, in mortals, found,
Through Earth, none cared for my soul.
- 5 Then, to the Lord, I humbly cried,
I said, do thou, thy favour show ;
Thou art my refuge, thou my guide,—
My portion in this vale below.
- 6 Days of disquietude I see,
I am distress'd, O hear my cry !
From all my foes, deliver me,
For they are stronger far, than I.
- 7 Whilst I deplore my former shame,
From Sin, that prison, bring me out ;
That I may praise thy holy name,
Whilst just men compass me about.

PSALM CXLIII.

- 1 **STILL**, let me thy salvation see,
 In faithfulness, still answer me ;
 O Lord, my supplications hear,
 And let thy righteousness appear.
- 2 To judgment, enter not, Most High !
 Or, where shall all thy servants fly ?
 For in thy sight, O hear it Pride !
 No mortal shall be justified !

My thoughts were evil from my birth,
 They spring from guilt, they tend to earth ;
 Impurity still reigns within,
 And my best deeds partake of sin.

I have no righteousness to boast,
 If thou art strict, my soul is lost !
 My crimes, the power of thought, exceed,
 And, " Mercy !" " Mercy !" Lord, I plead.

Hide not thy face, but, let me see
 Thy gracious smiles extend to me ;
 This shall inspire my anxious breast,
 With foretastes of eternal rest.

- 3 The Foe doth persecute around,
 Me hath he smitten to the ground ;
 In shades and darkness I remain,
 Like those who long in death have lain.
- 4, 5 Therefore I feel affliction's weight,
 My soul within is desolate ;
 The days of old I call to mind,
 And in thy ways I pleasure find.
- 6 To God, my father's hope, I flee !
 My spirit thirsteth after thee,—
 E'en as a dry and parched land,
 The rain, that falls at thy command.

- 7 O hear, and speedy aid supply,
My spirit fails, whilst thus I sigh ;
I soon shall be, if thus thou frown,
Like one, who to the grave goes down.
- 8 Let me thy loving-kindness hear,
When Morn's rich glories first appear :
And, whilst I lift my soul to thee,
Let me the path of duty see.
- 9 Mine enemies around me roar,
O Lord, deliver me once more ;
O let me hide, my God ! my King !
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 10 Teach me to do thy holy will ;
Thou art my God, my Guardian still ;
Good is thy spirit in the way
Of uprightness, O let me stray.
- 11, 12 From all my troubles set me free,
For thy name's sake, O quicken me :
I am thy Servant ; let me find
Thy smiles support my sinking mind.

PSALM CXLIV.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Lord, my strength and might !
His mercies are for ever new ;
He teacheth me to wage the fight,
And my insulting foes subdue.
- 2 He is my tower, my fortress strong,
He is the guardian of the just ;
He is my hope, and he my song,
My shield, in whom alone I trust.
- 3 Lord, what is man, that he should raise
His thoughts to thee and homage pay !
That thou should'st stoop to hear his praise,
The feeble being of a day !

Our best estate is vanity,
 We flutter through life's little reign ;
 When in the silent grave we lie,
 And mingle with the dust again.

- 4 Strangers thro' this dark earth we roam,
 With here and there a twinkling ray ;
 Till in the grave we find a home,
 And, as a shadow, pass away.

Grant me thy spirit ! Whilst I see
 The end of all beneath the sky,
 May I to thee, my Maker flee,
 And live, like one who soon must die.

Like one who seeks communion sweet
 With God, whilst journeying here below ;
 Like one who, after death, must meet
 Eternal joy, or endless woe !

- 5, 6 O bow the heavens, and downward haste,
 The mountains touch, and they shall smoke ;
 The Heathen, with thy lightnings, waste ;
 Nor let them more, their God provoke.

- 7 From waters great deliver me,
 From those who treat me with disdain ;
 Let me once more thy goodness see,
 My cause defend, my right maintain.

- 8 In their iniquities grown bold,
 Ceaseless they utter vanity ;
 In their right hand they falshood hold,
 And on their pillows plan the lie.

- 9 I, on the Psaltery, will present
 New songs unto my heavenly King ;
 Upon a ten-string'd instrument,
 Will I delight his praise to sing.

- 10 The Lord, and he alone, bestows
 Salvation on the Kings around ;
 He rescues David from his foes,
 Whilst him no hurtful sword shall wound.

11 Rid me from those who are grown old,
 In uttering ceaseless vanity ;
 Who in their right-hand falsehood hold,
 And on their pillow plan the lie.

12, 15 Where'er the sun, O Lord, appears,
 May righteousness extend its sway ;
 'Till every land Salvation hears,
 And every people thee obey !

When we have yielded up our breath,
 And pass'd this wilderness of care ;
 When we have slept the sleep of death,
 May others still thy name declare.

O may our Sons, with zeal, aspire
 To tread the paths their Sires have trod !
 O may our Daughters all conspire,
 To honor thee their Father's God !

And may that time, extatic thought !
 Draw near, those pure and blissful days,
 When all the saints, to Zion brought,
 Shall shout thy everlasting praise !

PSALM CXLV.

1 **II** Will extol thee, Lord of Light !
 I will aloud thy praise proclaim ;
 In thee, and in thy law delight,
 And ever bless thy holy name.

2 As often as the sun shall rise,
 And, light, the Heavens, with radiance streak ;
 To thee will I direct mine eyes,
 And of my God new mercies seek.

3 Great is the Lord, and to be prais'd
 By all, beneath the sky, who dwell ;
 His word, the world, from nothing rais'd,
 His greatness is unsearchable !

4, 9 We see thee in the opening morn,
 We view thee in the clouds of eve;
 And generations yet unborn,
 Shall drink the transport we receive.

The Lord is gracious and displays,
 In all that is, his boundless power;
 We hear unutterable praise,
 From every tree, and leaf, and flower!

Nay, all thy works in concert join
 To point, to thee, our wondering soul;
 To shew the mighty hand divine,
 Which form'd, and still supports the whole.

Let the cold Scoffer's clouded sight,
 No wonders in creation see;
 Those only can admire aright,
 Who have been taught, O Lord, by thee!

Thy Saints shall own thy sovereign sway,
 And spread thy greatness through the land;
 They see, in each returning day,
 New proofs of an Almighty Hand.

The Lord regards our humblest calls,
 He with compassion doth o'erflow;
 Slowly his hand upon us falls,
 Whilst, all his mercies, who can know!

The Lord, to all alike, is good,
 Thy works, thy tender mercies, share;
 We all from thee receive our food,
 And feel thy providential care.

10 We will thy goodness spread abroad,
 To distant years, thy worth proclaim;
 Thy works shall praise thee, O our God!
 Thy Saints shall bless thy holy name.

11 They shall delight to speak of thee,—
 Of that transcendant world of joy,
 Where all the Saints, from sorrow free,
 In songs of praise, their tongues employ.

12 They shall make known thy wonderous ways,
 Thy glorious majesty declare;
 Thy blissful Mansions they shall praise,
 And on their hearts thine image bear.

13 Thy Kingdom ! Who shall say its bound ?
 In vain upon the thought we pore !
 When countless years have run their round,
 Eternity is still before !—

An everlasting Kingdom thine !
 Thy glory veils the dazzling Sun !
 When Moon and Stars have ceas'd to shine,
 Thy boundless reign is but begun !

14 The Lord upholdeth those who fall,
 Those who are bowed down with care,
 He raiseth up, and ever shall,
 The sons of penitence and prayer.

15 Thou who didst every form create,
 Hast o'er the earth thy goodness spread ;
 The eyes of all upon thee wait,
 And from thy bounteous stores are fed.

16 Thou dost a rich supply provide,
 Constant, as blushing Morn awakes ;
 Thy liberal hand is open'd wide,
 And every living thing partakes !

17, 18 Thou art the good-man's only trust,—
 His refuge in the darkest day ;
 Holy art thou in all thou dost,
 And righteous in thy every way.

The Lord supports each contrite heart ;
 To all who humbly seek his face,
 He doth the best of gifts impart,—
 The priceless treasure of his grace !

No perils need their breast alarm,
 Altho' thick dangers, round, they see ;
 God will preserve them all from harm,
 And their eternal portion be.

- 20 But whilst thy guardian arms are spread,
 Round those who, thee, their refuge make;
 Where shall the Sinner hide his head,
 When thou, O Lord, shalt reckoning take!
- All those, on thee, who humbly wait,
 And in thy praise their hours employ;
 Ere long shall enter Zion's gate,
 But thou, the wicked, wilt destroy!
- 21 Thee, O my God! my mouth shall bless,
 Thee will I praise, and thee adore;
 Let all mankind, thy power confess,
 From this time forth, and evermore!
-

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1, 2 **M**Y soul! O praise the Lord Most High;
 To God the Anthem raise;
 Until in death, I close mine eye,
 I will not cease his praise.
- 3 Put not in feeble man your trust,
 His boasted help is vain;
 From dust he came, and to the dust,
 Will soon return again.
- Nor, in the mightiest Prince confide,
 That ever sceptre sway'd;
 Ere long, and we shall see his pride,
 In death's dark chamber laid.—
- 4 He, to the worms becomes a prey,
 (Theirs is the fairest flower!)
 His thoughts, like shadows, pass away,
 And perish in an hour!
- 5 Happy is he whose feet have trod,
 Zion's fair courts with awe;
 Whose hope is in the Lord his God,
 Who loves his holy law.

Happy, thrice happy, are the men,
 Who on the Lord depend ;
 Who through their three-score years and ten,
 Make God their only friend.—

6 That God who form'd both earth and sky,
 With all that see the light ;
 Who spake, and Heaven's vast family,
 Spangled the vault of night !

7 He deigns to give the hungry bread,
 Th' afflicted mind to cheer ;
 To raise again the bowed head,
 And wipe the Prisoner's tear.

8 The Lord from realms of light above,
 Shall ope the Blind-man's eye ;
 The Lord, the righteous man will love,
 And all his wants supply.

9, 10 He doth the houseless stranger bless,
 And unseen springs prepare :
 The Widow and the Fatherless,
 Are his peculiar care !

O praise him for his mercy's sake,
 Unmerited and free ;
 Let Saints to him sweet concord make,
 And bend the willing knee.

But let the harden'd Sinner fear,—
 His mispent years bewail ;
 The Day of Judgment draweth near,
 When all his hopes shall fail.

I hear him call upon the hills,
 I see his trembling frame !
 Darkness and Death his spirit fills,
 With ever-during shame !

Such terrors are to Saints unknown,
 Death cannot them dismay ;
 It leads them to their Father's Throne,
 To realms of endless day ;—

Where all, a Haven safe shall find,
 Beneath a cloudless sky ;
 Where sorrow shall be left behind,
 And every tear be dry.

Where each, with God, the source of light,
 Shall be with glory crown'd ;
 And Oceans of supreme delight,
 Unceasing flow around !

Thy Truth, O God, shall stand secure,
 And Hell oppose in vain ;—
 Thy throne, with Heaven itself, endure,—
 An everlasting reign !

P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **T**O Heaven, the Hallelujah raise !—
 To shout his name is good :—
 Comely and pleasant is the praise,
 Of Creatures to their God.
- 2 Zion, the City where we dwell,
 The Lord will still maintain ;
 The outcasts of his Israel,
 He gathereth up again.
- 3 In all the cares his Servants feel,
 Jehovah bears a part ;
 He doth their wounds, in mercy, heal,
 And binds their broken heart.
- 4 O Israel, in the Lord delight,
 His wonderous works proclaim :
 He counteth o'er the Stars of night,
 And calleth them by name.
- 5 His power exceeds our utmost thought,
 Omnipotent he reigns !
 His word, the world, from nothing, brought,
 And he the Heavens sustains !

6 Jehovah lifteth up the meek,
 He casts the wicked down :
 All those who his good pleasure seek,
 He will, with glory, crown.

7 Give to the Lord, your noblest song,
 He well deserves your praise ;
 With the loud harp, the strain prolong
 Through all your mortal days !

8 The grass upon the mountain's brow,
 Proclaims Jehovah's power ;
 He makes the fruitful corn to grow,
 He sends the copious shower.

His hands the savage beasts supply,
 That range the pathless wood ;
 He hears the Ravens, when they cry,
 And feeds their hungry brood.

10 Thou dost not take, whate'er we feign,
 Joy, in the horse's might ;
 Nor in the legs of mortals vain,
 Dost thou, O Lord, delight.

11 But thou, alone, dost pleasure take
 In th' Upright and the Just ;—
 In all, who, thee, their refuge make,
 And in thy mercy trust.

12 Jerusalem, O praise the Lord !
 O Zion, praise thy God !
 Let Saints unite with one accord,
 To sound his name abroad.

13, 14 God, hath thy gates with strength endued,
 He doth thy Children bless ;
 No foes shall on thy land intrude,
 Fine wheat shalt thou possess.

15 God, his commandment spreads through earth,
 His word doth swiftly run ;
 He calls the whirlwind from the North,
 And guides the flaming sun.

- 16 Like wool he causeth snow to fall;
Like ashes, the hoar frost
Is scatter'd at Jehovah's call,
Or on the tempest tost.
- 17 His Ice descends like crumbs of bread,
Fast falling to the ground;
And who can lift aloft his head,
When his bleak whirlwinds sound?
- 18 Jehovah speaks the word, and, lo!
(Hearing the World's Great Sire,)
Again the ice-bound waters flow!—
The freezing blasts retire!
- 19 His word, to Jacob, he hath shown,
Whilst we his judgments hear;
To whom beside hath he made known,
His laws and precepts clear?
- 20 With none, besides, he thus hath dealt,
No pen did e'er record,
A Nation, who, like us, have felt
The goodness of the Lord.
-

PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1, 2 **E**TERNAL praise to God be given!
Praise him aloud, ye heights of Heaven!
Ye Hosts, in strength excelling, raise,
With Angels, the loud song of praise!
- 3 Thou fair and glorious Orb, on high!
Thou Moon! slow gliding through the sky;
Ye stars of light, in concert, raise
Loud Anthems to Jehovah's praise!
- 4 Thou Heaven of Heavens! where Seraphs be!
Ye boundless waters of the Sea!—
To God, loud-pealing praise proclaim
Who form'd this universal frame!

- 5 He will'd, and, lo! from her repose,
Nature, in all her glory, rose!
He, in the silence of his thought,
All things that are from nothing brought!
- 6 God, for the Heavens, a law hath made,
His word, Earth's deep foundations laid!
By his Omnipotent decree,
The Lord restrains the raging sea!
- 7 Praise him, each thing, on earth, that creeps!
Praise him, ye Dragons, and all Deeps!
Ye Gulphs of Ocean! Caves of Earth!
Obedient, shout his praises forth!
- 8 Ye Lightnings and Tempestuous Hail!
Ye Vapours, that majestic sail!
Ye Stormy Winds, that do his will,—
With your loud shout Heaven's concave fill!
- 9 Ye Lofty Hills, which Storms defy!
Ye Mountains, soaring to the sky!
Ye fruitful Trees! Ye Cedars, proud!—
Swell the harmonious concert loud!
- 10 Ye Cattle, which the Hills adorn!
Ye Beasts, in savage Deserts born!
Ye Flying Fowl, exultant, raise
Loud songs, to your Creator's praise!
- 11 Ye Kings, who mighty Empires sway!
Ye Subjects, who those Kings obey!
Ye Judges of the Earth, whose word
Is through a thousand regions heard;—
- 12 Ye Youths, incautious and unwise!
Ye Maidens, who like flowers arise!
Ye Aged Men, who droop your head!
Ye Children, rising in their stead;—
- 13 Praise ye the Lord! Aloud proclaim
Eternal honors to his name!—
All Excellence, before *him* flies
Whose Glory soars above the Skies!

- 14 He will exalt his Sons, ere long,
Then raise, to him, O Saints! your Song!—
His Power confess! his Grace adore!
And praise, O praise him, evermore!
-

PSALM CXLIX.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord! Come let us sing,
New songs, to Heaven's Eternal King!
Ye Saints, who meet to chaunt his praise,
Aloud, the pealing Anthem raise!
- 2 Let Israel shout his praises forth;
He call'd us from the dust of earth!
Let Zion's Children, to their King,
With songs, the grateful offering bring.
- 3 Let them, *his* praise, unceasing, sound,
Who form'd the spacious earth around!
With harp and timbrel, let them sing
Anthems, to our immortal King!
- 4 God, in his People, doth rejoice,
Well-pleas'd, he listens to their voice:
Let Israel his Salvation seek,
For he will beautify the meek!
- 5 In prospect of eternal joy,
Let Saints, in Songs, their hours employ;
And whilst upon their beds they lie,
Sing praises to the Lord on High!
- 6 Let thy high praises O, our God!
By Zion's Sons be spread abroad!—
Till, Earth, her Captains and her Kings,
Shall learn the song which Israel sings!
- 7 By thine inscrutable decree,
Heathens, before our swords, shall flee;
Whilst we will vengeance execute,
On all who dare thy law dispute.

- 8 Yea, we will chain their Princes high,
 Whilst their proud Nobles prostrate lie;
 In us, thy judgments, they shall see,
 And learn, at length, to bend the knee.
- 9 With Bread of Life, thy Flock to feed;
 To be thine Instrument, and lead
 A wandering World, to Righteousness,—
 This honor shall thy Saints possess!

To God, let all the Nations raise,
 One shout of universal praise!—
 'Till Earth, from her remotest bound;
 With Heaven, return the solemn sound!

PSALM CL.

- 1 **EXALT** the Lord, with loud acclaim,
 Who spread the Firmament on high!
 Sing endless praises to his name,
 In concords of sweet melody!
- Praise God within the house of prayer!
 Delight to tread that holy place;
 The Lord will meet his Servants there,
 And there reveal his smiling face.
- 2 Praise him, for all his wondrous ways!
 Extol his name, with one accord!—
 His power, each living thing displays,—
 Omnipotent and Sovereign Lord!
- 3 Let harp and psaltry, all around,
 The drooping Sons of Zion cheer!
 Let the deep Trumpet's solemn sound
 Extend his praises far and near!
- 4 Let the soft Timbrel's voice inspire,
 As on we march to endless day!
 Let the bold Organ swell it higher,
 Till earth and mortal scenes decay!

- 5 Let the loud Cymbal chaunt his praise!
 Let the full Choir, responsive, sing!
 Let the high-sounding Cymbal, raise,
 Proud Notes to Heaven's Eternal King!
- 6 Praise ye the Lord ! Both day and night,
 His Power and Majesty proclaim !—
 Let every thing which breathes, unite
 To praise Jehovah's awful name !



ERRATA.

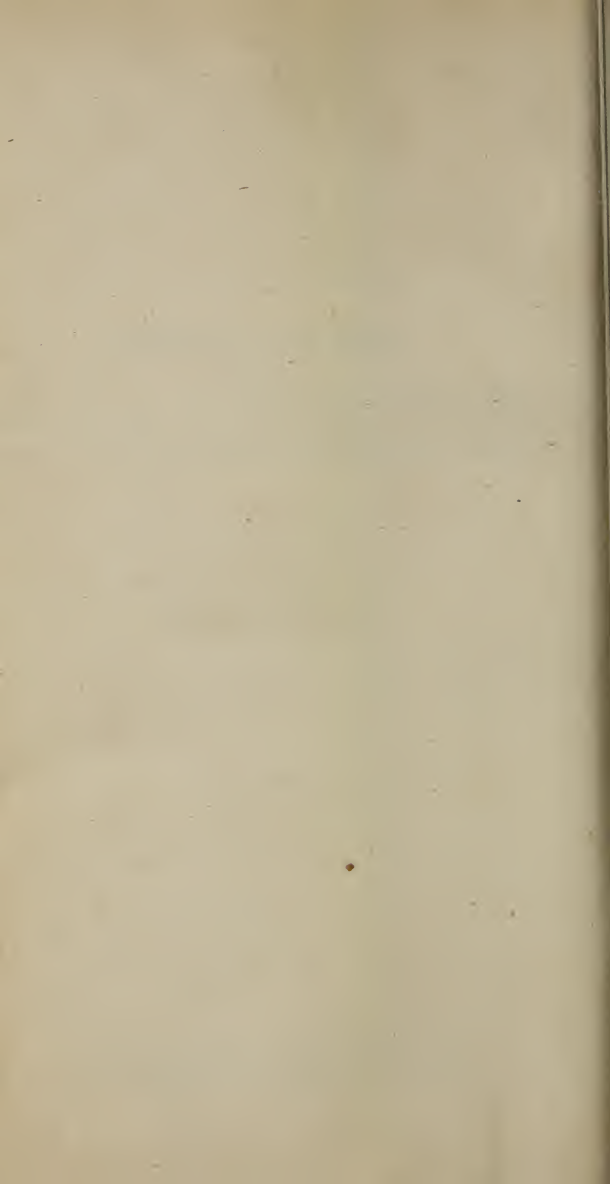
- Page 78, line 13, for *Heart*, read *Hart*.
 90, line 24, for *after*, read *often*.
 138, line 34, for *veins*, read *reigns*.

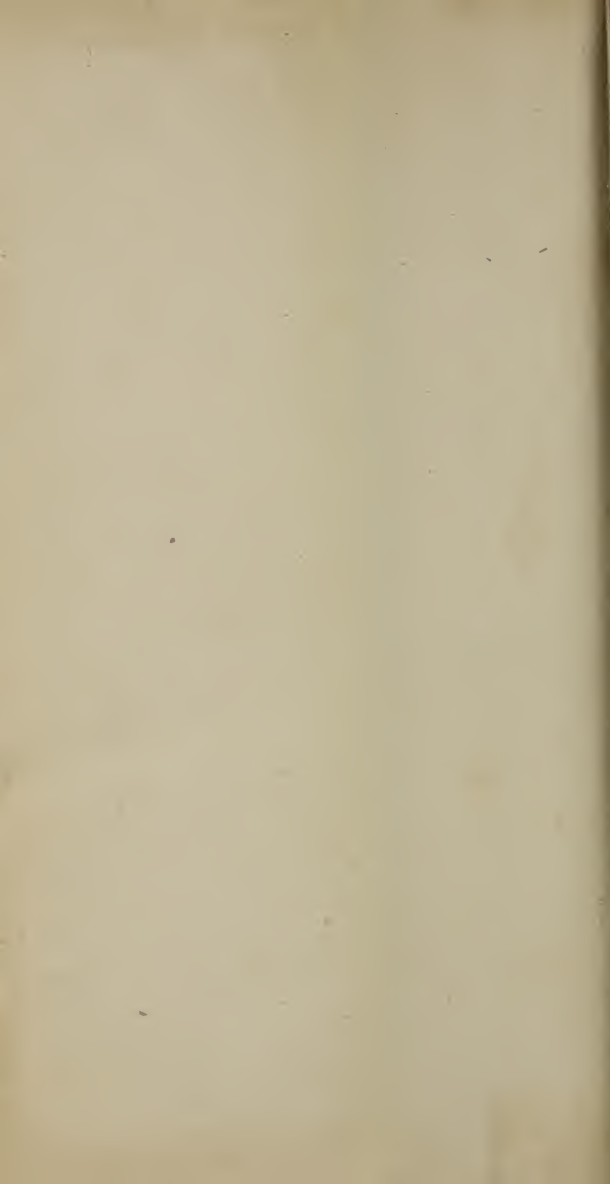
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